THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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An Illustrated W
Founded Aº Dº 1728 by B nklin

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A. S. Burleson, Postmaster General

MAY 24, 1919

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In This Number

Irvin S. Cobb—Sinclair Lewis—Ring W. Lardner—Maxwell Smith—Edward Hungerford
Peter Clark Macfarlane—Will Irwin—Alonzo Englebert Taylor—Eugene Manlove Rhodes

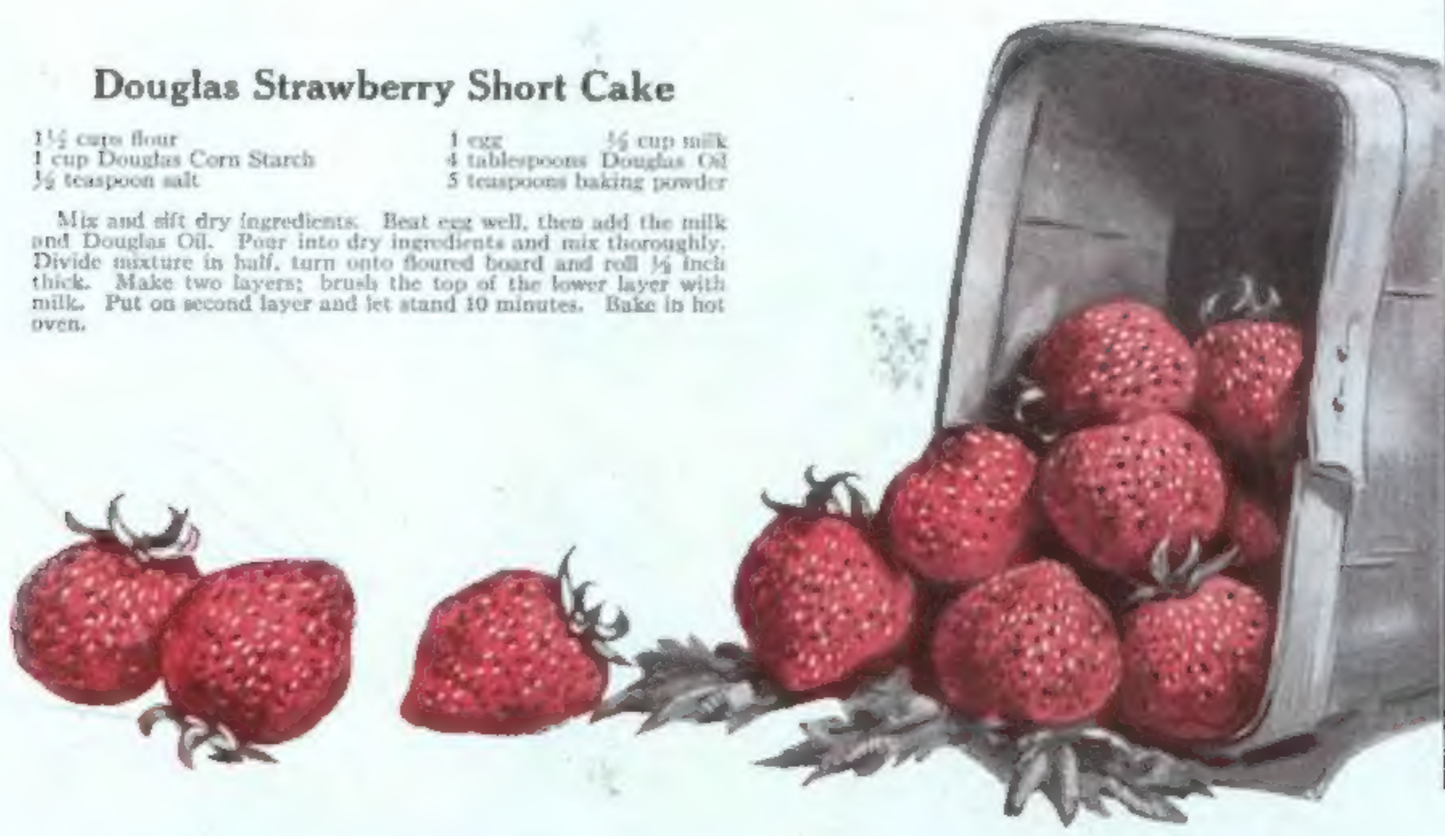
Douglas Oil

for shortening, frying and salads

Douglas Strawberry Short Cake

1½ cups flour
1 cup Douglas Corn Starch
½ teaspoon salt
1 egg
4 tablespoons Douglas Oil
5 teaspoons baking powder
½ cup milk

Mix and sift dry ingredients. Beat egg well, then add the milk and Douglas Oil. Pour into dry ingredients and mix thoroughly. Divide mixture in half, turn onto floured board and roll ½ inch thick. Make two layers; brush the top of the lower layer with milk. Put on second layer and let stand 10 minutes. Bake in hot oven.



A Douglas Strawberry-Time Treat

Now comes Douglas Strawberry Short Cake to add to the joys of strawberry time. It is the prize short cake—a regular party treat—easy and simple to make!

Just follow the recipe given on this page—it was perfected by a Domestic Science expert.

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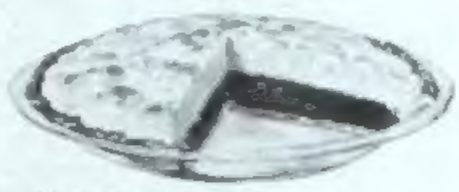
Make Dainty Desserts with Douglas Corn Starch

Douglas Chocolate Pudding

An all the year round favorite dessert dainty

Douglas Chocolate Pie



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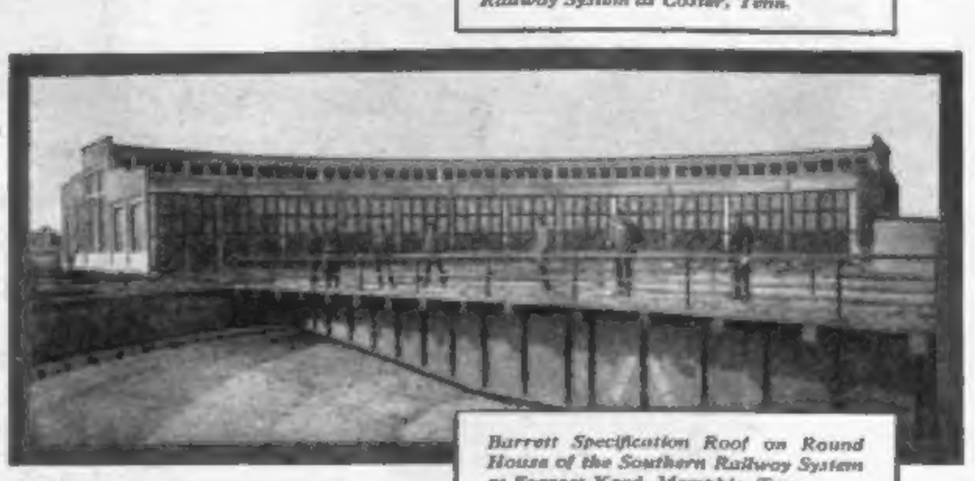

Barrett Specification Roof on Round House of the Southern Railway System at Forrest Yard, Memphis, Tenn.

Barrett Specification Roof on Freight Office Building of the Southern Railway System at Johnson City, Tenn.

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Rubbing Elbows With Heinie

By GEORGE PATTULLO

THE town crier slouched dejectedly down the street, a worn peaked cap at a dissipated angle over his right ear, and the official bell tucked under one arm. His name was Hans Hübner, and Hans looked as though he had been through a hard winter and couldn't see anything ahead but a change for the worse. Very old and thin, shabby and forlorn, he seemed permanently soured by the duties of his office; town crying isn't much of a job, anyhow; and now he had to make known every day to the villagers the crazy orders of *der amerikanische Hauptmann*, a barbarian with a mania for cleaning up.

He halted in front of the house of Adolf Merkelbach and began a doleful clanging. Instantly eight or nine little Merkelbachs dashed out with a lively clatter of wooden soles and ranged round him; behind them came florid Frau Merkelbach, drying her hands on her apron. She stopped at the gate and waited expectantly. Probably Adolf would have joined the group had he not been engaged elsewhere; at that moment he was busy with a broom and shovel, maintaining close liaison with the rubbish boxes labeled *Abfälle*—For Trash. For the burgomaster had imposed a punishment on Adolf; he had condemned him to working twenty-one days for the Americans, and all because Adolf got slightly illuminated after a meeting of the debating society in the Wirtschaft Zum Vater Rhein and rendered sundry patriotic songs in the open street. Singing Deutschland Uber Alles doesn't pay when the enemy occupy your town, and the burgomaster told Adolf so, very frankly.

Chastening Willie Gerz

YET his case was not so hard as that of Willy Gerz, which had caused a fine stir in the community. It appears that Willy got pickled during the fall of 1915 and besmirched a reputation for solid, dependable citizenship by performing a furious hoedown on the cobblestones in front of the school; thereupon the burgomaster fined him ten marks a year for a period of four years, and he is still paying it. What's more, Willy hasn't had a party since that fatal night, and never intends to have another. This digression is made with a view to showing that a Rhineland village is no place for a man with sporting blood.

The town crier went on jangling his bell and presently half a dozen villagers joined the group from neighboring houses. Then Hetrich Lehman came along, carrying a plank loaded with dark, flat, round masses of dough. She was on her way to the bakery. In all these German villages they have a municipal bakery to which the women bring their bread to be baked, and all of them carry it on planks, uncovered. The boches are addicted to solidity and their bread has it; had Hetrich ever dropped one of the baked loaves on her foot she would have been a cripple for life.

Satisfied that he had summoned everybody within earshot the town crier stuck the bell in his pocket and began to drone a proclamation by the burgomaster. While he was reading it several doughboys sauntered up and stood listening. The proclamation related to cleaning up the place. Hans informed them that the American commander gave them until two o'clock that afternoon to cover the manure heaps with evergreens—anybody who had not complied with the order by that time would be summarily dealt with. The townspeople were not to throw their refuse into the street, but deposit it in the boxes provided for that purpose; and every yard must be kept speckless.

Hans finished his spiel and passed on to another point, to go through the same performance. Those who heard him gave vent to long, wondering ah-h's of protest and then went their several ways. And within half an hour men and women and children were laboring diligently to decorate the family treasure with green boughs.

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A Lonesome Yet Cheerful Job for a Yankee Doughboy—on Guard at the Lookout Tower of Meisberg Castle

Haled Into Court

"WELL?" inquired the captain that afternoon, glancing up from a pile of papers on which he was working in the orderly room.

"Things look better," reported the top sergeant. "But I found a coupla heaps that haven't been covered."

"Send for the burgomaster," the captain commanded, and a runner who spoke German went to fetch him. In a few minutes the burgomaster entered, hat in hand and plainly apprehensive.

"Tell him," said the captain tersely, "that those two guys who haven't obeyed the order must come before the inferior provost court at five o'clock. They've got to learn that an order's an order in this man's army."

The burgomaster listened to the translation and then began a voluble explanation. Peter Kalb was away, at work in the quarry, and so his pile remained uncovered; and as for the one at Number fifty-five, that belonged to the Widow Krause, who had been unable to get the boughs.

"They can tell all that to the court," the captain announced, and turned again to his reports. The inferior provost court standing beside him looked mighty uncomfortable. He was a second lieutenant and only twenty-two years old, and never before had he tried a man. Yet now, though fresh from a school, he had vested in him the authority to impose a fine of a thousand marks and three months' imprisonment. The superior provost courts, which handle the more serious offenses, can double those punishments.

"Five o'clock—here!" barked the captain, and just then the door opened to admit the colonel of the regiment.

"What're those kids doing outside?" he demanded as everybody sprang to attention.

"They're all over the place, sir. It's hard to run them off."

"Why aren't they in school?"

"There isn't any school, sir. They've sort of let down here. The schoolmaster seems to me a pretty weak sister, and he has allowed things to slide since the end of the war.

The priest told me that the kids were running wild round town."

Proof of that came through the windows. The road was filled with brats of all ages, who were yelling and racing about; they tooted the horn of the colonel's automobile and swarmed on the running boards.

"You tell that teacher to open school every day except Sundays, and to keep his pupils off the streets. I don't want them on the street at all, even out of school hours. They must play in their own yards. And the men must not fool with them—I saw two or three giving rides to some little squareheads as I came along. You give orders they're to have nothing to do with the children. That's the only way to treat them and keep things from going to pot."

"Yes, sir."

"And if the teacher has any trouble—I understand these kids have grown rebellious lately—he is to let you know. The very first one who doesn't obey is going to get it. Pick out a man with a strong right arm and tell him to paddywhack any of these boys who raise mischief. Out in that little square would be a good place, so all the other kids could see it done."

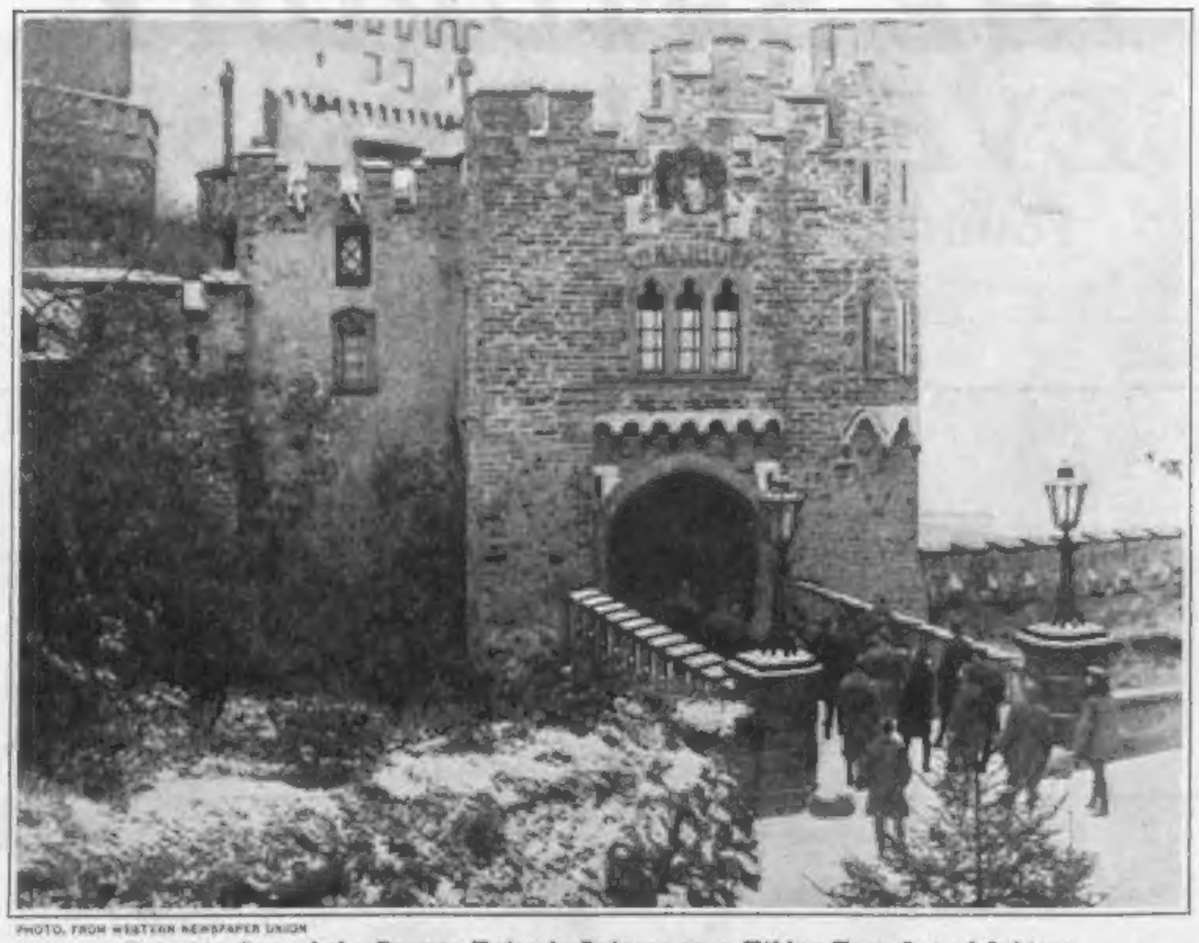


PHOTO FROM WESTERN NEWSPAPER UNION

Entering One of the Former Kaiser's Palaces on a Hiking Tour Out of Coblenz

The noise in the street subsided abruptly; a noncom had already run out to scatter the children and carry the orders into effect. Consequently, when the colonel came forth to make the rounds of the village not an urchin was in sight. They were all within their own boundaries, peering at him through the windows.

"These yards won't do at all," he declared before he and the captain had proceeded a hundred paces. They appeared to be neat and clean to the captain, but he knew better than to disagree with the K. O.

Rough, Wholesome Living

"THE street might be kept better too," continued the colonel testily—the tooting of his automobile horn was still on his nerves. "Have the burgomaster detail a couple of men to do nothing else but walk up and down this street with brooms and shovels. I want every town in my area to be spotless. No refuse of any kind must be allowed to lie in the street longer than fifteen minutes. Attend to that."

"Yes, sir," replied the captain.

Next they inspected billets. There is a popular belief in America that the Army of Occupation is living a life of luxurious ease, sleeping between sheets in canopied beds and sticking their legs under the same tables as countesses and princesses at meals. As for princesses and such I'll be noncommittal, for the only one I saw couldn't hold a candle to a waitress in our mess at Montabaur. Gentlemen, if there ever was a dream —— Well, anyway, the soldiers don't live like that. A few of the army troops back in Coblenz and the corps troops in the larger towns may enjoy the comforts of home, but out among the divisions not twenty per cent of the men have beds. The regiments are distributed among the various towns and villages, and they have to make the best of the sleeping accommodation available. Now when a company of more than two hundred and fifty men is stationed in a hamlet, boasting a population of three or four hundred, there aren't going to be enough beds to go round. And it is in such places that the bulk of our men are living.

Assuredly we obtain all that are coming to us, however. The rule is that no male boche shall occupy a bed while an American soldier is without one; but all German women and children, regardless of age, are entitled to their beds. The result is that only a small percentage of our men have the accommodations you read about; the others occupy lofts and empty storehouses and barns, precisely as they did in France last year, sleeping on cots or rolled up in their blankets on the floor. I know a sergeant who crawls into a bed with a coronet above it and rich tapestries all round, in the castle of Molsberg; but on the other hand I have seen thousands and thousands of doughboys and artillerymen billeted in cold lofts and haymows, with nothing between them and the hard boards but a pair of blankets. They thrive on it too. After what this man's army went through last fall any dry place with a roof looks like a fine billet.

The colonel climbed a flight of stairs and entered a storeroom above the *Gasthaus*. Fourteen men were billeted there.

"Got the windows fixed?" he inquired.

The captain silently pointed to small blocks of wood nailed so that the windows could not be closed. They are very strict about ventilation. Epidemics start quickly and spread fast among troops herded in close quarters, and this winter the medicos were taking no chances on the flu and pneumonia. Every window in every billet in our area had to be open day and night. Of course the majority of soldiers would keep the doors and windows tightly closed, and then huddle over a stove if left to their own choice; these blocks of wood prevented the windows from ever being shut. They grumbled—but they always had fresh air and cold doesn't hurt a healthy man who is getting lots of exercise. I occupied such a billet for the better part of a week in the middle of winter and nearly froze to death; but a survey of the sick report later made me a lifelong convert to this system. The division had the lowest record for sickness of any in the A. E. F.

The colonel departed, and the work of making the village speckless went forward. While we found the larger Rhineland towns excellently ordered many of the country hamlets into which our troops entered proved to be very little cleaner than those in the manure areas of France. In one respect they were better; there was an absence of smells, and the most vivid memory the boys will retain of the places they visited in 1918 will consist of smells—a combination of Limburger and Gruyère, with just a dash of fertilizer to give it piquancy. The first thing the Americans did in the occupied territory was to clean up. To-day Germany cannot boast any more spotless towns than those in which our troops are quartered; I doubt if such general cleanliness and careful sanitation can be found in any section of equal size and population in the United States. No matter where you go you find well-swept streets, neat yards, washed walks and everything in order. I came back from the French and British zones with a new respect for our army methods, and I have yet to find among the numerous military and civilian visitors who go joyriding through the occupied areas a solitary man who has not been impressed.

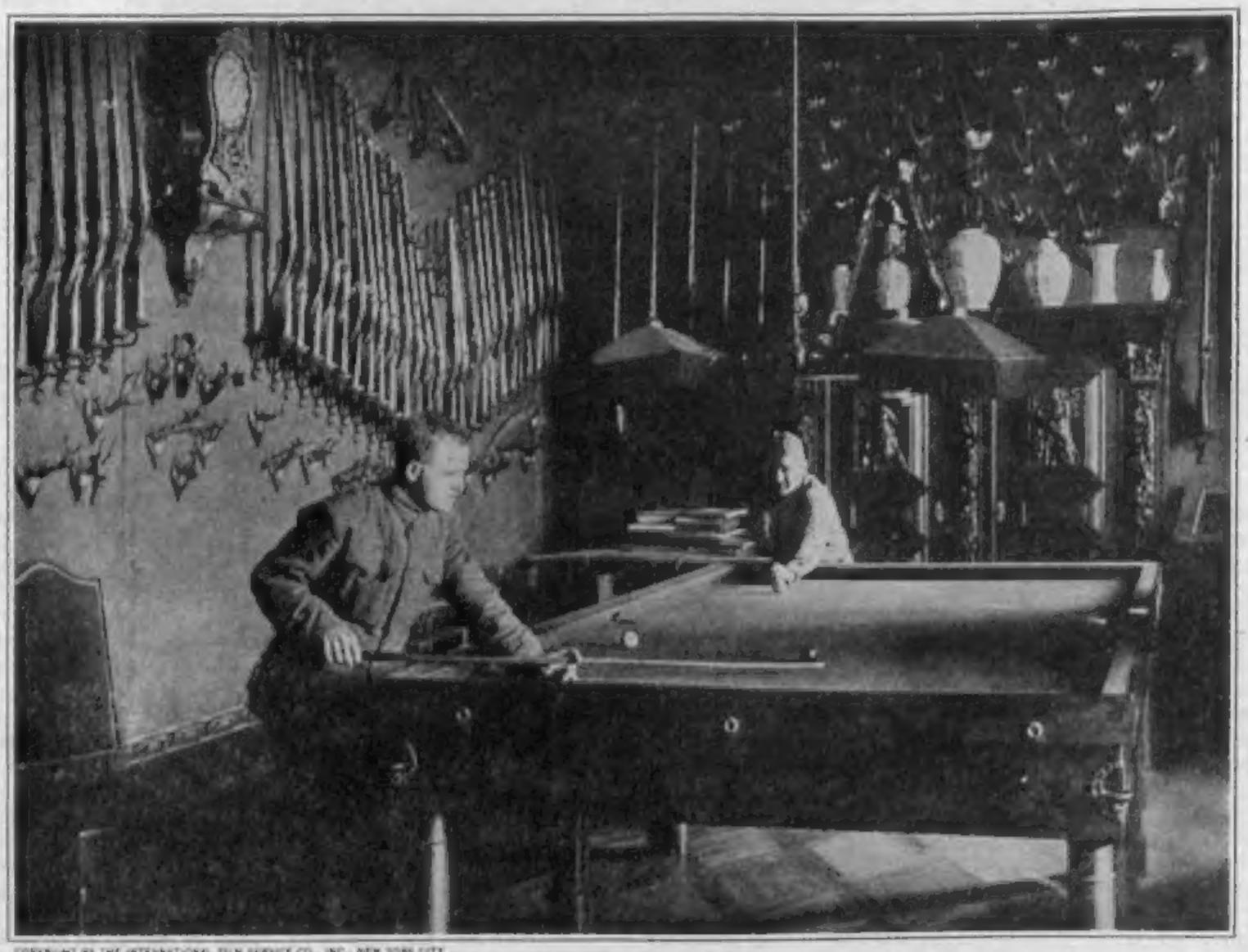
Justice Tempered With Mercy

AT FIVE o'clock that afternoon the junior provost marshal held court on the cases of Peter Kalb and the Widow Krause, charged with failure to obey the order anent covering their manure piles. He gulped a lot and was red to the tips of his ears, but managed to maintain proper solemnity. Both the accused had plausible alibis; but what German has not? They were found guilty, and in order to make an example the junior provost court imposed a fine of a hundred marks on each one. Before the widow could get fairly started on tears, however, he announced that the fines would be suspended conditional upon their good behavior and prompt obedience in future. The effect was tremendous. The villagers came to the conclusion that the Americans would stand no nonsense, but intended to play fair so long as their regulations were observed.

School was reopened next morning at eight o'clock, and after that one never saw any children in the streets except going from and to their homes. The hours were eight to twelve in the morning, and one to four in the afternoon.

The German children are a sturdy lot and very like American kiddies in their play. That is to say, the boys are rough and fight a good deal, and it is real give-and-take stuff. They don't make a dainty slap at each other and then run off to a safe distance to

(Continued on Page 111)



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A Quiet Game of Billiards at Molsberg Castle, the Home of the Von Waldersees, Where the Former Kaiser Frequently Visited

The Watcher Across the Road

By SINCLAIR LEWIS

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARK FAY

TAFFORD curls among plump little hills, and year by long year dreaming it smiles in sleep. Twenty miles away the chimneys of Lacarose curdle the yellow air, but here are only soft sky and silver poplars and streets of old red brick. It is a place of homes. Because he loved home, and patting the heads of horses, and talking with neighbors, better than fame among people he neither knew nor liked, Dr. Win Verity had remained here instead of becoming an association-addressing surgeon in Lacarose. He believed that in deepening peace he would stroll on to the good last sleep—that is, he believed it till the arrival of Mr. Eddie Klopot.

"Take Him Away, Please. I Want to Finish This Solitaire Before I Go to Bed"

That event was accompanied by thunder, publicity, cyclones, preferred stock and jazz music. Klopot went from the train to the best hotel; he spoke insinuatingly to the landlord; and an hour later he was being interviewed by the reporter—who was also the city editor—of the Tafford Weekly Banner.

Two days later the Banner appeared, and on the front page it announced that after inspecting all of North America and the adjacent isles of the sea Mr. Klopot had selected Tafford as the perfect town in which to manufacture the Klopot Gasoline Farm Tractor. Klopot admitted that Tafford excelled in transportation facilities, nearness to raw materials, and low cost of living for labor.

In closing he referred with approval to the stars, the Union, Andrew Jackson, and the smiling children of contented workmen; and drew the conclusion that no matter what the knockers might say, he was a booster for the fair city of his adoption. He was here to stay. All he asked of Tafford was a neighborly hand in greeting. Within ten years the town was going to develop such pep, punch and speed that it would show its tail light not only to Lacarose but also to Pittsburgh, Cleveland and Detroit.

Doctor Verity was the unelected president of an informal club which met on the corner in front of Robinson's drug store. The members smoked pipes and told long stories, and in summer they carried their coats. After reading the Banner Doctor Verity speculated to the group:

"Transportation facilities. H'm, yes. Two cars of tractors would choke this branch line so that the superintendent would commit suicide. Still, we have one advantage: The transportation right in the town itself is all that could be asked. I can get Uncle Eben to rush my trunk down to the depot on his wheelbarrow any time—unless he has the rheumatism or doesn't feel like working. Labor conditions. H'm, yes. Excellent. No strikes here. Nobody with energy enough to strike. Near to steel—yes indeed—factories in Lacarose just full of steel; probably be glad to lend us a hatful. Well, gentlemen, before I adjourn to a small but savage game of seven-up I'll lay you a bet that inside of a week Brother Klopot will be selling stock. And every D. B. on my books will buy that stock!"

Doctor Verity was wrong.

Klopot did continue to be profuse and exclamatory in interviews, but he did not offer one share of stock for sale. It came out that he represented a company of New York millionaires. And he actually bought a large plot near the station; he actually let contracts for the construction of a plant!

Five large concrete buildings were presently being erected. It was more activity than Tafford had seen in fifty years. The town and all the fat territory about were agitated. The dairymen drove their cars into town on Sundays to stare at the walls of concrete and the windows of steel and wire glass.

Klopot had become the chief booster and almost the pioneer of Tafford. He had brought on Mrs. Klopot—a large, extremely corseted woman, who smiled anxiously and said nothing. He had rented the handsome Senator Berkins home. He invited the men to poker parties, while his wife had the women in for afternoon coffee. He joined the Order of Ravens, the Jolly Seven and the largest church. He knew every baby by its sex and every car by its ignition troubles. He contributed a hundred dollars to the funeral of Widow Durfee. He said that he was going to live in Tafford the rest of his life, and that he stood for liberty, happiness and prosperity.

The corner-drug-store club could not make him out. Doctor Verity and Alec Parsons—the veteran banker—still insisted that some day the town would come home and find that Klopot had stolen everything except the hot kitchen stoves. But less and less did the others agree with these croakers.

Smoking Klopot's cigars, recalling Klopot's handshake, they defended their playmate; and one day Dr. Nick Evans, Doctor Verity's younger rival—a gambler, a drinker, and a brilliant and homicidal performer of unnecessary operations—burst out of his sneaking awe of the old doctor and snorted:

"Oh, for heaven's sake, wake up! This town has got to progress. Don't be a piker!"

Once the club would have quaked at such impertinence to the president, but now heads nodded. Doctor Verity fumblingly put on his eyeglasses and looked about. Silently he went up to his shabby office. Here in this creaking old chair he had for a generation and more worried out not only his own troubles but those of every sick mother and every injured farm hand. He looked across the clean public square to the clean belt of sky. He pressed his hands close and sighed.

Klopot's friends began in intervals of poker games or chat in the hotel office to hint to him: "Not selling any stock, old man? Nice factory you're building."

The financier mourned: "No, hang it, I can't. I wish I could let you boys in on this. In five years Klopot-Tafford tractors will be plowing the fields of South Africa and Argentina, as well as the States. But the big interests behind me—they've got the ownership sewed up so tight there won't be a look-in for anybody, unless they just happen to increase the capitalization. But I'm glad to say that we'll bring a lot of money in here when we begin to manufacture and a thousand or so workmen settle here."

Obviously he was a person of transparent truth. Were the men who were building the factory not already spending their money at the stores? But it was exasperating to think of not getting hold of good dollars from South Africa and the Argentine.

After three months of such frustration not only Klopot's nearer and dearer friends but every anxious widow in adjacent villages and every dairy farmer in the Winesap Valley were clamoring for stock. It was unjust that the monopolists of Wall Street should keep them from having a chance! Every Sunday every Taffordite walked down past the rising factory, yearned over the assembly plant, the forge house, the warehouse and offices, the paint shop, the new railroad siding, the barracks for workmen, and the macadamized highroad which cut across what had been a swamp. They foamed with desire to be part owners in these visible glories.

Their desire became a clamor when the first Klopot tractor appeared. The Banner announced the event for Saturday—farmers' market day. At three o'clock Saturday afternoon a mechanical grizzly waddled down Main Street, with a nine-piece band before it and Klopot in his new sedan behind. The tractor was not too large; it was compact and quick-turning; but the huge spiked wheels gave an impression of power. It shone in green and gold; the sulky seat was gilded; and the casing of the roaring motor, high in a cage above the radiator, was of nickel and shining brass.

When it stopped and the crowd saw on the radiator plate the legend "Klopot Tractor, Made in Tafford" they felt that fame had come to their town, and that they must force the mysterious money powers to let them share that fame.

Doctor Verity, watching with Alec Parsons from the polite windows of the Parsons State Bank, was perplexed. He pointed out what no one else in town seemed to notice:

"Nice animal, that tractor, and I'm glad to learn that we could manufacture it here in Tafford. One thing does bother me though: It wasn't manufactured here! None of the machinery has been used yet in Klopot's plant—there aren't even any workmen to assemble a tractor out of standard parts."

"No, and probably never will be," said Alec Parsons. "Of course he had this built for him some place and shipped in. I doubt if there will ever be another Klopot tractor, even assembled. Why should there be? One is enough to sell stock on. Well, I guess the raid begins now, doc."

The next number of the Banner announced in a full-page advertisement that there would be a meeting of the citizens of Tafford and the surrounding country at G. A. R. Hall, come Tuesday, with free movies, and an address by Edgar P. Klopot on Do You Want to Be a Millionaire? It was a beautiful advertisement. It looked astonishingly like a market garden with a border of red and yellow cannas, and a field of alfalfa beyond, and flax in flower beyond that. It was divided into compartments, some devoted to the philosophy of will power and foresight, some expressing Klopot's gratitude to the citizens of Tafford for having so much energy and "clear-as-the-morning-headedness."

But the central plot, the asparagus and cantaloupes of the verbal market garden, was a denial that Klopot wanted

Klopot Glanced Back. The Waiter Was Grinning a Contemptuous Grin

"either now or, by golly, afterward" to sell any stock. He had yielded to the solicitation of his friends, and was trying to arrange it so that those who simply demanded stock might possibly have a chance to buy. He was able to murmur the good news that in answer to his pleas the directors had agreed slightly to increase the capitalization. He was wiring to New York, and hoped to be able to reserve a few shares for himself and his friends. But he could make no promises. He was frightfully afraid that the entire issue of new stock would by next Tuesday all be snatched up on Wall Street.

"Hook, bait ——" groaned Doctor Verity.

"—— and sinker," Alec Parsons continued.

"I'll be at the meeting. I must wake up," said Doctor Verity.

He sauntered into Robinson's drug store. He picked out the best cigar in the case and carefully cut off the end. He strolled behind the prescription counter and told the pharmacist to charge Mrs. Reverend Deems only forty cents for the prescription she would be bringing in, and to put the rest on his own bill. Then he smiled.

"Got it!" he said.

He called Central, got long distance, finally got George Arnold, in the Arnold Motor Works, in Lacarose.

Arnold was a maker of trucks and pleasure cars. He had once come from Lacarose with his wife to get Doctor Verity to operate on her for cancer of the throat. He had offered to build the doctor a hospital in Lacarose. Each year he sent the doctor a box of five hundred cigars; and each year the doctor snorted: "Now I'm not going to be a darn fool; I'm going to be selfish with these and smoke 'em all myself." And each year he managed to hold out at least fifty of the five hundred for himself—or anyway, forty.

Doctor Verity talked to George Arnold for seven minutes, and hung up.

On Tuesday evening when the doctor and Alec Parsons went to the great Klopot meeting they were accompanied by a small pleasant man with curly hair, whom the doctor casually introduced as a Mr. Arnold.

All of Tafford, most of the farmers from the valley—even a few merchants from North Tafford and Selim—crowded the hall. When Eddie Klopot elbowed through, his small red face glistening, there was a fluttering "That's him!" The sensation grew when with him on the platform appeared Doctor Verity's rival, Dr. Nick Evans; and Alec Parsons' rival as banker, Tom Curry.

There are towns in which business rivalry creates two cliques as serious as those rising from church divisions or politics. Alec always called in Doctor Verity; the doctor banked with Alec. Doctor Evans and Curry also stood together; and together in Curry's roadster they slipped off to Lacarose for what they called "a time." Evans and Curry had the advantage of youth. Now and then when Doctor Verity felt too old and tired to make a night call another good patient went to Evans. Many of the younger citizens felt that Verity and Alec Parsons were old fogies. And now when they saw Evans and Curry on the platform with Klopot they were sure that they would be able to snatch a little tractor stock away from Wall Street.

Tom Curry introduced his dear friend Ed Klopot. Mr. Klopot's speech was a good show. He amplified his garden-plot advertisement. After his seventh expression of gratitude for being allowed to live in Tafford he explained the financial situation of the company.

He confessed that formerly he had not expected to sell any stock. But he saw how unfair that would be to his neighbors. He was glad to announce that his pleas to the directors had met with partial success. He would be able to let a few people acquire small blocks.

"But," he thundered, "I want you to one and all understand that I'm not trying to sell stock. I have been surprised to learn that even in our enterprising and enlightened community there are a few knockers who go about hammering the brains and toil of their neighbors, and because they haven't had the pep and jazz to succeed in a big smashing way they're trying to drag others down—for company in misery, I suppose." [Laughter.] "Some of these —— There being ladies present I can't call 'em what I want to!" [Laughter.] "But some of these pussyfooting human woodpeckers have been gum-shoeing around saying that Ed Klopot wants to stick his neighbors with bum stock! Let me tell you right here and now: If you don't want Klopot stock—don't buy it! Every share can be sold in New York. And if anybody thinks there's one single detail in my plans that even faintly resembles fakery let him have the manhood and decency to stand up right here and now and say so, and not go sneaking round back yards, like a snake in the grass! Now come on!"

Klopot glared at the audience. Everyone stirred and looked uncomfortable. Doctor Verity began to uncoil his stooped thinness but Alec Parsons put a cautioning hand on his knee.

"Apparently, then, I have you all with me," exulted Klopot.

He plunged into a financial explanation which shone like the orange back of a new Liberty Bond. He wound up with a résumé of the advantages of Tafford as a center for manufacturing. He specialized on the fact that scrap iron could be purchased right here in the neighborhood. Every one of his friends, he said, knew of piles of broken machinery on farms; or of discarded stoves, iron shelf brackets and rusty sinks in back yards. This local supply was enough to provide the cast-iron portions of thousands of tractors. Neighbor nodded to neighbor. This was close to home. They did remember such junk piles.

And now, Klopot smiled greasily, were there any questions, before the movies?

Doctor Verity rose—lean, gray, polite. How much did Mr. Klopot expect to pay for such local scrap iron, he queried.

Klopot snapped: "Ten dollars a ton, delivered."

The doctor drawled: "My friend Arnold here, who knows something about manufacturing motors, says he is now paying eighteen dollars a ton, not at the factory but f. o. b. Buffalo!"

Klopot shot back: "I'm sorry for your little friend, doc, but I'm not responsible if he doesn't know how to buy in quantity! I'll take a day off some time and teach him how!"

Everybody laughed. Before the laughter had rustled out, before Doctor Verity could go on and introduce Arnold, Doctor Evans was inquiring from the platform:

"What is the minimum percentage of profit on tractors, Mr. Klopot?"

Nick Evans' voice was as loud as Nick's silk shirts. It drowned the cheeping effort of Doctor Verity to continue. Klopot answered instantly and fully. One might almost have supposed that question and answer had been rehearsed. Doctor Verity sat down. The instant Klopot finished, the movies began; and the speaking was over.

After the meeting the town gossips drifted into Robinson's drug store. Doctor Evans was there, and Tom Curry. Curry did not show his usual smooth deference to Doctor Verity; he attacked him:

"Look here, doc, I kind of get the idea that you're against progress. I don't believe you want to see the town grow!"

They all listened. Doctor Verity answered slowly:

"Tom, you expect me to deny that. The fashion to-day is to believe that a town is blessed in proportion to the amount of smoke in the atmosphere. But I'm not going to deny it. Even if I did grant that Klopot will bring growth, which I do not grant, I still would not be interested in him. I know that lots of people like hustle, noise and smoke. All right, bless 'em, let 'em go to the big cities, and good luck. But I insist that some of us ought to have the right to live in towns that are distinguished by their quiet, their leisure. And aside from the question of what you or I want the town to be is the question of what it can be. This town has never grown much, and it never will, any more than a lot of thousand-year-old towns in Europe, because it has no economic cause for large growth. Its only reason for existing is to serve a certain agricultural district. All the spread-eagle boosting in the world won't give it water power or coal mines or a harbor. If people would recognize the limitations of a town they would save a lot of heartbreak, and waste of money—and oratory."

Tom Curry broke in on Doctor Verity's lecture with a growling "Well, all right, if you want to be a knocker I'm sorry for you. Me, I'm a booster, first, last and all the time."

As he walked home with Parsons, Doctor Verity complained: "Alec, I wish I could get some one to define these terms 'booster' and 'knocker' for me. Is boosting exclusively confined to a fictitious increase of real-estate values? And Alec, I do hate to think of how the angel Gabriel is going to fail when he comes down with his trumpet and tries to make an impression on Tom Curry. Come in, Alec?"

II

DOCTOR VERITY found that overnight he had dropped into the class of old grouches. So he kept silence and miserably watched his people crowding to beg Klopot's selling agents to accept their money.

Within a week of the meeting a crew of eighteen clever young men had appeared in the Tafford territory, and offices for stock-selling had been opened with ice cream and eloquence. In Tafford Klopot had taken the whole first floor of the Barnes Block; had here installed the one Klopot tractor in existence, and piled a long table with extremely illustrated literature. A uniformed guide showed all visitors about the Klopot plant, where they could behold every feature of modern manufacturing—except manufacturing.

Noon meetings addressed by agile and articulate salesmen, and sometimes in a benign paternal manner by Klopot himself, were staged in town. Presently there were other offices, not only in the villages of the state but also in Lacarose. Tafford was being advertised—and Tafford was happy.

No longer did people in the city say: "You come from

Shivering Bitterly in the Late Night Chill and in the Darkness He Sat Hunched Up on the Edge of His Bed

Tafford? Where's that?" Now they responded: "Oh, from Tafford, eh? That's where they're making these Klopot tractors."

When the state securities commission made its examination of Klopot stock it was the testimony of the Tafford delegation and its lawyer which kept certain pernicious busybodies on the commission from prohibiting the sale of the stock.

Salesmen in flivvers with suitcases full of financial poetry interviewed every farmer for fifty miles; appeared at every grange meeting, every farm auction. As soon as the novelty of having a local factory had lessened, interest was rearoused by freakish display. The one and original Klopot tractor paraded through ten towns, in the sulky seat a Turk in turban and astoundingly large blue pants, who wrapped up candy in Klopot circulars and threw it to the crowds.

And Klopot stock kept selling.

It has been estimated that within four months of the time of the first big meeting one million dollars' worth was sold within seventy miles of Tafford. But certainly Doctor Verity was wrong in muttering to Alec Parsons that Klopot and his agents would now pin the million in their inside vest pockets and depart. They must have put several hundred thousand back into the business, for the crew of eighteen salesmen was increased to forty, with a school for their instruction; and twenty more actual, tangible Klopot tractors appeared. Some of them were to be seen plowing fields along the most frequented state roads; some of them, haughty and ribbon-tied, were exhibited in the stock-selling offices; and a row of five stood in the Klopot factory warehouse, to convince doubters that the company was keeping its promises.

Neither Doctor Verity nor Alec Parsons was able to discover that these tractors actually had been manufactured in Tafford; that any of the handsome machinery at the factory had ever been used. But they did not often express this doubt. They were not popular in Tafford. The smallest boy was able to see that Verity and Parsons were knockers, were pikers, were enemies of the people. For they still declined to buy Klopot stock.

Six different salesmen had approached Doctor Verity. Some had threatened; some had begged. One had offered to give the doctor ten shares if he would buy five. It was this man whom Doctor Verity drove to the door, yelling: "You'll have to chloroform me before you get my name on your list of stockholders!"

In number the old fogies who still followed Verity and Parsons were not important, but they happened in slowly acquired wealth to represent more than half the capital in the territory. Wise old farmers kept coming to Verity and Parsons, asking their advice about Klopot stock, and the answer they got was: "Don't you think we can do all the cheating necessary round here, Mike? If you must give away your money give it to me."

To each of these doubters was sent an engraved invitation to attend another huge public meeting. It was to be addressed by a conservative old banker from North Tafford, who, it was announced, had agreed after investigation that Tafford had the best situation in the United States for the manufacture of tractors. This meeting, to be held the coming Thursday, was heralded by red-and-black three-sheets on every blank wall for miles. The posters stated, along with a great deal of other verbiage:

The Klopot Tractor Company wants to keep its stock out of the hands of the get-rich-kwick kwitters! We're here to stick and lick. We like the boys that put the sell in hustle, but to support us in our work of making TENS OF THOUSANDS of tractors, we want the wary, cagy, walk-round-and-give-em-the-double-O men, who are looking for an investment that will guarantee luxury in old age—as well as slip an extra hundred bones in the weekly paypokes rite now!

Let's pay our respects to certain crabs that have been crawling round trying to queer our beloved city. Tafford is by location and inherent vigor the best burg in these here U. S. for up-to-the-split-second industry. If any hammer-heaver feels he is too good to be patriotic, if he is so jealous of the live ones that he's willing to keep our dear native town from progressing, then let him move on. We don't want him here!

The day after the appearance of these manifestoes, side by side with them blossomed others, which made the citizens stop, read, giggle and shout: "Come here, see this, Henry!" The new ones ran:

Brer Taffordite, do you know you have a chance to make millions? Do you know there may be diamonds in Greenland?

Arctic explorers report that beneath only about forty feet of snow, ice and frozen earth, in Greenland, there may possibly be deposits of coal. And everybody knows that both coal and diamonds are made of carbon.

Therefore we announce the formation of the

GREENLAND DIAMOND DISCOVERY CORPORATION!

Do you realize that Tafford is the one perfect place for the headquarters—and incidentally the stock-selling—of this corporation? 'Cause why? Think it over. Tafford is cold and snowy in winter, like Greenland. Tafford land is green in summer. And lots of Taffordites wear arctics.

Come to the big meeting next Friday, and hear how patriotic we are in wanting your money. Free movies, free talk, free jazz, pep, punch.

ALEXANDER PARSONS, Prest.
WINFIELD VERITY, Secy.

There were six hundred people at the Klopot jubilation at G. A. R. Hall on Thursday, but at least a thousand at the Greenland Diamond Corporation meeting the night after. In his speech outlining the plans of the new corporation Doctor Verity used Klopot's own words; and when he innocently asserted: "We don't want your money, fellow citizens; what we want is your friendship," then the people who had not bought Klopot stock snickered.

When the doctor asked for questions a man who lived next door to him, and who was known to play cribbage with him every Saturday evening, rose to demand: "But look here, Mister Secretary, you people haven't found any diamonds yet, have you?"

Doctor Verity beamed. "No indeed! But we've had twenty-one of them manufactured for us in Detroit, and we're going to show them to people so that they can see what nice diamonds we'll find—if we ever find any."

There was a little laughter—just a rustle of it.

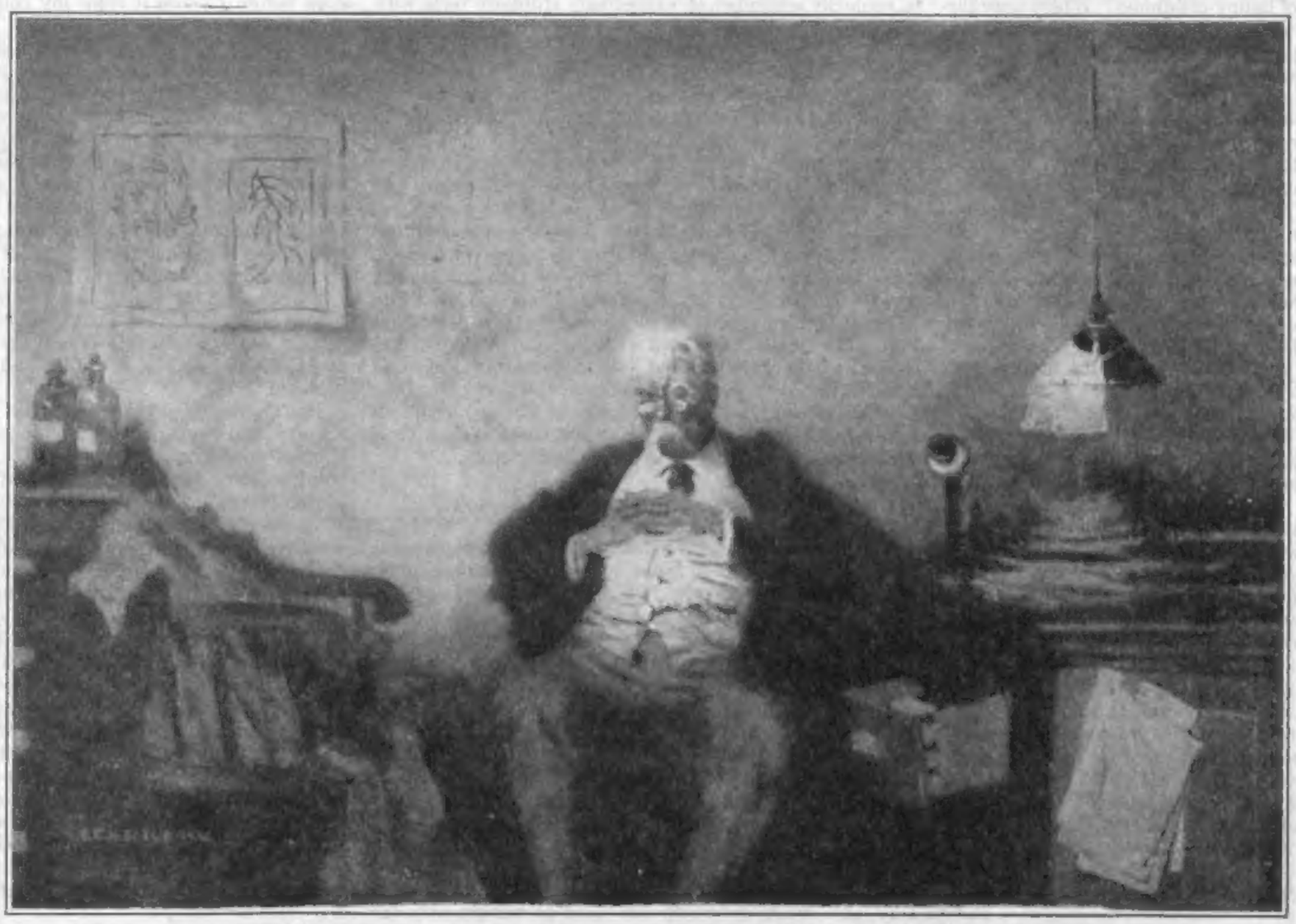
The next day the sale of Klopot stock in Tafford fell to one-half.

A week later Klopot's best salesmen packed and went on to the neighboring town of Selim.

A week after that there was a Selim meeting to advertise the Greenland Diamond Corporation. It was led by a doctor who had graduated in the same class with Doctor Verity of Tafford.

But it was the Greenland Diamond meeting in Lacarose that roused the liveliest attention. In that city it was conducted by Jerry Jumps, the famous monologist, playing Lacarose in vaudeville. On the platform was a Klopot tractor, obtained from the motor show. No one referred to Mr. Klopot or his company, but after a pause Jerry Jumps crossed over, stared at the tractor, and in a puzzled way mused: "I was down in Tafford the other day, and the folks there said these fruit grew on trees. Ain't it wonderful what they expect us city hicks to believe?"

The most important Lacarose paper, which circulates all over Tafford County, reported the meeting with caricatures which included a view of the Klopot tractor.



Here He Had Worried Out Not Only His Own Troubles But Those of Every Sick Mother and Every Injured Farm Hand

In the week after that meeting not more than a thousand dollars' worth of Klopot stock sold in all of Lacarose and Tafford County.

Then a jovial open-faced man came to Doctor Verity's office, and pulling out real money he besought: "I want to buy some Greenland Diamond stock, doctor."

The man did not look like such a complete idiot as to have taken the joke seriously.

The doctor smiled, shook his head:

"None for sale."

"You see, to tell the truth, I think there may be something to your scheme. Could work the Greenland coal, and—uh—and the diamonds under big glass sheds, even with a fifty-below temperature."

"Nope. No stock for sale," grinned the doctor.

The man left his office, grumbling. The doctor telephoned down to the drug store. The younger clerk of the store followed the jovial-faced inquirer, who went round the corner and spoke to a man in a sedan. The man in the car was Eddie Klopot; and with him was a police officer. The jovial-faced man seemed disappointed; Klopot seemed furious.

When Doctor Verity had this report from the drug clerk he looked over a legal memorandum made out by Alec Parsons before the state securities commission had authorized the sale of Klopot stock. It was to the effect that in that state the penalty for fraudulent stock selling was from one to ten years in the penitentiary. "Glad I restrained my tendency to be a joky old thing, and didn't let our friend have any stock," sighed Doctor Verity.

Just after the rumor that Klopot stock had entirely stopped selling in the county Klopot himself came to the doctor's office.

"Well, doc, you think you've got us. I admit that the boobs who won't listen to arguments will listen to burlesque. But I have one trick; I can do one thing that will start my stock booming again and make a darned fool out of you. Want me to do it; or will you quit kidding my company?"

"Do something dreadful to me, Eddie? Go ahead and do it," crooned Doctor Verity.

"All right, I will," said Klopot. He did.

Distressing news came to the doctor and Alec Parsons. They jumped into Alec's flivver and hustled to the Klopot plant. They saw forty or fifty workmen with bundles and

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ARMISTICE DAYS IN VIENNA

By Eleanor Franklin Egan

WHEN I arrived in Vienna I was instantly impressed by the utter lifelessness of that one-time liveliest of cities. My mind was filled with depressing contrasts.

I once knew a Vienna that was proud of its reputation for being the lightest-hearted and most frivolous capital in all Europe, and my memories of that Vienna were filled with summer sunlight, with gay crowds, with a riotous prodigality of flowers, with color everywhere and with much music. But now—the depressing contrasts resolved themselves into questions.

Where were the richly clad and happy throngs that used to parade at sunset round the splendid Ringstrasse and along the broad pavements of the Franz-Josefskai? Where were the pretty children of the rich with their gorgeously attired governesses and peasant attendants who used to fill all the parks and the playgrounds with the sounds and the signs of happy childhood? Where were the crowds of prosperous women that used to surge in and out of the handsome shops on the Kärtnerstrasse throughout the mornings? Where were all the richly upholstered and aristocratic carriages with their sleek horses and liveried coachmen and footmen that seemed always to belong to lolling old ladies in much lace and many plumes? And where were all the glittering, honking, howling motor cars?

Where were the music and the merriment; where the indolent habitués of the hundred and one bright coffee-houses and cafés; the swaggering students; the groups of always-laughing girls; and the always-to-be-recognized companies of serious-minded and therefore rather ludicrous tourists? Where was anything to be seen or found in Vienna to suggest the Vienna of the old days? Nowhere! Nothing but the drab, drear atmosphere of indescribable despondency. And what could one think really but: "Well, you would go to war, wouldn't you? You would send to little ragamuffin Serbia the ultimatum that no self-respecting little ragamuffin could possibly accept? You would play Samson with your temples without Samson's excuse? And Vienna, you will never smile again the old smile."

Of course it was raining. One had to take that into consideration. And it was cold. There was no heat anywhere because there was no coal. And the city was on the brink of starvation. But if mere physical suffering had been a price of victory instead of a concomitant of defeat what a different Vienna it would have been. And in victory what would Vienna have cared, do you think, that Paris was in despair? One has to remind oneself of that.

All things needful are quickly added unto victory, but much of the tragedy of defeat lies in its endless afterward. It is the future one feels in Vienna more than the present, a future in which one can discover not a single ray of light. It gets on one's nerves. One wants to hurry through, give it all a passing glance and move on to any place where hope survives.

The Mission to Vienna

I HAVE often pictured to myself a reversed situation and have wondered how the peoples of England and France would be conducting themselves, and how we in our pride and consciousness of power and great historical dignity would be acting if the Teutonic tribes had succeeded in their monstrous purpose and were now stalking up and down the earth as victors over us all. It is unimaginable! Yet it is unimaginable, too, that these tribes should have been brought so low and humbled so completely. Would our conviction that we had fought on the side of right have kept our heads high and sustained us in a belief that our defeat was only temporary? No doubt.

But to put ourselves in the place of our vanquished enemies it is necessary to eliminate in our mental picture all the powers of recovery that we know would have been left to us even in the completest defeat. These people have nothing like that to comfort them. They have no arguments with which to uphold their lost cause as a just one, and no hope that, just or unjust, it can ever be revived.

I had been thinking all these things and talking about them with my friends of the British and American peace missions, who were rather cynical and unsympathetic. They had been in Vienna longer than I, and either they had grown callous or they were too matter-of-fact to be impressed by the evidences of human suffering that impressed me. They thought all I needed was a little sunshine.

"You are a good deal like a Viennese yourself," they said; "but wait until the first sunny day and we promise that you shall see your fellow gloom-conductors in large crowds, tricked out in expensive finery and strutting up and down the streets as though nothing had ever happened to them."

These were scientific men of England and the United States. There were a few Frenchmen in the city also, while the Italians as the occupying ally were in a tremendous majority. But the Frenchmen and the Italians were not particularly interested in the solution of the problems of the defeated peoples. The Englishmen and Americans were, and this made it seem as though they maintained a marked exclusiveness. In any case they worked in considerable harmony and were responsible to no nearer authority than that of the Peace Conference at Paris.

Their mission in Vienna as it was understood by the Viennese was to present to Paris the Austrian side of questions which Austria was not herself permitted to present. As it was understood by themselves it was to reconcile a number of exceedingly stubborn facts with unworkable Wilsonian theories, and to meet preconceived Allied demands with what might be described as sight drafts on a most uncertain future. They were delightfully cheerful about it and were improving their minds daily by specializing as men never before had an opportunity to specialize in geography, ethnology and economics. They were fair-minded, but handicapped by the fact that fair-mindedness as it has been defined in public utterance and as it is relied on by the defeated peoples has done more than any other one thing to complicate the general situation. They had to study and to justify whenever possible the claims of everybody concerned—of German Austria herself, of Hungary, of Jugoslavia, Czechoslovakia and Rumania. Rumania as an ally demanded first consideration, while Serbia, bracketed with Belgium at the head of the list of the war's victims, was to be encouraged in all her dreams. But the Austrian Slavs, the Czechs and the Slovaks, having fought for the cause of Mittel-Europa for upward of four years, some by choice, some against their will, came out themselves as recognized victors.

The Martyrs and the Conquerors

WHICH causes one to reflect that up to a certain point it is a good idea to insist upon enmity from enemies. Who forgives a debt pays it himself or takes the sum of it away from somebody else. If certain of these enemies had stood their ground instead of hurling themselves into the arms of their conquerors everything would have been much simpler for the peacemakers, and our missions in Vienna and Berlin would have had to specialize in one science only. Economics would have engaged their undivided attention, and their sole inquiry would have been in regard to the ability of the combined enemy to pay.

For two weeks there had been nothing but rain or a thick murk of frosty fog. The population was not in the streets and the few people who were looked sufficiently bedraggled and dispirited to make me feel as gloomy as I was accused of being. I speak of course of the fine streets only, the streets in which one used to mingle with the light-heeled, light-hearted and prosperous crowd. I lived in a fine street and would have frequented none but the finest if I had been following my natural inclination, but to make matters worse for my mental state I had been spending most of my time in and out of the lowest purlieus of the city, visiting soup kitchens, municipal lodging houses and tenements, hospitals, orphan asylums, old people's homes, workmen's clubs, civic forums, and those public schools wherein the children of the poor are given the kind of training which adds them in the political statistics to the percentage of the literate, but which seems to have little else as its object. I had been depressed and sometimes horrified. Underfed myself and always cold, I decided that a visit to Vienna, whatever it may have been in the days before the Viennese resolved to make war, was a thing now carefully to avoid.

Then came a sunny Sunday. It began with the usual thick mist, but along about eleven o'clock I noticed the sun streaming in at my windows and hastened to throw them open, that a sun-cleared air might stream in also. I looked down into the street, a street that in my experience had never been anything but empty. And good heavens! It was literally black with a slowly moving throng. I was astounded and for a moment felt a nervous apprehension. People had been whispering to me all the time about Bolshevism and red revolution, and when only the day before the authorities had announced a meatless week the prophecies I had heard were sufficiently dire to be really alarming. At such a time and under such circumstances the kind of weather that invites the population into the streets is not the kind of weather to pray for.

I stood for a while and looked down, and with every moment my astonishment increased. A better-dressed crowd I had never seen, nor a crowd that breathed a more perfect air of serenity. There were many army officers in handsome uniforms; and not Austrian officers only, but Italians as well—officers of the hated Army of Occupation. But most of the men were in civilian clothes of course, and I noticed a spick-and-spanness about them that belied every wail of distress I had heard and every evidence of misery I had seen. There was a fair sprinkling of silk hats, handsome fur-collared overcoats and light-gray spats over faultless shoes; while the women—hundreds of them—were as smartly gowned as women could possibly be. Numbers of them wore fur coats of extreme richness and modernity, and their hats made me quite definitely envious.

Not being able to carry trunks on the railways I had been compelled to leave my hat box in Paris and was reduced to one little pet toque that had seen better days even before I chose it from my collection as the one to accompany me. It would not last much longer, that I knew; and I had wondered how I was ever to get a substitute for it in the poor denuded countries of the erstwhile enemy. There having been no unusual mortality among milliners I supposed of course there were hats, but judging by the general state of affairs I supposed also that the prices of them would be quite beyond anything my conscience would permit me to pay for a hat. My conscience is rather severe on that point. Or at least it has been since war relief became the chief fact of my country's existence, which is to say, since the autumn of 1914. Yet here were these hundreds of women of Vienna!

"Well, bless my soul!" said I to myself. "If I owed an honest citizen's share of what you owe and will have to pay to this world I believe I should get myself a uniform of sackcloth and stay in it until I had worked my way out of debt!"

But no, that is not the idea at all. The idea is that Bolshevism and confiscation are imminent and that the best thing to do with money is to spend it. This I learned afterward, learning at the same time that jewelers and venders of rich things have never been so well patronized.

While I was watching this Sunday parade my mind wandered back to a parade of a different kind, a parade that will haunt the life of everyone who saw it. Having followed the German retreat up the Hindenburg Line I was in Mons a few days after that long-suffering city was occupied by the Canadians, and on the historic road from St.-Quentin northeastward I passed the homing horde of French refugees from behind the one-time German Front. That was the saddest procession in all history. It cannot be described, though many have tried to describe it. I remember most vividly a happy light in ten thousand care-worn faces. And I cannot forget the little children, ragged and laden with bundles, trudging along in the thick black mud of the roadside or harnessed as often as not, along with their elders, to carts loaded with pitiful belongings.

What the Austrians Did to Belgrade

IN A VILLAGE beyond Valenciennes there was a German Red Cross ambulance filled with somebody's household goods. It had broken down and the thief had had to abandon it. How we laughed at it as we pictured the rage of the poor disappointed Hun! Yet how horrible it was! What a commentary on German morality! And what a light it threw on the mystery of the wholly emptied towns and villages through which we had passed. And we knew, too, that German wounded had been left in abandoned hospitals and that the Red Cross ambulance would probably not have broken down if it had been carrying the kind of load it was built to carry.

"Oh, well," the ever-ready defender of the Austrians would say, "all that was the work of Germans. The Austrians are different."

And so they are. They have been convicted of few crimes that could be listed as genuinely German, of few typically German outrages against common human decency; but one recalls that the Serbs reëntered Belgrade in 1918, to find in it not so much as a stove or a bedstead or a kitchen chair. The whole city, from power houses, mills, government buildings and institutions, shops and hotels, down through palaces and villas to paupers' huts, was like a house out of which an untidy and destructive family had just moved with all its effects. What they had not carried away they had hacked to pieces. Were the Austrians responsible for none of that?

As I looked down upon the handsome and prosperous-seeming Viennese crowd I wondered how they would feel if they knew that such as I was looking down upon them, thinking such thoughts. I was the only woman in Vienna from the ranks of the victorious enemy, and was naturally the only visiting victor who would notice their clothes. At least I was the only one who would notice them in detail.

It was a good thing for my fairness of judgment that I did not blow in and out of Vienna that day, as so many have blown in and out in the course of the past two or three months. If I had I should have reported, in agreement with the average, that Austria was almost offensively well provided with the necessaries of life and that to waste any sympathy on the Austrians was to be merely maudlin. But I had lived and hungered and chilled through two dreary weeks and had seen the ugly side of the picture. Also I had talked with many of the sufficiently well provided and had seen the iron of hopelessness boring into their souls.

I grew tired eventually of watching the smug Sunday promenade and went back to my work. But in a short time I was startled by a sudden many-throated human roar. I rushed again to the window. The throng in the street below seemed to have stopped still in its tracks, though many were crowding eagerly to the curbstones and looking up the street toward the Imperial Palace, whence the shouts were coming. It is a splendid tree-shaded avenue with street-car tracks next the broad footways on either side and a wide carriageway between.

The shouts came nearer and nearer, and presently down past the Grand Opera House rolled a tremendous mob. It was led by a man carrying a great red flag, while every man and woman in it carried a smaller flag or a pennant of some kind, wore a red brassard on the left arm and was otherwise decorated with the color of revolution.

These people, presenting such a contrast to the well-dressed church paraders, were marching eighteen or twenty abreast and filling the whole inner space of the wide street. It was another procession to remember.

The Great-Germany Demonstration

WHEN the head of it had passed out of sight down the street I could look either way as far as my vision reached and see nothing but the black moving mass under a flutter and flame of red. And the roar was terrific. The people on the sidewalks fell back and gradually disappeared into the side streets.

Suddenly someone in the line directly in front of the hotel began to sing, and hundreds joined him. Mingled as it was with the other sounds, the song in the beginning was nothing but a fearful discord, but gradually, line by line, the marching host took it up and in a little while there was nothing to be heard but the singing—thousands of voices lifted in the strains of Die Wacht am Rhein! It was extraordinary. But I could only conclude that they sang that particular song because it was a thing they all knew. I was mistaken about that. They sang it because it was the thing their hearts were singing.

I was trying to arrive at a comfortable compromise between laughter and tears when a certain Herr Doktor came in. I was expecting him. He was bringing me some data with regard to the extent of Vienna's dependence on the German inhabited counties in the west of Hungary. These counties are agricultural and by virtue of their proximity to a great city have developed large dairy industries. They have always produced a considerable part of Vienna's food supply. But the Hungarians were maintaining a blockade at the border and nothing could get across that was not smuggled across to be sold at exorbitant prices. The men of Vienna would tell you that every Hungarian on the frontier was getting iniquitously rich while Vienna starved. The provisions that seeped through the blockade were not enough to do more than aggravate the situation in Vienna, and considering the fact that the supplies on the Hungarian side were fairly ample this situation was worse than seemed altogether necessary. The Viennese wanted the blockade to be raised and there was a concerted effort on their part to get the support of every representative of the Entente who happened to be in their midst.

The least one could do was to listen and to pass along to responsible representatives all relevant information that one might acquire, and I desiring to see things in as much detail as possible had asked for statistics based on conditions as they existed in 1913.

It was a tedious small task I put up to the burgomaster's office, and before it was finished I rather regretted my weakness for facts and figures—or I should have but for one thing. I got a new light on the boasted German efficiency and devotion to minutiæ. The statistics they had at their command were as general and as unsatisfactory as anybody's statistics, and they had to organize a working force of mathematicians and do a lot of sums in long division and ratio and proportion before they could answer my inquiries even "about" or "approximately." On account of the extreme prevalence of decimals, with which I would never permit myself to get on terms of intimacy, I myself find the word approximately very useful, but one hardly expects to encounter it in every other line of a German table of important economical data.

I told the Herr Doktor this, and said it was quite a relief to find that they were not such wonderful people after all. But first I asked about the parade. Was it a Bolshevist demonstration?

"Oh, not at all," he replied. "Quite the contrary. It was a *Grosse-Deutschland* demonstration."

"A what?"

"Oh, but wait! You've seen only the beginning. The parade is not yet. That was only a mob of citizens. They will go down to the Stadtpark and spread out in groups and have speeches. Perfectly harmless, unless some firebrand begins to incite them to violence. But now comes the parade of the people from German Hungary—these same territories we have been working over and finding things out about for you that we didn't even know ourselves. The people of those counties want to be annexed to Austria and have come to Vienna to make a demonstration. They will have a big meeting and vote to lay their claims before the Peace Conference on a basis of self-determination. They are Germans and they hate the Hungarians."

An Idea Becomes Epidemic

"HAVE you been encouraging this hatred and self-determination with propaganda?"

"No, no! Really we have not! We want no quarrel with the Hungarians if we can help it. Their situation and ours are very much alike and we shall need to befriend each other in the end. No, we rather regret that these people should have chosen to express themselves in this way, but Mr. Wilson's idea of self-determination is like the war and the Spanish grip—it has taken hold of the masses the world over and will have to run its course. We only hope that after it has done its work it will be possible to restore some semblance of order and authority among our terribly mixed populations. Have you not fear that, along with Bolshevism perhaps, this disease will spread to your own country?"

"But we are a self-determining people."

"Ah, yes, but you have such vast colonies of foreigners."

"Oh, no, we haven't; no colonies at all. Every man within the borders of the United States is one hundred per cent American. He has to be!"

"Just so!"

He smiled a cynical smile and we understood each other perfectly.

We had not long to wait, and it was interesting to me to see the German Hungarians or Hungarian Germans immediately after I had examined the statistics which proved their economic value to the city of their choice. But I soon saw what the doctor meant by "*Grosse Deutschland.*" The agitation of these Germans was not merely for annexation by German Austria but for the confederation of everything German from the borders of Serbia to the North Sea. The procession was very orderly and had in it almost as many women as men. Most of them were of the peasant type, and there were a good many soldiers in worn gray-green uniforms. They marched four abreast and carried many banners, the legends on which were most illuminating.

"West Hungary is German." "We are German." "West Hungary Gives Vienna Bread." "We want a Great Germany." "A Great Germany Means Strength." "*Deutschland! Deutschland!*" These were a few of them. And then: "*Deutschland über Alles!*" The familiar old phrase: I had not seen it for a long time.

I laughed and said to the doctor: "That's the sentiment that plunged Germany into her aggressive war and brought you

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Welcome, Little Stranger!

SOME THINGS H. HOOVER OVERLOOKED—By Irvin S. Cobb

Helping Hoover at Rebel Ridge

DURING the late war both as individuals and as a nation we practiced many economies, some of them self-imposed, some of them compulsory. Far be it from a patriot to intimate that with regard to certain of these economies as practiced by certain people the accent should have been upon the second syllable. Suffice it to say, we practiced them. Some of them we still are practicing.

Take the hotels, for example. Could anything have been more wholesouled, more unanimous, more acclaminatious than the spirit in which the hotels greeted the Hooverian edict that smaller portions should be served and that the butter and the sugar and the rolls should be rationed? How willingly they cut down on everything except the prices! How cheerfully, since the armistice was signed, have they continued to keep everything cut down except the prices! Indeed many of our hotel keepers have yet to hear that the restrictions touching upon bread and sugar and butter have been relaxed. It probably will be years from now before they do hear about this, and even after they have heard it, months and perhaps years will pass before they can bring themselves to believe it. They'll go right on issuing six oyster crackers with an oyster stew costing the consumer seventy-five cents; and any person who persists in recalling the old days when for two bits a man could get enough oyster stew to kalsomine a picket fence, with which, in addition, he might eat all the crackers and bread and butter and celery and dill pickles and radishes he pleased, without additional charge, will be considered an undesirable customer and treated as such by the proprietor and the hired help.

A Commission of Experts

PERSONALLY, I doubt whether some of our leading caterers will ever find out that butter is no longer being conserved to the same extent that it was during active hostilities after we had entered the war—say along toward the middle of 1918, when the layman might have been pardoned for thinking that we were shooting butter rather than high explosives at the foe, and were likely to run out of ammunition almost any minute.

I'm sure the resident restaurateurs acted under this assumption. I'm equally sure that numbers of them will continue to cling to the belief. In his own sphere of thought the average fashionable food purveyor has what the lawyers in their profession call the legal mind. A legal mind is one which looks with abhorrence upon the suggestion that any custom once established should ever be altered. If the rest of us were as faithful to our shirts as persons with legal minds are to precedents washerwomen would go out of business. So for years to come I expect to see no radical change in the size of the hotel butter pat. On second thought I temporarily withdraw that statement in order to amend it. The pat may shrink; it will not swell. Boldly and without fear of successful contradiction I make the assertion: That pat will not swell!

Again for further example take the dining-car service as it exists under Administration control. Here we observe another wartime economy which continues. I speak with particular reference to the table d'hôte meal which Mr. McAdoo in his incumbency introduced into our midst, and which his successor has perpetuated until it promises to become institutional. One trusts, however, that one may be permitted to doubt whether it ever becomes popular. In time and through governmental education the traveling public may get used to having a born homeopathist slicing off the meat orders and measuring the gravy out of a medicine dropper, but probably those who move by rail from place to place will never grow entirely reconciled to the notion that a man who at one sitting has had nearly half enough to eat has had more than enough to eat.

Moreover, without any desire to cavil or complain I wish to state that steps should be taken to correct an impression prevalent among the Pullman porters to the effect that the Government wishes to conserve fresh air on trainboard. The porter, commonly called George by such persons as are not themselves named George, always did labor under the delusion that if he let much fresh air into the car the result would be fatal to the passengers, but it would appear that during the past winter he was even more painstaking upon this score than ever before. Nor did he relax his vigilance with the ushering in of spring. Any time the mercury fell low enough to endanger the peach crop he carefully sealed up all possible openings, seams and joints, turned on the steam full pressure, and then curled up in a vacant seat to snooze and in his dreams mentally rejoin his ancestors in the tropical jungle. One finds it in one's heart to wish when fall approaches that Mr. Hines may pass the word along to George the Colored that the tourist trade may from time to time be permitted to breathe a limited amount of fresh air without working serious inconvenience to the conservation regulations yet in force.

Since we are now engaged in feeding the Germans in the hope of nourishing them back to the strength which they had when they jumped on Belgium it is possible that shortly we may be called upon to revive some of the economies touching on staple provenders that have been suffered rather to languish since November of last year. Among us are some who rather leaned to the idea that before undertaking to fatten up the German masses we might better make sure that the last hungry baby in France and Serbia and Armenia had had its little belly filled; and I know of several who if permitted a vote in the matter would have chosen for members of a commission to pass upon the exact weight and dimensions of the ration to be allotted each German ex-belligerent, four individuals—namely, to wit, as follows: One Britisher, one Italian, one Frenchman and one Belgian, all four of whom as a requisite qualification must have spent at least twelve months in a German prison camp, the selection of such persons being based upon the theory that of all God's created creatures these men through their own experiences should know exactly how little a human being might subsist on, in the midst of comparative plenty, and yet continue to survive. When it is possible to get experts to handle a given job why not get experts?

Perhaps, though, it is just as well that citizens holding these radical views were not consulted. Their notions might be regarded as overharsh by that large class who oppose the deportation of Bolsheviks and the punishment of avowed anarchists and the continued imprisonment of draft evaders and malingerers. Those with soft hearts are always numerous, and when those with soft heads join forces with them the two groups frequently constitute a majority, whose wishes in a republic must be respected.

Perhaps after all Captain Boy-Ed and Captain Von Papen might be induced to take over the task of apportioning American foodstuffs to their fellow countrymen. Von Bernstorff's selection for such a place would likewise be pleasing, no doubt, to divers sentimental, emotional souls who already are clamoring that without further delay the erring brother should be welcomed back into the fold and fellowship of the civilized nations. Well, he may be their erring brother, but having seen him in action I wish to state that he is not related to me.

How a trained typewriting machine does wander on, to be sure! Now here I started out to talk upon the subject of small economies which might be put into effect, rather than upon the subject of large economies which now are or lately have been in effect. I meant to turn off one snappy opening paragraph and then leap headlong into my chosen topic, whereas I've been drolling on about things which are the concern really of those who sit in the high places and do the heavy thinking for the multitude.

The Pin in the Shirt

THE point which, without prolonged introductory preamble, I meant to get at was that while bulky intellects have been engaged in dealing with the husbanding up of major staples, major resources and major commodities—with the saving of coal and oil and steel and iron and grain and fats—not sufficient attention has been paid to seemingly minor extravagances prevalent in our modern life—smaller details of living, not to be called luxuries exactly, neither are they absolute necessities, but on which millions upon millions are needlessly wasted every calendar year. Right away in this connection I think of pins in dress shirts.

It is a small thing, I grant you—a superfluous pin in a dress shirt; at least so at first blush it may appear. I maintain, however, it is the little things that count up. Consider cooties. I maintain, too, that the biggest movements in human affairs often have trivial beginnings. I have no doubt whatever but that the Flood started in with a gentle shower and that everybody excepting the immediate members of the Noah family figured it would clear up before night and permit of folks spending the evening wherever it was that folks spent their evenings before movies were invented.

So therefore I say let us reckon first off the vast saving which might be accomplished by eliminating pins in dress shirts. This is a theme which appeals more directly to men than to women, though it must mean something to those thousands of women who spend countless weary

footless hours at the shirt factories sticking pins into new dress shirts, and to yet thousands more of women and girls who in steam laundries perform similar senseless offices upon shirts freshly issued from the ironing machines.

I have yet to find a rational person who knows either the source of or the reason for the unwritten law which ordains that a dress shirt is not regarded as fit and ready for the wearer's use until it has been stuck full of pins. Properly starched a dress shirt stands on its own merits as the stiffest, the most intractable, the most indomitable and unconquerable garment devised for masculine use since the days of old when Knights were bold and a classy dresser ordered his dickey from a blacksmith instead of a haberdasher.

From the shelves of the gentleman's furnisher a dress shirt comes to the purchaser in a compact firm shape. Why, then, at gusset and hem and seam and tuck, at sleeve and neckband and cuff, in the borders of the skirts of the tail and round the edges of the bosom—should it be studded thickly with pins and still more pins? And why when it comes back home from the steam laundry, or from the hand laundry—providing the steam laundry calls itself a hand laundry—should it have undergone similar treatment?

It is not given to any ordinary man to know exactly how many perfectly good pins which might otherwise be serving some worthy purpose are stuck in a new dress shirt. If he is in a hurry to get into festive attire and go to a dinner or a party it seems to him that there are scores of them buried in obscure folds of the goods. He fumbles for their heads, more often finding their points, and laboriously, one by one, he draws them forth and flings them down upon the floor, to be stepped upon by him next morning as, barefooted, he gets out of bed; or to be swallowed by young children or to be lost forever in cracks.

Why Should We Not Launch Our Thrift Campaign by the Elimination of the Pin in the Shirt?

Candy Tongs and Paper Lingerie

EVEN so, there always are certain craftily concealed pins which elude his hurried search. How often has the average man shoving his hands through the sleeves found the way obstructed by an overlooked pin, jabbed through and through just above the cuffs. And what of that other pin, filled as it is with the devilish malignity of inanimate objects, which lurks in ambush in the rear breadth of his shirt tail, cunningly biding its time for attack all through the evening, only to scratch him severely upon his departure. These are the common experiences of every man among us who ever wore a stiff shirt. Why, then, should we not launch our thrift campaign against the lesser extravagances by calling for the elimination of the pin in the shirt? Why not inaugurate the reform right there?

Next in order in indexing the superfluities of commerce come tin tongs in candy boxes. I wonder what early caramel king, what pioneer gumdrop prince it was who first hit upon the idea of putting a pair of little tin tongs in a pound box of candy and selling the product for sixty cents, instead of at the former price of fifty cents? Of course that was years and years ago, back in those crude days when it still was possible in this country to buy a pound of the finished product of anything edible for fifty cents. Whoever the originator may have been his competitors were quick to fall in line; and so through a decade the fad has persisted; this, too, in the face of the fact that no sane human being eating candy has ever yet employed to that end the pair of little futile, foolish, straggle-legged tin tonglets which he found stretched across the top layer of goodies when he took the cover off the box.

After this fashion there has been wasted enough tin to put new roofs on all the county courthouses between Portland, Maine, and Portland, Oregon. It was worse than wasted—just absolutely thrown away, it was. Equally insane customs rose and flourished for a space, and then were tossed into the discard; but this one has endured for season after season.

Eventually when added millions have thus been squandered without return the vogue of the tin candy tongs will die out. Indeed some farseeing candy purveyors have already struck upon the device of leaving out the tongs and instead decorating the box with futile ribbon bows, they being thereby enabled to get ninety cents a pound for their goods instead of sixty or seventy as formerly; but the more idiotic a fad is the harder it dies, and even after this one is dead our children who come after us will not be suffered to forget the folly of their forbears. Somebody with the curse of a memory is forever taking the joy out of life. About the time the last ancient who remembers when tomatoes were called love apples and regarded as poisonous has passed away, his legitimate successor, the person who can distinctly recall when the first grapefruit was eaten, will get old enough to be garrulous; and when he in turn is gone from life the generation following will be bored stiff by the reminiscent gibberings of the venerable dodo whose mind reverts back to the period when no box of candy lacking a pair of silly tongs was considered as complete.

Passing along to the next item in the proposed reform campaign I rise respectfully but firmly to inquire why hundreds of thousands of dollars are being squandered annually to buy paper frills as ornamentation for the legs of restaurant chickens and the tips of restaurant lamb chops. Are these things artistically decorative? I maintain the contrary. Do they serve any practical purpose whatsoever? Again the answer is in the negative. Do they, upon being inadvertently chewed by a nearsighted diner, add to the flavor of the bite? Most certainly not! Of all the animal kingdom only the he goat craves after the taste of paper in his food. Where is the lover of art who dares affirm that a display of insufficient paper lingerie on a chicken leg adds to its sprightliness of appearance, its grace of contour or—putting the proposition upon a less æsthetic basis—to its edible qualities?

The Saw Teeth in the Lemon

THE person who is a careless feeder might go to the precautionary extreme of choosing a waistcoat of a shade that matches the gravy, thus obeying a natural law of protective coloration, but it would never occur to him that he might derive any additional security by attacking a drumstick or a loin chop from behind a barrier of paper frilling. To begin with, the frill isn't large enough to serve as a screen, and it is too flimsy to prevent splashing. Finally it never is a good close fit. It was not made to measure. It was just slipped on any old way without regard to size. Its main intent is to slide off and get mixed up with the dressing and become mussy. There is no reasonable argument that may be offered in defense of the paper frills. There are a dozen reasonable arguments to be offered against their perpetuation. And still, in spite of all, restaurant keepers go right on buying them by the great gross, and no opposing vote is heard.

Nor to date has the voice of organized protest been uplifted against the very great waste, both in raw material and in labor, that is entailed in cutting saw teeth into halves of lemons intended for the garnishment of fish orders. No real fish suitably prepared requires any such ornamentation of the accompanying lemon to enhance its attractions. The delectable sand dab of the Western Coast, the whitefish of the Great Lakes, the pompano of the Gulf, the brook trout of the mountains; the scrod of New England, which is youthful codfish whose voice is just changing; the jack salmon of Dixieland, which is an

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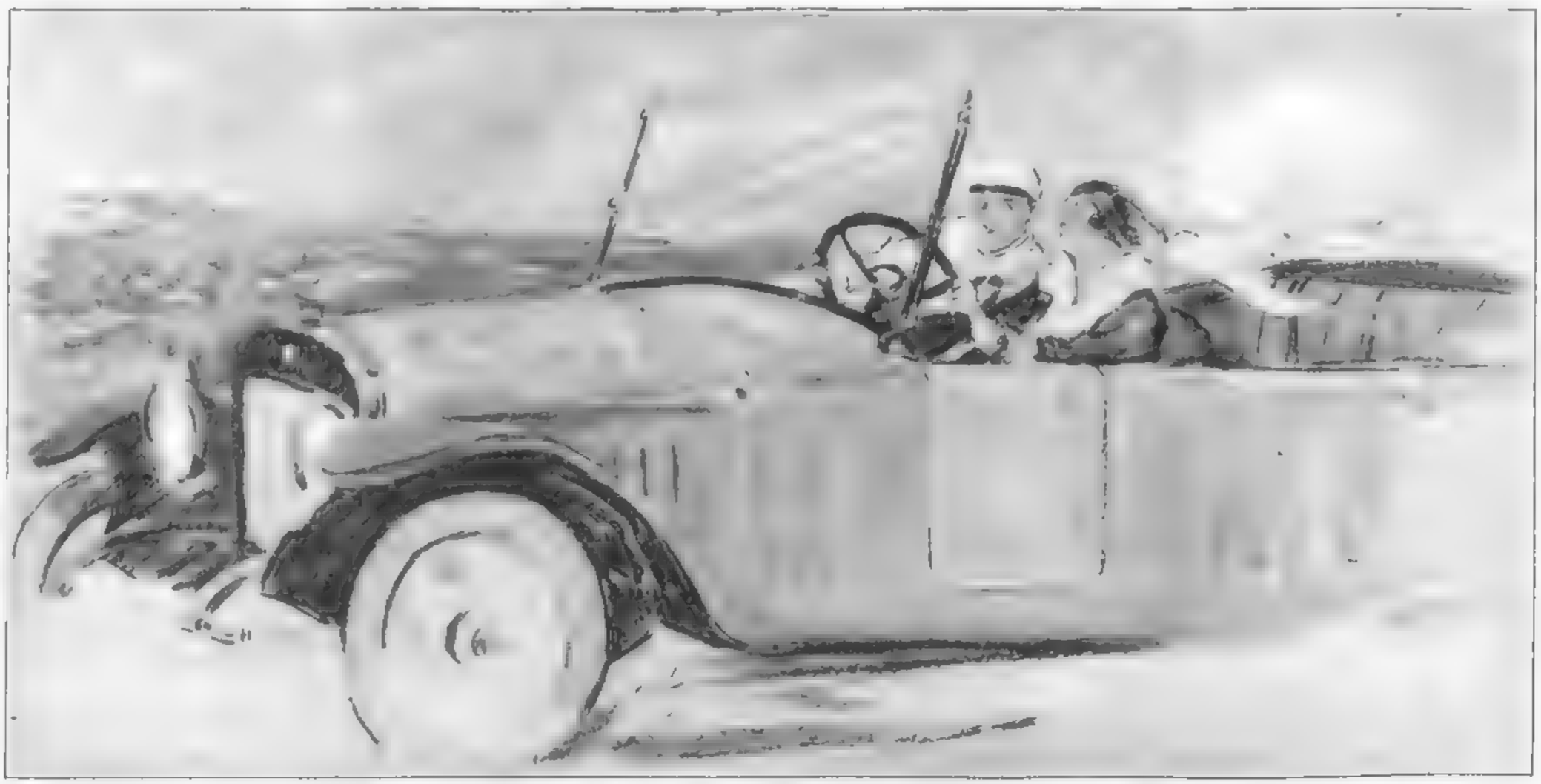
Because His Neighbors Expect It, a Man With a Site for a Summerhouse Builds a Summerhouse on His Summerhouse Site

THE BATTLE OF TEXAS



So Then I Said "He is Sure Some Lady Killer." So She Said "I'll Say So. But You Notice I am Still Alive"

By Ring W. Lardner

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

ON THE RATTLER, March 22.

FRIEND AL: Well Al I am writeing this on the old rattler bound for sunny Texas and a man has got to write letters or something or you would gap yourself to death. They don't have no more poker game Al but just some baby game like rummy that may be O. K. for birds that has spent all their life at some X roads but take a man like I that was over in France and played in the big game and it kind of sets up a man's stomach to watch a bunch of growed up men popping their eyes out for the fear that they might maybe have a picture card left in their hand when some other bird lays down their cards. So about all they's left for a real man to do is write letters or read the paper or look out at the scenery and I all ready read the papers and as for the scenery we been going through Kas. most of the day and you could pull down the shade most any minute and feel pretty sure you wasn't going to miss nothing.

Well Al we left Chi last night and the 1st. thing Kid Gleason come through the car and asked everybody if they had any bottle goods hid in their grips as he says they are getting strick and if they catch a bird carring anything in to dry territory they send you to Siberia or somewheres. So when he come along to me he said "Well you big busher I don't half to ask you if you are bringing anything along with you as my nose knows but is any of it in bottles?" So I said "No all I have got with me they would half to operate to find it."

So he said "Well you want to be sure as they are libel to go through everybody's baggage." So I said "I would like to see some fresh Alex make a move to serch my baggage and I would knock him for a gool."

Well they's 2 or 3 of the other boys besides myself that was in the service or that is they call it being in the service though I was the only 1 that got acrost the old pond outside of Joe Jenkins 1 of the catchers that's still over there yet, but Red Faber was in the navy up to Great Lakes and Ed Collins was in the marines and 1 of the young fellows is wearing a aviation uniform and I suppose he seen the war from Texas and maybe got up so high that the 1st. baseman had to jump for him. But for a wile last night they was all asking me questions about what I seen over there and this in that but every time I would tell them something Collins or 1 of the other smart Alex would say he read about it in the papers and it was different so I said "All right if you seen it in the papers that way it must be so only I kind of figured that me being right up to the front I might be in a position to know something about the war where you take the most of these here reporters and for all they seen of it they might as well of been on Pikes Peek with a pair of opera glasses looking west." So that shut them up.

Well Al we are supposed to get to Mineral Wells tomorrow noon and they can't get us there to soon to suit me as I am wild to get out there in the old ball yard and show Gleason that I have got something left and he was telling me this A. M. that he had picked up a lot of good looking young right handers and I would half to step along to hold a job or the next thing I knowed I would be up to Minneapolis wearing a white beard and pitching for Joe Cantillon. But the new recruits that I have met on the train so far that thinks they are pitchers couldn't pass the physical examination for the Portugal army so it looks like I wouldn't have much trouble if I get a square deal and if I don't I will knock somebody for a gool.

Your pal, JACK.

MINERAL WELLS, March 24.

FRIEND AL: Well Al we landed here yesterday noon and it was raining when we got here and still raining and don't look like it would ever stop and a man might almost think we had came to France by a mistake. And the only differents is that the harder it rained in France why they would see that we was all out in it wile here they's nothing to do only lay around the hotel. Well Al I don't know how many people they have got in Texas but they are all stopping at this hotel and on a rainy day it would take Houdini to get through the lobby. They call this hotel the Crazy Wells on acct. of 1 of the wells that they say it cures crazy people but it would half to be some well to cure some of the birds on our club a specially after they been jammed up together in this hotel a couple of rainy days with nothing to do only gap at each other.

Well we got in to Ft. Worth yesterday A. M. and they switched us on to the R. R. that runs over here at lease they call it a R. R. and its the Weatherford Mineral Wells and North Western but Buck Weaver says the letters stands for Whoa Mule Whoa now Whoa. So I said if you think this R. R. balks you should ought to ride around France in some of them horse cars so Buck said "I wished I was a extra catcher so as I could set down in the bull pen with you all summer and learn all about France." He said "You boys that went to France thinks you had a tough time of it but what about we birds that has to listen to it all the rest of our life." So I said shut your mouth. But any way Al this R. R. isn't only 28 miles long from 1 end to the other so even if the trains do run like old Cy Young was paceing them you get to where you was going some time, where the roads we was on in France never seemed to know where to leave off.

Well we couldn't of done no work yesterday any way on acct. of just getting in and unpacking and getting our uniforms and everything but Gleason was certainly sore when we woke up this A. M. and it was still poring rain and I set with him at the breakfast table and the waiter said this rain was makeing a big hit with the people in Texas as they hadn't had no rain for so long that pretty near everything was drying up so Gleason said "Well you better make it unanimous." He meant for the waiter to dry up to and shut his mouth.

Well Gleason said we would half to go out and work tomorrow rain or shine and he said after this everybody would half to be down for breakfast at 8 bells or they wouldn't get no breakfast and if they didn't get down for breakfast he would go up to their rooms and use his razor strap on them. That's the way he generally always does Al on the new recruits is go after them with his razor strap to show them he is in ernest but of course he wouldn't dast do that on 1 of we old timers and if he ever tried it on me I would knock him for a gool.

I told him that this A. M. and he said "Well they's no danger of you ever comeing late to a meal and the only thing I am a scared of is that you will get here before they open up the dinning rm. and bust down the door and get us put out of the hotel."

Well Al I am glad of 1 thing and that is most of the people stopping at the hotel is men and very few gals not that the gals would make any differents in my young life only in most of these southern hotels they's generally always a flock of gals that wants to make a fuss over the ball players and usually 1 of them takes a kind of a shine to me but this time I have made it up in my mind to tend to business and show Gleason that he didn't make no mistake in meeting my terms so I am glad I won't have nothing to take my mind off of my work though they's 1 little gal stopping here that the boys says she is a swell heiress from St. Louis that's here with her mother that's got rheumatism and I noticed she give me a long look when I come in the dinning rm. this noon but I looked straight ahead and pretended like I didn't notice it. Her name is Miss Krug and she is some looker but she is certainly wasteing them goggly eyes on me as I am down here to get my arm in shape to pitch and not hold hands or something.

The clerk tells me that she has got a big car that she drives around in it all the wile her mother is takeing the treatments but as far as I am conserned if she gets lonesome driveing she will half to talk to the spare tire.

Your pal, JACK.

MINERAL WELLS, March 26.

FRIEND AL: Well Al if nerve was all that a bird needed to make good in the big league they's 1 bird down here trying to be a pitcher on our club that has all ready made good. But it takes something besides nerve Al but listen to what come off today and you will say this bird is chesty enough if he only had something to go with it.

Well this bird's name is Belden and he was a semi pro up in Chi but he got catched in the draft and went to France and he just got back from over there last month and somebody recomended him to Comiskey and so he is down here on the trip. Well he is a right hander so he is a rival of mine you might say but to look at him I guess they's no hurry about me packing up my grip and go home.

Well the rain had stopped this A. M. and Gleason said everybody must be out to the pk. at 10 bells so we started out about 9:30 and I was walking with Buck Weaver and Eddie Cicotte and this here Belden. They was about a ft. of mud on the road and Cicotte made some remark about the mud and Belden said "This isn't nothing to what it was in France and over there we would think this was a drout." Well they's a cemetery on the way out to the pk. and wile we was going past it Buck Weaver made the remark that that was where we left most of the young pitchers every spring so Belden said "You can't scare me with no stuff about cemeterys as I seen to many of them in France." So then Buck says "Is they any subject we can talk about that won't remind you of something you seen in France?" So that shut him up for a wile but after a wile Cicotte asked him what battles he was in over there and he said he was in the Marne and the Oregon forest and Bellow Woods. So Cicotte says "Its no wonder the Germans took such a licking in them places as the whole American army was there." So Belden said oh no they wasn't and what made him think that. So Cicotte said "Because every soldier I have seen that's came back from France was in the Oregon forest and Bellow Woods."

Well we finely got out to the pk. and they wasn't no chance for a real practice on acct. of the mud but Gleason found a dry spot over in 1 corner and marked off the pitching distants and had us all throw a few and honest Al my old super never felt better in my life and I cut loose a couple that pretty near knocked Schalk for a gool but Gleason finely come up and stopped me and told me to not go to strong the 1st. day. Well I watched this Belden wile he throwed a few and I was standing along side of Cicotte and he was watching him to so I asked him what he thought of him. So Cicotte said "He looks like he will make a mighty valuable man for us as when he is in there pitching Schalk can set on the bench and rest as he won't never get nothing past the batter."

Well we finely come out of the pk. and started back towards the hotel and the 1st. thing you know they was a machine come hunking up behind us and it was Miss Krug the St. Louis heiress that's stopping at the hotel and she slowed up and asked if anybody wanted a ride. Well Al she was looking right at me but I pretended like I didn't understand but I just give her a kind of a smile and the next thing you know Belden had ran out and jumped in the drivers seat with her and away they went.

How is that for nerve Al when it was me she was looking at and this other bird that's been in the league about 5 minutes you might say jumps in and rides with her and I bet the little gal felt pretty sick when she seen what she had got wished on to and she didn't come in for supper tonight as I suppose she thought some of the boys would make fun of her though she needn't have no fears on that score as if any of them tried it I would knock them for a gool.

Your pal, JACK.

MINERAL WELLS, March 29.

FRIEND AL: Well old pal I guess they's no more question about me makeing good and sticking with the club and you will say the same thing when I tell you what Gleason said yesterday. We played a game out to the pk. between the 1st. and 2d. clubs and the game was to go 7 innings and Gleason told me I could pitch a part of it for the 2d. club so my arm was feeling so good that I asked him to let me work 4 of the 7 innings. Well Al when I got through the 1st. club had 1 hit and never found out where 2d. base was located. So when it was over Gleason come up to me and said "Well Jack I don't know what the war done to you but I never seen you look better then that in the spring and right now you look like the best man I have got down here pitching." He said "Now don't go and swell up but keep working hard and do like I tell you and you may turn out to be the bird I need to round out my pitching staff." Well the club was going over to play Ft. Worth and Dallas Saturday and Sunday and I thought of course we would all go along but after my showing yesterday Gleason figured he wouldn't take no chances so he left me here to work out with Faber and Wolfgang wile the rest of the boys is gone. He said "I wouldn't pitch you in either of them games after working you yesterday and I want you to do a little work here with these other 2 boys and behave just like I was here watching you." So I said "What and the he—ll could a man do only behave himself in this town?" Well he said "I mean for you to not try and eat for the whole club just because they are not here to eat for themself."

So you see Al it looks like I had made good right from the start this time and that means they will half to come acrost with more jack before long as Gleason promised before I come south that he would give me more then my contract calls for if I show him the right kind of stuff.

Well the bunch went away early this A. M. and was gone before I got up and I had breakfast with Faber and Wolfgang and we decided to go out and work about 11 o'clock so I and the other 2 went out to the pk. and throwed the ball around a wile and done some running but I got tired pretty quick on acct. of pitching yesterday so pretty soon I said I thought I would call it a day so I started back to the hotel and I hadn't no sooner then got outside of the pk. and all of a sudden along come Miss Krug in her machine.

Well they wasn't no getting away from her this time without turning her down cold so I kind of waved to her and she stopped the machine and I got in and we drove back to the hotel.

Well Al she is some gal and it is a pleasure to talk to a gal like she as you take most gals and they can't kid along with a man but about all as they can do is giggle and act silly but this baby can give you as good as you send.

Well I said "You must be pretty lonesome today with Belden gone." So she said "Oh I don't know." So then I said "He is sure some lady killer." So she said "I'll say so. But you notice I am still alive." So after a wile she said "Belden tells me you was in France too." So I said

(Continued on Page 94)

"He Wired Back That Though They Wasn't No Doubt That Belden Had Beat Germany It Didn't Look Like He Would Ever Last 2 Innings vs. Boston and Cleveland"

THE WOODEN HAND

By Maxwell Smith

ILLUSTRATED BY E. F. WARD

WHETHER in the selling of an automobile or in the commission of murder, Myron contended, the bulk of the task lies in preparation. Upon the perfection of the preliminaries must depend the degree of success. Of inspired impulse he was wary, since that perforce left details unconsidered — items of effect that had to be met on the spur of the moment.

The bigger the project, naturally, the more necessary it becomes to plan cunningly—a trite truism, but sentient always; and he respected it. Commensurate with the effort, and no more, could be the result. He never forgot that, no matter what the temptation might be to take a short cut. The minutest point commanded his complete and penetrating attention, for he granted that each and every trifling detail is a keystone in itself. Hesitation, uncertainty about how to proceed at some stage, seemingly insignificant, would threaten to crash the entire structure.

When They Threatened to Force an Entrance He Dared Them—Said He Would Shoot

Throughout his life Myron had gone on these principles. Throughout he had attained whatever he had undertaken by scheming long and close to the line. To him time was something to be used, not sparingly but generously, in the execution of a project that would repay. He never counted the minutes. By not doing so he never lost. Which meant, of course, that he devoted himself to stakes that would recompense for many months, if need be, of effort.

Now coming to the greatest step in his career, the step on which it would close, Myron hoped it would be possible to avoid murder. He doubted that it could be avoided; but he hoped. In attempting to weave the future he could not ignore that probable contingency. Wherefore he applied himself the more painstakingly to the calculation of every thread, raveling and unraveling them mentally to see whether they would fray; testing and testing again until the last doubt that each would bear the load had vanished.

Also, it was in Myron's creed that nothing should lack explanation. Crime, to be cleverly executed, from his viewpoint, should not be made too obscure. For the criminal's own protection it was better to make it susceptible to some logical method of reasoning on the part of those who should hunt the perpetrator; not too clear an explanation, but sufficiently so to provide a lead for the pursuer. Suspicion should be centered, he believed—fixed at a given angle in definite focus.

Whatever is too profound he considered likely to fall down because of its very profundity. Murder should not be too deeply wrapped in mystery any more than the selling of an automobile should. Given an abstruse problem, the brain inclines to theorize. What else can it do when it is without a tangible atom to work on? Slanting off thus into hypothesis, driven to speculation unbraked by any fact, the hunter may strike the proper tangent blindly and be carried to the root of his problem by dumb luck or sheer imaginative conception.

On the other hand—and it was on this that Myron based himself—where there is a trail to follow, speculation and theory are unnecessary. The road to the solution is blazed. For the pursuer, then, the trick is to reach the end of that road; while to achieve full success the quarry must break that trail abruptly—end it in the middle of nowhere. Brought to an impasse when apparently on the right track, Myron held, the chase obviously will flounder round for an avenue over which to proceed farther; but it will not go back to the very beginning and take a wholly new start. Working on theory, it would go back. Since the progress already made appears to be founded on unquestionable fact, the objective remains clear, though temporarily withheld.

Where the scent has grounded, the pursuer will stand, baying helplessly, but satisfied with the advance so far made, because it covered a clearly defined and open trail.

That, to Myron's mind, was the ideal condition in which to leave the pursuit. If the clews that were given could be made false but plausible, so much the better. But, above all, he maintained—and practiced—the mystery must not be too intense at the fountainhead. Time enough to inject mystery after the hunter was well set upon a course to which he would cling because it appeared to be true.

So was he willing to plan patiently to that end, studying out each step forward and backward, constructing and reconstructing until the whole was as tight as his craftiness could make it. It had paid him well in the past—this faithfulness to detail and subtle planning against too great mystery attaching to his endeavors. His methods had been proved to his every satisfaction. He purposed proving them again in the effort that was to crown his career.

Nobody gave a great deal of attention to Myron when he landed in Campden. The coming of the big locomotive works half a dozen years before had put Campden on the map and roused a thought within itself that it was something of a city. With eighty-odd thousand population now, it didn't notice so much the stranger within its gates.

Though he did not thrust himself upon the townsfolk, Myron soon developed a nodding acquaintance with several of the influentials round the hotel lobby. They hadn't yet managed to drop altogether the habit of looking in at the hotel, though secretly they admitted that it was a bit provincial.

Casually, when polite curiosity was evinced regarding his business—there was no apparent purpose in his stay—he confided that he had thoughts of settling. As he put it to the president of the Chamber of Commerce one night, his physicians had ordered a year's rest.

"I've been in the market—Wall Street, you know." His gray-brown eyes smiled. "They told me I must shut down on everything pertaining to business — to get into some quiet place and loaf. But"—he shook his head, his firm lips pursing doubtfully—"I'd die if I didn't do something. You can understand how I feel. So I'm going to play at work as a compromise."

The president of the Chamber of Commerce nodded. Rather dumpy in stature, Vincent himself was unimpressive, but did his best to cover his lack under a fussy importance; also, he was strongly responsive to a more forceful character. Myron's personality—the easy gesture, the keen face and quiet presence—somewhat hypnotized him. It was one of Vincent's fancies—and, since he was a power in the town, it was indulged—that he was possessed of a native shrewdness which permitted him to read another man well and deeply. He suspected that Myron was in Campden with some considerable intent; that was why Vincent had introduced himself in his official capacity instead of waiting for the newcomer to make the advances. That Myron already had transferred seventeen thousand dollars from a New York bank to the First National of Campden had heightened that belief: Vincent was interested in the bank and learned affairs like that quickly.

Now that Myron had declared he was going to "play at work," it became a settled conviction in the mind of the little leader of civic ideal and pride that this man who had been commanded to rest from his operations in the financial market was up to something big. He saw in Myron the reflection of interests that would mean another stride in the growth of the city. Vincent was not without imagination, and hope was large within him. The locomotive plant had come upon the town suddenly, unexpectedly. Campden's rival, twenty miles away, originally had been the chosen spot. Narrow-sightedly it had refused the company certain concessions in the matter of land and taxes. Overnight the proposition had been switched to Campden, and Campden had grabbed. To his everlasting regret, Vincent had been no more than a vice president of the Chamber of Commerce at that time; the president had snatched the credit.

Since his elevation, Vincent had hungered for another such opportunity—for the coming of another great industry, to which he could point and exclaim: "I brought that plant to Campden!" Vincent happened to be built that way, and he seized upon Myron as the bearer of that chance. Without real foundation, he erected on the hints and vague references to big interests that Myron fed him.

Vincent nodded understandingly and diplomatically tried to draw out his companion with a comment on the wonderful possibilities of Campden from a business standpoint. As with flattering earnestness he agreed, Myron brought his gloved left hand from its accustomed place in his coat pocket and tapped the arm of his chair. He had

an abrupt—sometimes disconcertingly so—manner of doing that. It was a motion that none of those with whom he associated ever forgot; for when Myron's left hand contacted with anything substantial it gave off a substantial ring itself.

On his first day at the hotel it had been remarked when he went to the table with his left hand still gloved and had to adjust the fork in it with his right hand. Early he had let his new acquaintances know that he was delicate on the subject. When his sleeve had been pulled up, giving a glimpse of the leather socket over his forearm, on one of the few occasions his wooden hand was mentioned, he had murmured something about an automobile wreck and changed the conversation.

Smiling in that quiet friendly way he had, he leaned toward Vincent. He had sized up his man long ago and knew that he was not unimpressed. In an unobtrusive, conservative manner Myron bolstered up his advantage. He was appreciative of the standing he should have under the wing of this figurehead of the town's greatness.

"I'll confess, Vincent," he said—not too confidentially, but with a touch of half revealing a secret—"that I may not be able to keep as wholly out of business while I'm here as I should."

The little man's eyes brightened. Wasn't this further confirmation of his deductions, his insight? He edged closer and his tone was lower:

"What—if it isn't impertinent—have you in mind?"

The man who admitted connection with Wall Street sat silent a minute, his rigid left hand drumming. His gaze on Vincent, he seemed to be debating. Then, as the other had done, he nodded understandingly. His brows lifted just a fraction, suggestively, as he spoke:

"I'll amuse myself by dabbling in real estate, I think. That should serve to keep my brain from becoming absolutely blank and rusty. And, of course"—he paused and Vincent read a deeper meaning—"I'll remember what you said about the possibilities."

"Real estate—yes."

A light came to the president of the Campden Chamber of Commerce. Here was a broader hint. He decided to freeze harder than ever to Myron. His imagination took charge again. He foresaw a realty boom backed by Big Interests. Somebody had singled out Campden!

"Merely for amusement, of course," Myron went on lazily. He stroked Vincent's feathers: "You—understand?"

"Of course! Of course!" echoed Vincent with a knowing smile that denoted perfect comprehension.

He rubbed his hands. Myron was warming up to him and visions arose of getting in, perhaps on the ground floor.

Among the mountain folk surprise gave way to disappointment when the man they called the Boynton Boy came back; and disappointment to resentment. Stolid as they were, and rutted in the dreariness of their plodding, unrecompensive lives, they, none the less, were ready at the start to give him what meed of companionship they could, and their sympathy. Most of all, they felt that he deserved sympathy, for, though they themselves had not ambition enough to get out, they could think of nothing which would bring him back to the desolation except that he was going to die. They could conjure no other reason for his seeking the wilds, which death—the death of his parents—had saved him from these many years.

But at the outset he drove them away. When they called on him at the ramshackle dwelling on the worthless land he had taken, when they approached him on his first trip in his rickety automobile into the straggling hamlet for supplies, he left no doubt about his desire to be let alone. Forcibly he stated that he wished to herd by himself—to have no truck or chatter with them. They saw then that he bore no signs of nearing death, and what wonder their shrunken natures could command was manifestly increased.

So it came about that this man who shunned his neighbors with a snarl, where neighbors were few and far between, became fast fruit for gossip and surveillance. He did that for them, at any rate—gave them something to talk about besides the cursed unproductiveness of the soil they tilled.

In the sparse drifting population of tenant farmers, typical of the country, there weren't many who remembered the Boyntons; but there were some. Those who did recalled the couple who had been the first to work the place to which this warped and uncongenial man had come to make his home. In the old lead working, on the hillside on which the farm building sat, the elder Boynton had been drowned. A year later the mother had died and the two boys had been taken to an institution. Philip was eleven then; John was ten. For a few years word of the boys had drifted back; gradually they had been forgotten.

With the reappearance of Philip after thirty years—it came from the agent from whom he bought the place that this was Philip—the natives shook their heads over his attitude and said he was daft. How could anyone who acted as he did, who mouthed with that twisted sneer, and cursed at the question as to why he had put real dollars into that useless land—how could such a person be sane? Hadn't his own kin failed to make things grow there? Hadn't a score of dispirited farmers, in quick succession, found it impossible to eke out even a scant existence, until at length these mountain acres had been abandoned as unproductive of more than the scraps of rock that sifted and filtered endlessly up through the pithless soil? He was mad—undoubtedly.

Had there been more than a few people scattered over the bleak waste—and those few dulled and wizened mentally with the loneliness of their never-ending struggle, which yielded no more than the necessary mouthful - he might have been left, as he desired, to his own devices, ignored and isolated. On the contrary, he became a creature to be treated as he gave—with a wretched surliness and antagonism. Once their slow wit absorbed and comprehended his repulse of their friendship, the feeling of good will and charity they had been anxious to extend grew stagnant and cankered.

In his further actions they found cause for increasing irritation; for as soon as the frost was out of the ground it was March when he came—he spurred their curiosity by prodding with a long iron rod and digging here and there with pick and shovel, seemingly at random, till the hillside was pock-marked with the holes he made. Thus, with the ostracism he craved, he attracted to himself suspicious watchfulness, a squinting below-brows observation, because he presented a problem these people could not understand, and which he explained only with an oath.

A sullen folk themselves, product of the silences and akin to the beasts that shared their wilderness, they shortly came to look upon him with darkening eyes—to dislike him enough to scan his movements from afar, constantly searching for the answer that was hidden. It kindled fires within them that he should live there apparently with plenty—for he did not attempt to work his land for crops, yet periodically he drove into the village for an amplitude of provisions and liquor—while they could scrape but the barest living.

Only on these infrequent visits to the village did they see him close at hand. Then, as when they had extended their neighborliness on his arrival among them, he greeted none. To their covert stares he bent that wrinkling sneer with which he had driven them from him in the beginning. Even then he never left his car. His mail—the one registered letter he received each month—was delivered to him in his seat, as were his provisions; and he signed for it in the same bold left-handed calligraphy as that in which his grocery list was made out.

Occasionally—not often—they saw him driving afield, his head sunk between his shoulders and body hunched low behind the steering wheel. At times they heard his engine at night as he bucked the steep, treacherous wagon roads. They took to whispering together and watching — watching — always watching for the Boynton Boy. For what they waited and hoped they did not know; but bit by bit their resentment turned to smoldering hatred.

The further outgrowth of that was a sort of community espionage. There was no actual organization, but at some time each day someone found moments in which to spy. That the only reward was the sight of Boynton rooting incomprehensively with shovel or iron rod, sometimes taking a pailful of his digging into the house, but whetted their baffled interest.

Several times they sent delegations to the house on the hill with the intention of cross-questioning him. If there was something in the ground—they all knew the lead had been exhausted many years before—they wanted to know what it was, so they might scan their own land. He refused them audience by the simple expedient of retiring to the house whenever they appeared, and barring the door, replying to them with ungentle blasphemous words. Whereat they poked into the holes he had dug and found nothing; and carried away samples to study and take advice on, with the same result.

That he seemed so secure in his operations he did not hinder this prying only enhanced their

It Had Cost Him Money to Have It Made by a Specialist in Tempered Burglar's Tools

mystification and their determination to keep closer watch. It was then that they organized and often continued their surveillance into the night hours.

Once, when the moon was bright, they added meagerly to their observations. They saw him return with another man in his car. While they hovered excitedly Boynton went into the village and left his guest alone. They went to the house and challenged him; but, as his host had done, he refused to admit them. On his return Boynton found them there and with a pistol chased them from his place.

Angrily they lay in wait the twenty-four hours round, bent upon following this man, when he left, and solving the mystery. As he had come, he went in the night—but he went afoot and unseen; nor did their inquiries shed any light on whence he had come or whither he had gone.

He Attracted to Himself Suspicious Watchfulness

It was the fore part of March when Philip Boynton returned to that dreary, barren mountain side. It was May when Myron took up residence in the city of Campden, two hundred miles away. Had anyone told the hill folk about Myron, and said there was a connection between the widely separated presence of the two men, they would have declared that the teller was as daft as Boynton. They, of course, could not have seen that this was Myron's way of propagating mystery—not at the fountainhead, but far away.

When the moment came to spring his coup he should be well prepared. There would be no need for the police to poke in circles for a trace of the perpetrator—for someone to accuse. The trail would be before them broad and plain—the first lap of it.

During the six months he passed in Campden Myron did nothing spectacular; but he did become, as he had planned, an accepted member of its business circles. The president of the Chamber of Commerce helped him in that, aside from his own striking personality. Vincent had chaperoned him into the inner ring, and had been repaid when Myron finally confided that his true purpose in Campden was to obtain options on certain property adjacent to the railroad yards.

Feeling that his acumen in cottoning to Myron had been justified, and that his dream of shining in some notable acquisition industrially to the city was coming true, Vincent swallowed the explanation of why certain interests found it profitable to come to Campden. Incidentally Myron whispered that when the deal was consummated his friends should not be forgotten. He put up the few thousands necessary for options and advised Vincent to sit still and watch the wheels go round. He never talked money—not Vincent's money.

Vincent noticed that, and it did not weaken his sponsorship of Myron.

He was satisfied that Myron was all he intimated; a judicious question at a New York brokerage house, which Myron mentioned casually, confirmed that he was known there; his account in the First National of Campden showed the movement of considerable sums, and always a tidy balance.

Myron's status consequently was good when the time came for him to play his game.

There was an informal meeting of the Chamber of Commerce that night. At ten o'clock Myron started to get a train for New York; he went there about once a month. Grip in hand, he was stepping out of the meeting when he stopped, frowning, and returned to Vincent's side.

"Do something for me, old man?" He drew a check book from his pocket. "I should have sent a check to Chicago to-day—a certified check—and I forgot it. Will you have it certified for me and get it away first thing in the morning? I could send it from New York, but it will save half a day to start it from here."

Vincent puffed. He was delighted to be of service. Myron wrote the check—for three thousand dollars—and gave it to him. Others saw the incident.

"Thanks!" He bent close and smiled. "I'll bring back some good news this trip, I think. . . . You'll put that check on the eleven o'clock train—special delivery? Thanks—ever so much!"

Vincent glowed all over and swelled pompously. He certainly had been right in picking Myron as a winner.

Descending from the rooms of the Chamber in a business block on the main street, Myron stood in the doorway sizing up the prospect. The stores were closed, the street bare of pedestrians. One of the few policemen—there never had been much call for police in Campden—sauntered along on the other side. A trolley rattled by and Myron withdrew from the glare of its lights. When he stepped out he swung to the right—away from the railroad station.

The First National Bank had guessed wrong in picking a site for its modern building. Instead of the business section growing to each side of the bank, as expected, it had stretched out one way. The First National, therefore, was practically the last of the business structures. Beyond it were a couple of frame stores, and then a series of wide-spaced dwellings that thinned out into the fields half a mile farther on.

On his walk of two blocks to the bank Myron met no one. There seldom was anybody abroad in this section at that time of night.

He entered the deep Corinthian doorway of the bank. Through the heavy bronze gates and the inner glass doors he saw two men at work. Grimsby, the cashier, and an assistant were making up the locomotive company's pay roll, as they did one night every month. It was this fact, observed on a chance stop in the town, that had set all Myron's elaborate plans afoot.

Myron rang the bell. The watchman, Reilly, with the cashier beside him, came and peered through the glass. Recognizing Myron, they opened the inner door.

Myron took out his watch and turned sidewise, so the light from the interior fell on it. He snapped the case shut and looked up.

"My mind's going, I guess, Jim!" He smiled at the cashier. "I've got to leave on the ten-thirty-five—and I need a thousand. Forgot all about it. Will you fix me up?"

On a former occasion he had done the same thing—gone to the bank on a similar errand when they happened to be working on the locomotive pay roll. The cashier knew him in a social as well as a business way.

"Sure! I'll fix you," he returned. He told the watchman to unlock the gate.

"Thanks, Jim!"

Myron stepped inside. The big bronze gate closed silently behind him. The watchman turned the key.

At the cashier's heels Myron crossed the banking floor. They went on to the rear of the room, where the cashier's assistant was still at work. Outside the counter Myron halted. The cashier went behind. Myron wrote his check and waited, chatting with the assistant. His eyes, however, were mostly on the watchman, who leaned just round the corner of the row of tellers' cages.

"Lucky for me you were here to-night, Jim." Myron started counting the bills that were handed him. "I hate to ask anyone outside to cash my check." He folded the money into his wallet. He handed the cashier a cigar and tossed one to the assistant. "Suppose our friend would rather have a dollar." He grinned, jerking his head toward the watchman. "Oh, Reilly!"

"Yes, sir." Reilly appeared promptly.

"I'm putting over a big deal," chuckled Myron, "and I feel generous. Here's something to buy the kid a pair of shoes." He held out a five-dollar note between the fingers of his left hand.

Reilly grinned and advanced to take the money.

"You're spoiling everybody in this town, Myron," commented the cashier; "always handing something out. But, say"—he glanced at the clock—"you'll have to hustle—it's away after ten."

Myron nodded and made to pick up his bag as the watchman neared him. His wooden hand, still extended with the bank note, remained in view of the cashier. His right hand and his features were hidden by the counter as he stooped—hidden from the watchman too.

Reilly was within five feet of him when there was a muffled Pfhut! And again—Pfhut!

A curious unnatural blankness distorted the watchman's face. He took another step and his knees gave way.

The cashier was staring stupidly, uncomprehending, stunned, trying to realize the meaning of that sudden marring splotch on Reilly's forehead, when Myron straightened up over the counter. It is doubtful that the cashier ever did know what had happened to Reilly. He died in a twinkling when Myron's right arm thrust forward and the silenced revolver pfhutted the third time.

Another instant and the assistant cashier, fifteen feet away and plunging for cover behind a steel cabinet, sprawled on hands and knees as a bullet plowed along his spine. Despite the searing pain he managed to emit one faint shout. As it trembled on his lips Myron vaulted the counter and shot him in the head.

With ghastly deliberation Myron rolled the cashier over. Quickly he made an inspection to assure himself that this man, with whom he had been exchanging pleasantries thirty seconds before, was dead. That was all he wanted to know. Speed was what meant everything to him now. He had taken his chances. If he could get clear of the bank without being seen he would cash in on the more than a year of time he had devoted to preparation for this night.

Within three minutes he was ready to go. The bag he had brought empty was jammed with currency. The vault had been open. He had not stopped to count—simply raked together bundles of bills of the higher denominations. The piles of smaller bills, from which the pay roll had been in process of being made up, he ignored. His check was in his pocket. He had left no finger prints.

Within three minutes after his murderous attack on the three unsuspecting men, he stood at the outer door. The keys, stripped from the watchman, were in his hand. He looked back. Everything was shipshape; the vault door was closed, and—he made sure of this again—only the proper number of night lights were burning. The bag, which contained close to six hundred thousand dollars, was in his left hand. The pistol was in the right-hand pocket of his light overcoat, ready for emergency.

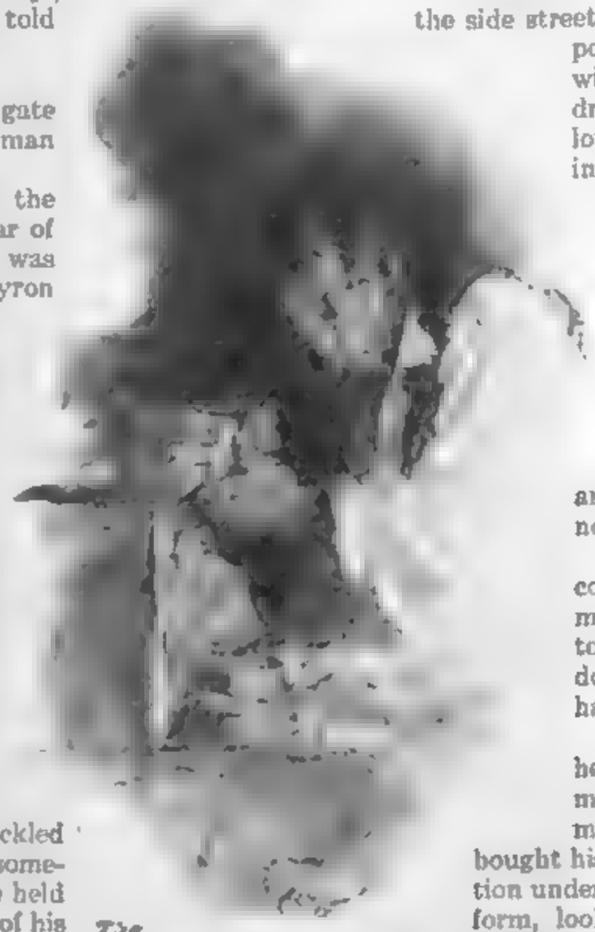
All the preparations he had made with such care and forethought were marshaled in orderly array in his brain as he set the time lock and cautiously closed the big gate.

The alarm would soon be given, he knew. Within the hour the watchman must be due to pull a signal box, which Myron was aware sounded in police headquarters. He did not reckon that serious, however, for he was confident that a day or two, at least, would elapse before the hunt focused upon him. It was no more than fifteen minutes since he had left the Chamber of Commerce. They would not think to connect him with the triple murder and robbery until it developed that he was missing.

The bank was on a corner. He turned into the side street and from that into another, poorly lighted, that ran parallel with the main thoroughfare. He dropped the bank keys into a lot; the longer the police were in gaining entrance, to learn what had occurred, the farther away he should be.

Once he had to cross the street to avoid meeting two women, and again to escape recognition by a man coming from a house. But he moved without furtiveness, as though going about his normal business; and the luck was with him that no street light was near.

Having passed the block that contained the Chamber of Commerce rooms, he wheeled back to the main street. Four blocks down lay the station. Without haste he headed for that.



The Contents Constituted Souvenir Enough to Last His Lifetime

Stepping into a cigar store, he filled his case, chatting a minute with the clerk. Five minutes before train time he bought his ticket and took up a position under an electric light on the platform, looking over a newspaper and smoking unconcernedly.

No one he knew got aboard the train. He was thankful for that, though it would not have mattered a great deal; his plans were too well laid.

At Albany, two and a half hours later, he descended unobtrusively when the train was run into a dead track to pick up another sleeper and to change engines. Carelessly he crossed the waiting room, practically unnoticed by a score of sleepy passengers awaiting trains. Carrying his own bag, he struck diagonally across the street as though bound for a hotel on the next corner; and the nighthawk taxi men let him alone.

(Continued on Page 81)

MAISIE'S KIND HEART

By Peter Clark Macfarlane

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL CREPE

"Seems to Me We Did Pretty Fair Teamwork"

SH-H-H-H! A lady is speaking, and to herself—conducting the conversation too, it must be admitted, with vivacity and rare volubility. "Well, at last I'm workin' for a gent'man; I'll tell the world that!" begins the soliloquist, turning upon herself and her surroundings an enraptured gaze in which admiration and satisfaction mingle. "No more heart stuff for mine. No more spillin' out the milk of human kindness on the heads of a thirsty world like the lacteal content of my great heart never would be exhausted. Two times hand-running now, I've lost good jobs just trying to do some fish a favor. But I'm done! Never again! N-n-n-never again! From this reel on it's dollars and cents for Maisie. Talk about inventions—electricity and steam and movies and all that. The greatest guy of 'em all was the one that invented money. Isn't money the wonderful thing, though? Isn't it? Only think! . . . And the greatest thing a girl can do for herself is just inventing a way to get some of it—honest, of course—but get some of it—get a plenty!"

Miss Maisie Wells nodded her handsome head in hearty approval of her own advice to herself. And really it was a handsome head, though the face was a trifle thin. This was not remarkable, however, since Maisie as to figure was tall and—shall we say?—spare. No; slender sounds better. It is also truer; for there was the suspicion of attractive curves in the drape of her smart suit.

Maisie's was a good face too. Any properly constituted person who looked at it liked it and felt a mingling of sympathy and esteem for the nature that lay behind; because, though there was a history of pain in certain lines about the mouth—an expression of wounding, as it were, as if the thoughtless world might have dealt her a battering blow or two—there was also in the set of the lips and the unafraid light of her large eloquent gray eyes the suggestion that she had battered back at life rather stoutly, and that to-day she faced the future with courage and with hope.

And again, though Maisie's speaking voice had been in part saturated with the bored sophistication of years it was evident that the total number of those years could not greatly exceed twenty-four, and possibly their sum was even less. As to a certain lack of nicety in the forms of the young lady's speech, two things might be said in extenuation: Firstly, that these lacks were all traceable to defects in early education, for which she was by no means to blame; secondly, that, as knowledge increased, the girl polished off these rough spots one by one till it was mostly in monologues addressed to herself that they were revealed. In ordinary two or three ply conversations, when Maisie was deliberately on guard, her English would scrape by quite fairly, except when she grew intimate or hilarious or in some moment of strong feeling scorned the fastidiousness of forms and let her ardent soul flame on in such ragtime utterance as it chose.

"Anyway, speaking of money, I get plenty of money for this—this ——"

The young woman hesitated and looked round, apparently at a loss just how to denominate her present occupation. The room contained a handsome mahogany desk, before which she was seated but upon which no sign of work appeared. A telephone was within easy reach of her hand, but over it so far no call had come in or gone out. On a table at the right a typewriter held position, but for Maisie's nimble fingers its poised and waiting keys had this morning spatted out but three short lines; and they were the make-up of a liner advertisement.

But in the midst of this soliloquy of contentment another and a widely foreign idea appeared to crack suddenly into her mind. She stood up and turned about on her heel to stab with inquisitorial glance the closed door of the inner office.

"I wonder now if that old man could be too good to be true?" she demanded acridly, with an expression of pained inquiry upon her face. "I wonder now?"

Clouds began to gather upon the Wellsian brow.

Maisie had called her employer old. This was misinformation. He was not old. In sober truth he was hardly middle-aged. And in amelioration of even so many years as this term implied, his features were so good to look upon that the light of her eyes might be said to bask upon them, if not to batten, whenever opportunity afforded. And lo, she had made no confession of this as a contributory reason for accepting his employment. If she was aware of it it must at once be conceded that Miss Maisie Wells was not always frank with herself; but that is a point which circumstances must be permitted to disclose.

There were, at any rate, extenuating circumstances: One may have been that her employer wore great horn spectacles with such large and definitely ambered lenses as to make him seem almost to be in disguise. Perhaps, too, the almost ministerial gravity of his deportment, the oratorical sonorousness with which his smooth words were put together, and the generally benignant attitude which he assumed toward her and toward all life had for the time being cozened the girl into thinking of him as a sort of ancient of days. And this notwithstanding the fact that his smooth-shaven cheeks were unscarred by the chiseling hand of time, while his mirroring silk hat, his striped trousers, his proper frock coat, his loudly checked shirt, his white edging of collaret, his brocaded silk four-in-hand with its lustrous blue-white diamond—yea, the whole of his costuming was so pronouncedly modern that it screeched a little.

She knew he was peculiar and persuasive—peculiar because he had issued certain eccentric office instructions to her; and persuasive because without a hint of protest, without a lifting of her brows she had accepted those queer delineations of duty as the rule of her conduct so long as she should toil for him. She knew, too, that the man was shrewd and keen, that he had designs upon the world. Yet that he had promised her a larger salary than she had ever received before excited no suspicion since it was so easily attributable to this very keenness, which had sharply discerned her true value. It is pleasant always to find oneself appreciated.

And even now, at the moment when rude doubts were creeping in, Mr. James L. Wyman—L. for Leroy—swung wide that door at which she had been staring so hard, and shamed her into a worthier confidence in his benevolent nature by a fresh exhibition of that largeness, that expansiveness, that complimentariness which, once experienced, she so greatly enjoyed and admired.

"It occurs to me to say at this time, Miss Wells"—he began in tones of surpassing blandness and what was a combination of his most benignant and his most rococo manner—"it occurs to me to say that I have chosen you to assume this very important and highly confidential relationship to me and to my enterprises because I took pains to observe you closely in the moments of our interview and to read you as perhaps you did not realize that you were being read. Naturally I have perceived that you are a comely young woman. I see by your manner that you are self-respecting, discreet, ambitious! I notice too that you wear your clothes like a lady!"

"Well, I should hope so!" ejaculated Miss Wells, though flushing and quite overcome.

It had apparently never occurred to any of Maisie's previous employers to talk to her like this. She wondered why. She regretted that she had missed so much.

"And by the way, Miss Wells, if you should wish to dress even better than you are dressed to-day—put on, for instance, an afternoon frock with, say, a little lace about the collar—you know, anything like that—why, I shouldn't object at all."

"Listens like a chance to don a little of that hardware," reflected Maisie, countenance freshly glowing as she recalled that choice collection of conserved and admired bracelets and bangles which a former employer had contemptuously compelled her to strip from the wrists that played above his typewriter keys. "Great Scott, girl! You jangle!" that mule brute had told her.

"An—an ultra-well-dressed young woman of distinction of appearance," orated Mr. Wyman, "will make a most excellent impression on the clients, both ladies and gentlemen, who in a few days, we trust, will be crowding to our doors. First impressions are most important in the establishment of happy business connections, and you, Miss Wells, will be the first impression our prospective clients receive of us and of our business ways. The very first!"

Mr. Wyman concluded this cadenced speech with a final vocal flourish and waved himself magnificently back into his private office. Not a doubt could now have lingered in anybody's mind of the essential goodness of James Leroy Wyman.

"Don't that sound grand!" exclaimed Maisie as with great wistful eyes she marked the disappearing figure to its lair. Mr. Wyman possessed in fullness so many gifts that the aspiring Maisie desired at least in degree. "Some girls, now, would have turned this job down because the business was a new one," she reflected. "They wouldn't see the advantage of bein' associated with a gentleman like that. Trust little Maisie to observe where the oleo adheres. Polish, little one; polish! Polish till you shine! That's the word. You've gone some; go some more. That holy old mackerel now, with heaven's benediction in his tones and honey droolin' from his every word, wouldn't imagine that three years ago you was pushin'—pushing beans over the counter down at Charlie's Fly-Trap, no more than he'd imagine that in three years more you'll be Mrs. Somebody's social secretary and occupyin'—occupying one of her suite of rooms at the Fairmount. Shouldn't wonder, by George, if I was doing pretty well by myself at last!"

And Maisie felt of her back hair and pulled down her shirt waist, while she began to inventory her wardrobe and lay plans for lending an increase of distinction to to-morrow's office toilet.

"Work's slack!" she decided after a time. "Got a chance to improve my mind."

Drawing from the desk a gaudily covered motion-picture magazine she buried her nose in it, from page to page reading herself into a more and more beatific state of mind—a state in which good feeling toward all the world became the uppermost emotion in her heart—a state which it cannot be declared too strongly was all but habitual with Maisie. This beatific mood reigned on till the close of day and still persisted when next morning, decked as brightly as the limitations of her wardrobe would permit and the brilliance of her ingenuity could devise, she made her way down Powell Street.

There can be no doubt that in spite of those half-sage, half-cynical admonishings which we first heard falling from her lips Maisie was once more in a mood to spill out the rising tide of kindness on whatever head might appear to stand in need of it. And there stood the head. Just before reaching the corner of Market Street her attention was arrested by the bearing of a man.

"Lord love it!" she exclaimed.

Now it may be that where man was concerned Maisie was just a little bit more impressionable than the degree of her general sophistication might have led one to suspect. But there were extenuating circumstances in the matter of this man. In the first place he was what one might best describe as wholesome-looking. In the second he wore a uniform, and that the glorified khaki of the U. S. A.; but though it was an officer's uniform the belt and insignia of rank had been removed, leaving one to guess that it had been the uniform of a second lieutenant and that the young man had been recently discharged from the service. This last impression would be gathered no doubt from the air of loneliness and uncertainty that enshrouded the figure, and it was quite sufficient to insure the flow of Maisie's ready sympathy.

"Aw, look at him! He's young. He's—he's disturbed. He's—I do believe he's broke!" These comments were of course the forms of Maisie's thoughts rather than of her speech; but her divinations were remarkably correct.

As for the party under observation, he stood, all innocent of the kindly fate approaching, wrapped in profound thoughts which concerned solely himself and his circumstances. He had enlisted as a private at Garden City, Kansas. The minute he could get back there he could be at work weighing sugar in Rice's grocery store or delving with exploratory fingers for eggs in the buckets of bran and oats in which farmers brought them to town, counting meticulously the while.

But Garden City, as the railroads run, is some days' journey from San Francisco. The travel allowance and his monthly salary had gone the night before rather mysteriously, not a thousand feet from where he stood at this moment; but in the very method by which these funds had been parted from him the young man had sensed something that he liked, something that challenged the adventurous spirit in the soul of youth, something in this breezy West Coast atmosphere that made his nerves to tingle and his spirit to expand; and he decided that he would not telegraph to Rice's grocery for the price of a railroad ticket, but would remain right here and chance his fortunes by the Golden Gate, where the ships of seven seas swept in and out.

"Couldn't 'a' been more than a second lieutenant," Maisie decided. "Couldn't 'a' been that for more than about a week," she reasoned further, observing that his countenance bore none of that noble assurance which marks the inured commander of his fellow man.

Maisie was fairly right too about the length of his official tenure; but not right in assuming that he was habitually lacking in assurance. His crust of assurance was only temporarily broken, which circumstance was entirely due to that other catastrophe which Maisie had so shrewdly suspected. He was fundless; therefore, foodless. The sense of vacuity in his commissary department had produced an expression of vacuity in his front line, to press the military terminology to its bitter end.

But if Maisie's heart was soft toward the male person in general it was doubly soft where soldiers were concerned. Again and again she had singled out a hungry soldier and fed him. A few times she had prevailed upon a penniless one to accept a small loan. Only once had such a loan been repaid, but Maisie had a choice little collection of letters and post cards from camps in America, in England and in France. These didn't tell much but that a young woman's kindnesses had been remembered, but that was sufficient to one of Maisie's spirit.

With these delightful experiences in memory and the appeal of this soldier face before her eyes she had no hesitation in accosting him. The meansemployed was a playful little salute, whereupon the young man catching and reciprocating the good-natured twinkle in her eye saluted in return.

"Hungry?" she inquired, coming close enough to put the delicate question in tones so low that no one might overhear.

"Nope—that is ——"

The young man looked both surprised and embarrassed.

"Have you had your breakfast, I mean?" Maisie cross-examined.

"Not yet."

"Going to?"

The ex-lieutenant seemed threatened with the flu. He coughed and sneezed violently before answering: "Not just now."

"Haven't got the price, hey?" said Maisie; and the obviously good-intentioned simplicity of her shrewd guess broke through the discharged soldier's guard completely.

"That's right, miss," he confessed. "I've got to be fair with you."

Maisie hesitated a moment longer while she made a fresh and this time very careful inventory of the features before her. The ex-lieutenant had a broad clean face that must have been rotund before he gave up his mother's cooking and coddling for the strenuosities of army life. His eyes were clear, his mouth was wide and his full lips parted easily over strong white teeth, while under the coat of tan was a hue of red as indicating that his skin was naturally ruddy, which to Maisie suggested a warm nature. And Maisie liked warm natures.

"Come along in with me," she proposed. "I'm just going to have two soft-boiled for mine. Yours can be that or fried or scrambled. Ham with 'em, too, if you want."

She had not taken hold of the young man's arm, yet her manner, her magnetism, if you like, turned him half round just as if she had.

"Thank you just the same," he smiled, "but ——"

"But what?" said Maisie, halting. "Too much pride? Come on in! I've been on my uppers myself. Was on 'em only yesterday for the matter of that."

"Oh—then—I couldn't think of eating with you," protested the young soldier, drawing back.

Maisie held him firmly with her eyes. Any man who looked steadily into those eyes for the matter of ten seconds and did not see that they belonged to a likable young woman of unselfish spirit and irreproachable character would be much less discerning than the party who was looking into them now.

"Eating on me, you mean?" she exclaimed breezily. "Oh, yes you could! Crowd yourself inside, friend."

And she pushed open the door of that eating place before which, without his being mentally aware of its nature, his stomach had impelled him to stay his footsteps. Really there was no resisting.

"You've got a name, I suppose?" inquired Maisie as they settled down at a table for two whose location in a corner seemed to insure a certain amount of privacy.

"Downey—Ben G. Downey," came the answer.

"Town or country?"

"Both—Garden City, Kansas."

"Country," catalogued Maisie crisply. "Previous condition of servitude?"

"Grocery clerk."

"What you think of going into now?"

"Anything that makes money."

"You want money?" Maisie was almost forgetting her eggs now and leaning earnestly across the table.

"Yes—a lot of money."

"Ever want a lot of money before?"

"Not as bad as now. I just found out last night that I must have it—absolutely got to have it."

Maisie leaned back, disappointed.

"Blonde or brunette?" she remarked presently.

Ben blushed, smiled in an embarrassed way and was silent, bolting his food.

"If You Try Any Rough Stuff With Me I'll Scream Into This Phone"

"Never mind," reassured Maisie. "We all got to have our motive in life. I've got mine, I'll admit. Ever thought of selling anything on commission as a way to make a lot of money?"

"No, but say ——" All at once hopefulness and a modicum of that assurance which Maisie had missed from his features made their appearance in considerable force. "Say! I can just naturally sell anything that was ever put together. In Rice's grocery if the old man ever got stuck with anything—too much canned goods, a bum line of cereals or a bunch of ugly pattern in crockery—anything like that—he'd stack 'em on a table out in the center of the store and put me behind it. I could just naturally sell that stuff as easy as pushing it off the counter."

"No?" inquired Maisie, her face now beaming with admiration. "Could you?" But after a moment the illumination died out of her eyes and she contemplated Mr. Downey critically. "Not much conscience," she recorded in silent condemnation, and aloud inquired dryly: "All those people became your friends for life, I suppose?"

"Well, no," admitted Ben, as if for the first time he might have contemplated the transactions from that angle. "Instead of blaming the old man they seemed kind of to hold me for it."

"Ever occur to you that you did those people wrong?" she inquired, scanning his face with mild disapproval. "Can't you figure out something to sell that will do the dear buyers good instead of harm? That's the new note in business, Mr. Downey. Sell the world something that it likes and brags about next day, and it'll never let you wait till you die to get your first ride in a limousine."

But it was not clear that the young man enthused over this elucidation of the benevolent note in modern salesmanship or that he even grasped it. A certain expansive feeling of self-satisfaction and self-encouragement was manifesting itself under the warming presence of the ham and eggs before him and the young lady with the very sympathetic manner just across the table.

"I am a pretty good trader too," he admitted cheerfully. "I started in one Monday with a shote that cost me two-sixty, and before the end of the fourth week I had traded him for a lot of Belgian hares, and I traded part of them for chickens, and the chickens and the rest of the hares for a runty cow that couldn't keep up with an emigrant wagon. Well, sir, pasture was cheap and the cow had a calf and beef was rising and she was a good milker, and the first thing you know I had traded that shote into a little secondhand car. It missed on all four cylinders but it was an automobile, and it all came from that one shote."

Maisie's respect and admiration began to kindle. "Something tells me," she whispered deep inside her—"something tells me that an asset—a physical asset, you might say—is being led right into my hand. But I got to keep him humble. Look at this boy swell up and get to hating himself! I got to puncture him quick or in another minute he'll think he's paying for the breakfast and not me."

After which she uttered herself aloud in a tone that was half playful, half satirical, but altogether arresting to the swelling self-satisfactions of young Mr. Downey. Her crust-demolishing speech was somewhat as follows:

"And from there on you kept on trading. You rose right up. You traded the little car into a big one and the big one into an aeroplane factory! But the end of the war came and killed the aëroplane business flat."

Mr. Downey acknowledged the hit with a feeble smile.

"Called me proper, didn't you?" he flushed. "No; the fact is, Miss—Miss ——" A vacuous expression crossed his face.

"Miss Wells, Maisie Wells is my name."

"That's rather a pretty name," conceded Mr. Downey, turning his mind aside ever so slightly from thoughts of first aid to the business reputation he had been so cheerfully giving himself.

"Only 'rather'?" drawled Maisie, displeased that Mr. Downey had neither seen fit to affirm that it was a very pretty name nor embraced the opportunity to be genuinely complimentary by declaring that it belonged to a very pretty young woman.

But Ben would not be rallied from an explanation of just how it came about that his selling and trading ability could be thus lightly reflected upon.

"Fact is," he blurted on, "I made just one mistake."

"Only one?" inquired Maisie facetiously.

"Yes. I traded the car for the house that Hank Allen was moving off the new drug-store site—traded for her on rollers right in the middle of Buffalo Street, because I knew the Widow Hopkins would give me two hundred and twenty-five dollars for it the minute I could land it on her lot. But some hobos slept in the shack that night and burned her down right where she stood, so that Hank wanted me to pay for his rollers even. To add to my bad luck, the car run for Hank, which it wouldn't do for me. The trade was all right, you see, only I left that one gate open. I should have got that old house insured for about a thousand, and then and then who'd 'a' won?"

Ben Downey, beginning to swell in his uniform till it almost burst, reached across and ventured to pat Maisie triumphantly on the hand.

"It was a sucker trick, though, I admit, to overlook that insurance."

"Yes," agreed Maisie with a cynical nod of her head while she viewed Mr. Downey askance from under curtaining lashes, "I've known a lot of smart men that had just one sucker trait, and you could count on it to throw 'em every time; which is why they haven't got anything now and never will have anything."

Mr. Ben G. Downey blushed again underneath his coat of tan, which was what she wanted him to do; but he did not betray anger.

"Shows he's a pretty good sport," reasoned Maisie. "There's always hope for a man when he'll stand for a good sharp call when caught conversin' too largely."

But she still hesitated with the proposal that had been forming in her mind, shrewdly unuttered, while her guest, returning to his ham and eggs, did full justice to both and sighed over the emptiness of his cup, whereupon Maisie signed to the waiter to refill it, while in her mind of minds she questioned:

"Am I lettin' myself in for a good hard fall now, I wonder, or am I not? Is my tender heart leading me astray once more? Something tells me that it is. And yet this earnest aspirin' young man has got talent. All he needs is polishing up a bit." Miss Wells had great faith in polish. "Guess I could contrive to rub a little of the rust off him myself at odd moments. Believe I'll chance him. Yes, I will!"

And with the headlong recklessness of a gambler when once he has decided to risk the plunge, Maisie took the fatal leap by declaring: "You certainly have got talent, Mr. Downey. You come up to the office after breakfast and I'll get you a job."

"What kind of a job?"

"Selling something."

"Will I make money?"

"For both of us."

Maisie, quickly suspicious, thought she discerned a mist of doubt hanging the slightest possible shadow upon the now sunny features. "Just like a man," she deduced acridly. "Willing to make money for himself but feelin' a sensation of pain if he finds he's going to make it for anybody else."

But her reasoning powers were really doing the good heart of Mr. Downey injustice, for he was merely weighing a new possibility before adding it gleefully to the considerable pile of possibilities already beginning to heap up in his mind since fortune had brought him so close to this excellent and attractive young woman.

"Sure! Sure, I'll make money for you!" his voice boomed out heartily, "I'll make a good piece of it for you. You've put a whole lot into me besides breakfast, Miss Wells, and I'm strong for you from this on."

It did seem as if he was the right sort. Gallantly he helped Miss Maisie into her coat; absently he gazed out the window while she paid the reckoning; courteously he held the door open for her to pass out, assurance mounting every moment in a way that filled the girl with admiration and with pride. She did like to see a man carry himself off like a thoroughbred—whether he was or not. But there was one thing which in her opinion would add tremendously to the appearance of ex-Lieutenant Downey, and possibly to the nerve and resourcefulness that the next few minutes might require him to display.

Perhaps the idea itself was born of a gesture of his. He was working absently at the flap of his right-breast pocket. He got it open, plunged his fingers on an excursion into its depths and then recalled with a slight flush that it was empty.

"I know," said Maisie with ready comprehension. "Here, go in there and get you a smoke. I'll wait outside."

With a magician's skill she had contrived to press a quarter into his hand in such a way that the act could have been observed by no one. Downey looked at her a moment, his face beaming admiration.

"Go on," directed Maisie in a tone that scorned protest or disobedience. "I want you to be smoking a good one when you walk into the office."

"By heck, you're all right, kiddo!" declared Ben G. Downey with enthusing emphasis; after which he turned upon his heel and entered the smoke emporium.

There followed a short walk along Market Street, a ride in an elevator, and presently they stood before a door on which was painted in rich golden letters the simple legend:

JAMES L. WYMAN
INVESTMENTS

Investments! The word sounded fine and large to the ex-grocer's clerk.

Maisie meanwhile was unlocking the door and then stooping to sweep up a considerable raft of mail from the

"Sure, I'll Make Money for You! Miss Wells, I'm Strong for You From This On"

floor, where it had been deposited through the letter slot. "Looks like business!" commented Mr. Downey.

"We do business here!" remarked Maisie, sinfully proud at this evidence that Mr. Wyman knew so well how to word an advertisement. "Sit right there in that chair and try to make your cigar last. I expect Mr. Wyman any minute now."

Ben distributed his stocky but militarily well-set-up figure in the most graceful and impressive pose he could devise, leaned back, nursing his cigar, and fell into contemplation of the curve of the girl's cheek and the swift deftness of her hands as she ripped open the envelopes.

"I sure do appreciate beauty," he confided to himself—"beauty and a reasonably good prospect."

That the beauty before him was equal to the needs of the moment and the prospect satisfactorily cheering he witnessed by the forgetfulness with which he indulged in a long extravagant draught on his precious cigar. "The Army," he recalled a moment later—"the Army was never like this. In fact this layout doesn't remind me of the Army in any particular. Nothing reminds me of the Army but this." He stretched out his arm to get a glimpse of his uniform. "I paid for it and I'll wear it—till I get the price of another suit. In fact—in fact the uniform ought to help for a few days at least—that is if there's not too much in this stuff about republics being ungrateful."

At this juncture Ben's mental reconnaissance was disturbed by the arrival of Mr. Wyman, who came closely on the heels of Miss Wells' expectation of him. The young man found that loudly proper gentleman's appearance duly impressive, so impressive that temporarily his own recently acquired assurance faded dismally out of his breast; but he had presence of mind enough not to rise and obey the subaltern's instinct to salute. Instead he managed a grand whiff of his cigar, and after a casual glance at Mr. Wyman gazed indifferently out of the window as composedly awaiting that gentleman's pleasure.

Reciprocally, too, it must be confessed, there was some momentary sinking of that stout heart in the breast of Mr. Wyman at encountering this solid apparition of a man in uniform in one of his outer office chairs. He had not been expecting any callers this forenoon. His business plans did not contemplate callers as yet, and there were other reasons why the sight of this quiet unknown should introduce a jarring note into his cosmogony; though after the first shock of it he controlled himself perfectly, as Mr. Wyman always did. Yet the entire time that he passed by Miss Wells' desk, affecting to glance over the letters she was opening, his vigilant eyes behind their shades of amber were studying, studying Ben Downey narrowly.

Eventually Mr. Wyman passed inside, without having bestowed so much as a nod upon his visitor or having spoken a word beyond his first cordial "good morning" to Maisie; which, by the way, was accompanied by a glance of approval of that toilet upon which she had lavished such loving concern. With him into the inner office Mr. Wyman took such of the letters as Maisie had already opened.

"What's your job—exactly?" inquired Ben.

"Stenographer, telephone operator, secretary and business adviser."

Ben laughed in the superior way that was uncalled for by the situation but rather inevitable in a young man of his native conceit.

"Business adviser? What advice do you give?"

"I'm about to advise him to give you a job," answered Maisie tartly.

This was really a peculiar situation. Here the girl was doing this deserving man a favor, and he was accepting the favor gratefully; yet by a sort of instinct the two seemed now to be getting at loggerheads with one another. It was his mushroomlike growth of self-assurance that irritated Maisie and made her wish to humble him.

"You're a cool one!" complimented Ben, and dodged as if he expected her next to hurl the paperknife at him.

"I'm a warm one if I land you next and right," responded Maisie swiftly.

"You sure are!" admitted the young man with the fervor of great earnestness.

A buzzer set up its abrupt discordant note in the room. They did not have buzzers in Rice's grocery, and when this one went off somewhere behind Downey's ear with a noise like a Kansas locust taking to its seventeen-year flight, he almost leaped out of his chair.

"As you were!" said Maisie sharply; and taking the remainder of the mail she rose and disappeared within. After some minutes she was back at her desk, standing perfectly still with an expression of composed satisfaction upon her face while her fingers gave some attention to the adjustment of certain hairpins in that portion of her coiffure which impinged immediately upon the back of her neck. She had given her first piece of business advice, and it had met with a reception which she deemed encouraging.

"You may step in now, Mr. Downey," announced Maisie after what seemed the necessary interval for the sense of personal power which she was enjoying to travel across the room and make its due impression upon that gentleman.

"Ha! Thank you," said Ben.

Rising with alacrity he strode within, removing his cap as he faced Mr. Wyman across a desk whose mahogany solidity suggested the strength of Gibraltar and, to the Kansan at least, the riches of a Rockefeller. Behind the tall-backed swivel chair in which the investment broker reclined there appeared the two nickel-plated handles and the combination knob upon a sizable vault door, as indicating that Mr. Wyman was the outward watchdog and guardian of inward treasures that were very precious indeed.

Without going too far into details it might be stated in general terms that Mr. Wyman and Mr. Downey took to each other instantly.

"You have the aggressive manner of a born salesman," assured Mr. Wyman; and then paused in that fine way of his to pay a tribute to the selling faculty.

"Salesmanship, Mr. Downey," he perorated, "is the foundation of all business success. Here are the smokestacks of America." Mr. Wyman waved his left hand grandly.

"Yonder are the consuming millions." He waved his right hand more grandly. "Salesmanship is the nexus between the two. It is the mother bird of civilization: taking the ripe fat worms of industry, salesmanship drops them into the open chirping mouth of the fledgling consumer. Do you follow me?"

"I'm ahead of you," said Ben. "What do we sell?"

"I find you eager. It is a good quality, young man; an invaluable quality."

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ENGLAND AND THE NEW AGE

By WILL IRWIN

ONE day last March, when the affairs of Britain seemed to be hurrying toward some kind of crisis—thorough readjustment, stern repression or temporary anarchy—that great conciliator, Lloyd George, called an industrial conference in Central Hall, Westminster. Here met authorized representatives of the governing bodies in almost every industry of England, from steel-making and shipbuilding to weaving, with all the major leaders in the complex British system of trade unions.

This is the era of big and strange things. I doubt if just such a body, so widely representative of the working and directing powers of industry, ever got together before. After a morning of frank, blunt British talk, they adjourned for luncheon.

Now Central Hall stands just across an irregular square from Westminster Abbey, the heart of the Empire. That morning Princess Patricia, the most popular member of the royal family, was married in the Abbey. Just as the delegates to the conference came streaming forth from Central Hall, the modern building on one side of the square, the bridal party left the Abbey.

The princess bride rode in a gilded state coach, with postilions, plumes and outriders, the Princess Pat's own regiment of Canadians marching ahead or guarding the way. The square and dark solemn old Whitehall were all aflutter with the handkerchiefs of thousands of women. The delegates to the conference, mostly beefy, well-dressed Englishmen or Scotchmen with the air of great affairs about them, walked in little groups, still hotly discussing the morning's issues. No one noticed them. They themselves scarcely glanced up at the spectacle as they mixed with the stream of the crowd along Whitehall or Victoria Street. I left the building with a man who knows British industry, its spirit and tendencies, better than most. He smiled.

Old and New

"I WONDER if this can be the old meeting the new," he said as he hurried away after a leader of the Manchester weavers. And as the crowd of gapers after royalty dispersed I walked between the Abbey and the great hall of William Rufus meditating upon this. Suppose such a body—representing with full powers those who own the tools of industry, those who direct industry and those who do the work of industry—should become permanent and harmonious. What could stand against its decisions? Parliament, sitting there in the great, solemn and beautiful house which dominates every vista of interior London, would become a shadow.

Just five years ago one would have called this impossible—a wild dream. Now it stood among the possibilities of the future. Other miracles, seemingly as impossible as this, had been accomplished since Armageddon awoke the slow British imagination. The England which I was seeing again after two years away on the Continent or at home was a new England to me. What might it not be in five years?

To understand England as she is and as she may be, let me describe her in brief as she was when Armageddon broke.

Industrially she had worked herself into rather a bad way. Almost any Englishman of half-way liberal opinions will admit that now; though he would have bitten you for insinuating it in 1913. Too much of the enterprising young blood, which in any nation means change and progress, had been drained off to the colonies. Britain had reached the stage where temporarily she set and hardened. From the point of view of national industry production per unit of man power and per pound of capital was falling behind in some branches of industry. She was keeping up the others by British industrial intelligence and individual efficiency, which are probably higher than in any other nation of Europe. But in the matter of teamwork, of multiplying by coördination the efforts of the individual, she was behind both Germany and America, because so many things simply could not be changed.

The lot of the individual laborer had been rising on an up curve from those bad days of the early nineteenth century, when, under the *laissez-faire* theory, the owner had it all his own calloused way, when men, women and children worked twelve and fourteen hours, when a whole generation was stunted.

But at about the end of the nineteenth century, the curve was dropping again. Too many people lived on invested money and too many did not know where the next meal was coming from—for national health. Unemployment, never below two per cent, rose at times as high as ten per cent, and averaged three or four. The slums of London had become the slums of an empire.

At the beginning of this century the view of the "upper class" and the directing classes on poverty and distress did not differ materially from the views of their grandfathers.

The Mouth of the Shaft of a Coal Mine in Wales, Following an Explosion

The upper classes owed responsibility to the poor; but it was to be discharged by private charity—the lady of the manor with her basket of comforts. This had worked measurably well when Britain was an agricultural nation and the squire had personal touch with his tenants and his peasantry. It could not possibly work in an industrial civilization where the "squire" of any given factory was a hundred shareholders scattered all over Britain, many of whom had not even seen the plant. Poor laws and private relief were doing nothing, really, to alleviate the problems of poverty.

The class system, in whose light one must always view the Britain of the past, was getting more set than ever; and the classes were drifting out of touch. There is in the Englishman a sturdy conscientiousness which will make him send himself and his interests to the devil for principle's sake, once he is roused. But nothing touched the life of the upper class or upper middle class Englishman to rouse him. The country place on the Thames knew not the workingmen's quarters of Glasgow or the mills of Manchester, even though Glasgow and Manchester supported it.

The relations of capital and labor had begun to run a vicious circle as far as national production was concerned. In labor unions, as in many other things of the kind, England was the pioneer. The middle and later years of the nineteenth century saw a long struggle for recognition. Unionism before the war was scattered. We have our system of trade unions, all of one type, all bound together for common action, when it is felt necessary, by the American Federation of Labor. The Trades Union Congress came in time to represent roughly what the A. F. of L. represents among us; but only roughly. If I tried to describe here the complex labor-union situation as it stood in 1917 I should only bore the reader. Powers overlapped: power in general was conflicting. No one had as yet harmonized them or fully brought them together. The employers, when trades unionism began to threaten dividends, themselves drew together into open or secret combinations and made agreements on maximum wages. In many if not in most branches of industry the maximum wage stood like a rock in the path of the unions. In the engineering trades, for example, the employers generally would not go beyond thirty shillings a week. The unions kept running against this obstacle of the maximum wage, and falling back, beaten. If a trade changed day work to piecework, the piece prices went down to make a week's average lower than thirty shillings.

This, and also a feeling of class hatred, seemed to change in two generations the spirit and outlook of British labor. To maximum wage, labor answered with restricted output. Union rules upon what a man might do in a day's work became more and more strict. There was another reason too. As yet few nations, England least of all, had taken any scientific measures with the unemployment question. The less work each man did, reasoned the British workman, the more workmen would be employed, the less unemployment. It is doubtful if this is not an economic fallacy; but at any rate the workman read it into his creed.

Restrictions a Religion

AGAIN, the trade restrictions, growing, decided not only how much work one man could do in one day but what sort of work. Factory managers trying to improve the teamwork of a plant were always running against this. Such and such a modern process or improvement in coördination could not be adopted because it involved taking a process from Trade A and putting it into the hands of Trade B, which was against union rules. The restriction of output and the maintenance of trades restrictions became a religion with the British workingman. He would fight for that when he would not fight for higher wages. He regarded it as a part of necessary loyalty to his class.

Though Great Britain had no great general head to the trades-union movement, like our American Federation of Labor, her workingmen were organized into unions to an extent which we in this country know not. Here, as with everything British, matters were infinitely complex. At one time there were nearly ten thousand governing bodies in British trades unionism. Union authority everywhere overlapped; and much energy was wasted in jurisdictional fights. Organization by industries and organization by trades were in continual conflict.

In electrical manufacture, for example, there existed a union of electrical employees. However, the production of electrical apparatus and supplies involves many special trades, such as carpenters and chemical workers. Should a carpenter in an electrical-fixtures factory belong to the electrical workers' union or to the carpenters' union? Such minor questions as this vastly complicated the situation. However, the general tendency of British labor in the decade preceding the great war was toward concentration into larger and larger unions. Also, the Trades Union Congress came nearer and nearer to representing the equivalent of our American Federation of Labor.

American labor has not as yet expressed itself directly in politics. Great Britain had for a quarter of a century a Labor Party which from almost nothing had gathered enough strength to elect forty-odd members to the House of Commons. On the Continent of Europe the labor party usually calls itself a socialist party and affiliates with the International. Though the expressed policy of the British Labor Party was probably more socialistic than that of certain continental socialist parties, notably the Belgian; though certain Labor members of Parliament, like Ramsay

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Wartime Substitutes in Germany

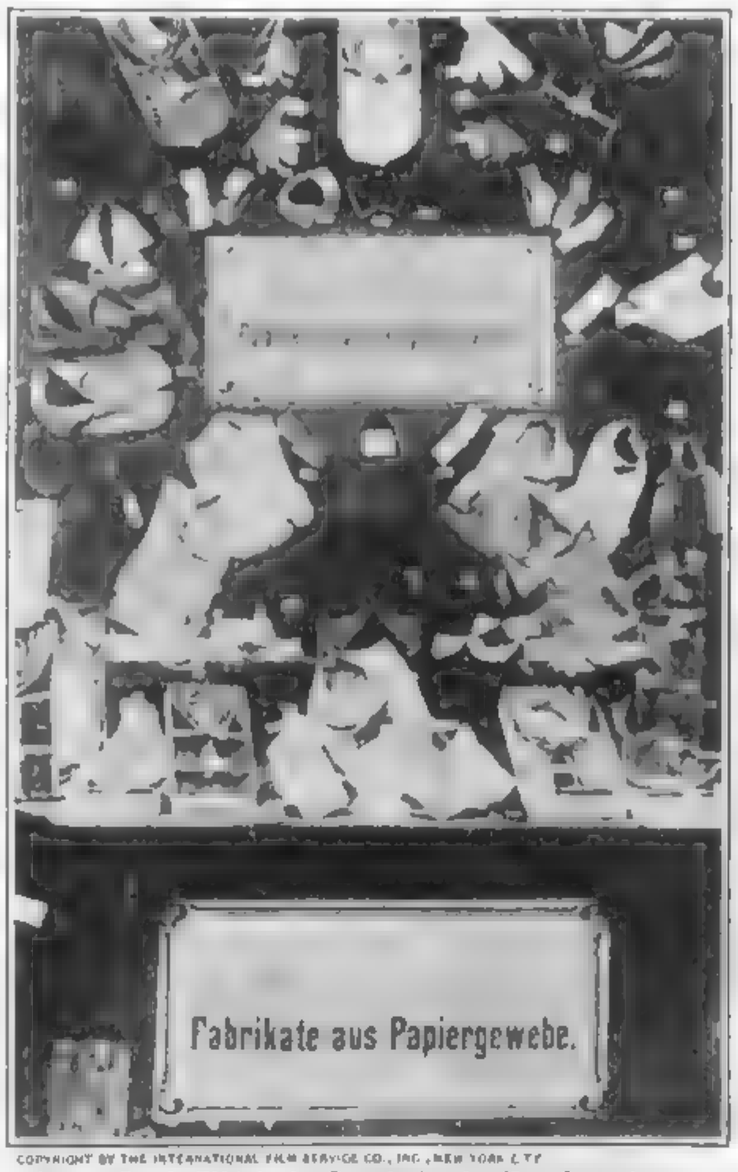
By ALONZO ENGLEBERT TAYLOR

FOLLOWING the declaration of war the German High Command was so certain of victory within a short time that no attention was paid to the blockade as applied to raw materials. When in 1915 the High Command became convinced that a long war lay before the Central Powers frantic efforts were made to import the necessary raw materials. The blockade was not effective during 1915; but from 1916 on the blockade became continuously more effective, especially after the entrance of the United States into the war.

Germany then found herself in dire straits for raw materials. She invoked her myriads of chemists, physicists and engineers, who undertook to provide by synthesis some of the most necessary materials; where synthesis could not be accomplished substitution was undertaken. As soon as definite progress was under way the inspired German press began the campaign of prevarication so characteristic of the German military authorities. The Germans were given to understand that lack of all materials eliminated by the blockade had through the ingenuity of German scientists been compensated for; that Germany lacked nothing indispensable to the carrying on of the war; and that victory would represent not only the prowess of the military arm but also the triumph of the laboratory.

Now that the war is lost and the German press is freed of external control the system of official prevarication has ceased and the actual state of affairs is open to observation and analysis. We must, however, be careful not to accept at their face value the statements of to-day that contradict the official inspired statements of wartime. In one of the German weeklies one man asks another the question: "What do you think ought to be our policy under the present all-so-changed situation?" And the reply is: "We ought now to reverse our prevarication." Having lied in the pro-military sense for so long, many Germans seem to feel that the best way of balancing the account is to lie in the anti-military direction. Nevertheless, the facts are now made clear, through discussion with German scientists.

Germany possessed within her contained resources but limited materials for the manufacture of explosives. The blockade checked the importation of nitrates from Chile, and smuggling of saltpeter through surrounding neutral countries could not be accomplished. Chemists thereupon began the synthesis of nitric acid. The best-known method for the direct production of nitric acid was to drive a stream of air through an arc flame produced by the passage of electric current across two separated points. This method had been installed in several places where the production of electric current was cheap through the development of water power. The best-known plants were in Norway. There were small installations in the mountains of Southern Germany, in Switzerland, in the Tyrol and in Dalmatia. These have been expanded during the war and Germany drew considerable nitric acid from them.



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Paper Goods Which the People in the Hun Domain are Wearing. The Shortage of Cottons and Woots Resulted in These Expedients

Nitric Acid

THE German authorities, however, did not place their chief reliance upon nitric acid thus produced. In addition they obtained nitric acid from ammonia by oxidation. The amounts of ammonia available to Germany at the beginning of the war were not large from a military point of view. At the outbreak of the war Germany was recovering the by-products of eighty-five per cent of her cokeries; and of these by-products ammonia is one. She also possessed several plants for the manufacture of cyanamide, which can be converted into ammonia. A large plant of this kind is located at Niagara.

The chief development in Germany was, however, in the direction of direct synthesis of ammonia, by the Haber method. The Haber method was patented before the war and had been carefully tested out in one of the large German chemical plants. In this method nitrogen and hydrogen when heated together under pressure combine to form ammonia. The nitrogen is obtained from the air, the hydrogen from water or coal gas. A catalyzer is required to facilitate the union of the nitrogen and hydrogen; and in the selection and preparation of the catalyzer lies the perfection of the method during the past four years. The advantage of this method for the Germans was that it is based on the use of coal rather than on the use of electric power, as in the case of the direct formation of nitric acid. The ammonia that is produced may be oxidized directly into nitric acid. Ammonia has an importance in modern warfare entirely outside of its conversion into nitric acid, since some modern explosives contain a large proportion of ammonium nitrate.

The German methods for the manufacture of ammonia and nitric acid have achieved great success. They were able throughout the war to supply the enormous amounts of nitric acid required for explosives quite as easily as, if not indeed more easily than, a huge fleet of steamers was able to bring nitrates from Chile to the powder works of the associated governments. These plants, at present closed down on account of strikes and lack of coal, are able to fix more than half a million tons of nitrogen a year, corresponding to two and a half million tons of ammonium sulphate. The cost of production will, according to estimates, be so low as to enable her to export ammonia salts and nitric acid to her neighbors, in competition with Chile saltpeter.

Wartime Chemical Processes

THE blockade against cotton was ineffective in 1915, but was very effective after that time; and Turkey was able to give no assistance to the Central Powers. After the reserves of cotton fiber and linters were exhausted the military authorities had to find substitutes in order to replace guncotton. All natural varieties of cellulose may be nitrated with different degrees of facility, depending upon the purity of the product. The most obvious source being wood the German chemists experimented with different native woods and were finally successful in isolating cellulose, after careful removal of the cement substance, in a condition of such purity that a satisfactory nitrocellulose could be produced in large amounts. But the methods are expensive and will not be of importance in time of peace for the production of either commercial or military explosives.

Scarcity of pyrites led to shortage in sulphuric acid, which was overcome by the development of a method of manufacture of sulphuric acid from gypsum. The method is very expensive, especially in coal, and will not be used, even in Germany, when the sulphur ores are again available.

Scarcity of glycerin developed in 1916. Germany used to import large amounts of animal fats and vegetable oils for the manufacture of soap, the glycerin fraction being available for the production of nitroglycerin. Not only was the blockade against the importation of fats and oils effective after 1916, but the blockade on the importation of feeding stuffs had the same result, since a large proportion of the animal fats derived from domesticated animals in Germany originated from imported feeding stuffs.

The scarcity of glycerin was overcome by the application of an ingenious method of synthesis. The action of the ordinary yeast on sugar is to produce alcohol in large amount and glycerin in small amount. Under certain conditions, however, the yeast will produce glycerin in large amount and alcohol in small amount. This, a technically new method, was elaborated in Germany for the production of such amounts of glycerin as they required. The yield was less than one-quarter of the value of the sugar, and the product was very expensive. In addition, the loss of the sugar was a serious deprivation. Glycerin will not be produced in peacetime from sugar, since ordinarily the glycerin set free as a by-product of the manufacture of soap is more than sufficient to supply the amounts required in pharmacy and technical trades and in the manufacture of

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These Parcels, Ready for Transport by the Red Cross, Contain Sixty Thousand Woolen Clouts Used for Wrapping the Soldiers' Feet

A DAMSEL IN DISTRESS

By Pelham Grenville Wodehouse

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

It Was Tough Going. Albert's Soul Did Not Soar Readily

VII

THE first requisite of an invading army is a base. George, having entered Belpher Village and thus accomplished the first stage in his forward movement on the castle, selected as his base the Marshmoreton Arms. Selected is perhaps hardly the right word, as it implies choice, and in George's case there was no choice. There are two inns at Belpher, but the Marshmoreton Arms is the only one that offers accommodation for man and beast, assuming, that is to say, that the man and beast desire to spend the night. The other house, the Blue Boar, is a mere beerhouse, where the lower strata of Belpher society gather of a night to quench their thirst and to tell one another interminable stories without any point whatsoever.

But the Marshmoreton Arms is a comfortable, respectable hostelry, catering for the village plutocrats. There of an evening you will find the local veterinary surgeon smoking a pipe with the grocer, the baker and the butcher, with perhaps a sprinkling of neighboring farmers to help the conversation along. On Saturdays there is a "shilling ordinary"—which is rural English for a cut off the joint and a boiled potato, followed by hunks of the sort of cheese which believes that it pays to advertise—and this is usually well attended. On the other days of the week, until late in the evening, however, the visitor to the Marshmoreton Arms has the place almost entirely to himself.

It is to be questioned whether in the whole length and breadth of the world there is a more admirable spot for a man in love to pass a day or two than the typical English village. The Rocky Mountains, that traditional stamping ground for the heartbroken, may be well enough in their way; but a lover has to be cast in a pretty stern mold to be able to be introspective when at any moment he may meet an annoyed cinnamon bear. In the English village there are no such obstacles to meditation. It combines the comforts of civilization with the restfulness of solitude in a manner equaled by no other spot except the New York Public Library. Here your lover may wander to and fro unmolested, speaking to nobody, by nobody addressed, and have the satisfaction of sitting down to a capitally cooked chop and chips, lubricated by golden English ale.

Belpher, in addition to all the advantages of the usual village, has a quiet charm all its own, due to the fact that it has seen better days. In a sense, it is a ruin, and ruins are always soothing to the bruised soul. Ten years before Belpher had been a flourishing center of the South of England oyster trade. It is situated by the shore, where Hayling Island, lying athwart the mouth of the bay, forms the waters into a sort of brackish lagoon, in much the same way as Fire Island shuts off the Great South Bay of Long Island from the waves of the Atlantic.

The water of Belpher Creek is shallow even at high tide, and when the tide runs out it leaves glistening mud flats, which it is the peculiar taste of the oyster to prefer to any other habitation. For years Belpher oysters had been the mainstay of gay supper parties at the Savoy, the Carlton and Romano's. Dukes doted on them; chorus girls wept if they were not on the bill of fare. And then, in an evil hour, somebody discovered that what made the Belpher oyster so particularly plump and succulent was the fact that it breakfasted, lunched and dined almost entirely on the local sewage. There is but a thin line ever between popular homage and popular execration. We see it in the case of politicians, generals and prize fighters; and oysters are no exception to the rule. There was a typhoid scare, quite a passing and unjustified scare, but strong enough to do its deadly work; and almost overnight Belpher passed from a place of flourishing industry to the sleepy, by-the-world-forgotten spot which it was when George Bevan discovered it. The shallow water is still there; the mud is still there; even the oyster beds are still there; but not the oysters or the little world of activity which had sprung up round them. The glory of Belpher is dead; and over its gates Ichabod is written. But if it has lost in importance it has gained in charm; and George, for one, had no regrets. To him, in his present state of mental upheaval, Belpher was the ideal spot.

It was not at first that George roused himself to the point of asking why he was here, and what—now that he was here—he proposed to do. For two languorous days he loafed, sufficiently occupied with his thoughts. He smoked long, peaceful pipes in the stable yard, watching the ostlers as they groomed horses; he played with the inn puppy, bestowed respectful caresses on the inn cat. He walked down the quaint, cobbled street to the harbor, sauntered along the shore, and lay on his back on the little beach at the other side of the lagoon, from where he could see the red roofs of the village, while the imitation waves splashed busily on the stones, trying to conceal with bustle and energy the fact that the water even two hundred yards from shore was only eighteen inches deep. For it is the abiding hope of Belpher Creek that it may be able to deceive the visitor into mistaking it for the open sea.

And presently the tide would ebb. The waste of waters became a sea of mud, cheerfully covered as to much of its surface with green grasses. The evening sun struck rainbow colors from the moist softness. Birds sang in the thickets. And George, heaving himself up, walked back to the friendly coziness of the Marshmoreton Arms. And the remarkable part of it was that everything seemed perfectly natural and sensible to him, nor had he any particular feeling that in falling in love with Lady Maud Marsh, and pursuing her to Belpher, he had set himself anything in the nature of a hopeless task. Like one kissed by a goddess in a dream, he walked on air; and while one is walking on air it is easy to overlook the bowlders in the path.

Consider his position, you faint-hearted and self-pitying young men who think you have a tough row to hoe just because, when you pay your evening visit with the pound box of candy under your arm, you see the handsome sophomore from Yale sitting beside her on the porch, playing the ukulele. If ever the world has turned black to you in such a situation, and the moon gone in behind a cloud, think of George Bevan and what he was up against. You, at least, are on the spot. You can, at least, put up a fight. If there are ukuleles in the world, there are also guitars, and to-morrow it may be you and not he who sits on the moonlit porch; it may be he and not you who arrives late. Who knows? To-morrow he may not show up till you have finished The Bedouin Love Song and are annoying the local birds roosting in the trees with Poor Butterfly.

What I mean to say is, you are on the map. You have a sporting chance. Whereas George —— Well, just go over to England and try wooing an earl's daughter whom you have met only once, and then without an introduction; whose brother's hat you have smashed beyond repair; whose family wishes her to marry some other man; who wants to marry some other man herself—and not the same other man but another other man; who is closely immured in a medieval castle. Well, all I say is—try it. And then go back to your porch with a chastened spirit and admit that you might be a whole lot worse off.

George, as I say, had not envisaged the peculiar difficulties of his position. Nor did he until the evening of his second day at the Marshmoreton Arms. Until then, as I have indicated, he roamed in a golden mist of dreamy meditation among the soothing by-ways of the village of Belpher. But after lunch on the second day it came upon him that all this sort of thing was pleasant but not practical. Action was what was needed. Action.

The first, the obvious move was to locate the castle. Inquiries at the Marshmoreton Arms elicited the fact that it was "a step" up the road that ran past the front door of the inn. But this wasn't the day of the week when the general public was admitted. The sightseer could invade Belpher Castle on Thursdays only, between the hours of two and four. On other days of the week all he could do was to stand like Moses on Pisgah and take in the general effect from a distance. As this was all that George had hoped to be able to do, he set forth.

It speedily became evident to George that "a step" was a euphemism. Five miles did he tramp before, trudging wearily up a winding lane, he came out on a breeze-swept hilltop, and saw below him, nestling in its trees, what was now for him the center of the world. He sat on a stone wall and lit a pipe. Belpher Castle. Her home. There it was. And now what?

The first thought that came to him was practical, even prosaic—the thought that he couldn't possibly do this five-miles-there-and-five-miles-back walk every time he wanted to see the place. He must shift his base nearer the scene of operations. One of those trim thatched cottages down there in the valley would be just the thing, if he could arrange to take possession of it. They sat there all round the castle, singly and in groups, like small dogs round their master. They looked as if they had been there for centuries. Probably they had, as they were made of stone as solid as that of the castle. There must have been a time, thought George, when the castle was the central rallying point for all those scattered homes; when rumor of danger

from marauders had sent all that little community scuttling for safety to the sheltering walls.

For the first time since he had set out on his expedition, a certain chill, a discomforting sinking of the heart, afflicted George as he gazed down at the grim gray fortress which he had undertaken to storm. So must have felt those marauders of old when they climbed to the top of this very hill to spy out the land. And George's case was even worse than theirs. They could at least hope that a strong arm and a stout heart would carry them past those solid walls; they had not to think of social etiquette. Whereas George was so situated that an unsympathetic butler could put him to rout by refusing him admittance.

The evening was drawing in. Already, in the brief time he had spent on the hilltop, the sky had turned from blue to saffron and from saffron to gray. The plaintive voices of homing cows floated up to him from the valley below. A bat had left its shelter and was wheeling round him, a sinister blot against the sky. George felt cold. He turned. The shadows of night wrapped him round, and little things in the hedge-rows chirped and chittered mockery at him as he stumbled down the lane.

George's request for a lonely furnished cottage somewhere in the neighborhood of the castle did not, as he had feared, strike the Belpher house agent as the demand of a lunatic. Every well-dressed stranger who comes to Belpher is automatically set down by the natives as an artist, for the picturesqueness of the place has caused it to be much infested by the brothers and sisters of the brush. In asking for a cottage, indeed, George did precisely as Belpher society expected him to do; and the agent was reaching for his list almost before the words were out of his mouth. In less than half an hour George was out in the street again, the owner for the season of what the agent described as a "gem" and the employer of a farmer's wife who lived near by and would, as was her custom with artists, come in morning and evening to "do" for him. The interview would have taken but a few minutes, had it not been prolonged by the chattiness of the agent on the subject of the occupants of the castle, to which George listened attentively. He was not greatly encouraged by what he heard of Lord Marshmoreton. The earl had made himself notably unpopular in the village recently by his firm—the house agent said "pig-headed"—attitude in respect to a certain dispute about a right of way. It was Lady Caroline, and not the easy-going peer, who was really to blame in the matter; but the impression that George got from the house agent's description of Lord Marshmoreton was that the latter was a sort of Nero, possessing, in addition to the qualities of a Roman tyrant, many of the least lovable traits of the Gila monster of Arizona. Hearing this about her father, and having already had the privilege of meeting her brother and studying him at first-hand, his heart bled for Maud. It seemed to him that existence at the castle in such society must be little short of torture.

"I must do something," he muttered. "I must do something quick."

"Beg pardon?" said the house agent.

"Nothing," said George. "Well, I'll take that cottage. I'd better write you a check for the first month's rent now."

So George took up his abode, full of strenuous, if vague, purpose, in the plainly furnished but not uncomfortable cottage known locally as "the one down by Platt's." He might have found a worse billet. It was a two-storied building of stained red brick, not one of the thatched nests on which he had looked down from the hill. Those were not for rent, being occupied by families whose ancestors had occupied them for generations back. The one down by Platt's was a more modern structure—a speculation, in fact, of the farmer whose wife came to "do" for George, and designed especially to accommodate the stranger who had the desire and the money to rent it. It so departed from type that it possessed a small but undeniable bathroom. Besides this miracle there was a cozy sitting room, a larger bedroom on the floor above, and next to this an empty room facing north, which had evidently served artist occupants as a studio. The remainder of the ground floor was taken up by kitchen and scullery. The furniture was just furniture, constructed by somebody who would probably have done very well if he had taken up some other line of industry; but it was mitigated by a very fine and comfortable wicker easy-chair, left there by one of last year's artists; and other artists had helped along the good work by relieving the plainness of the walls with a landscape or two. In fact, when George had removed from the room two antimacassars, three group photographs of the farmer's relations, an illuminated text, and a china statuette of the Infant Samuel, and stacked them in a corner of the empty studio, the place became almost a home from home.

Solitude can be very unsolitary if a man is in love. George never even began to be bored. The only thing that in any way troubled his peace was the thought that he was not accomplishing a great deal in the matter of helping Maud out of whatever trouble it was that had befallen her. The most he could do was to prowl about roads near the castle in the hope of an accidental meeting. And such was his good fortune that, on the fourth day of his vigil, the accidental meeting occurred.

Taking his morning prowl along the lanes he was rewarded by the sight of a gray racing-car at the side of the road. It was empty, but from underneath it protruded a pair of long legs, while beside it stood a girl, at the sight of whom George's heart began to thump so violently that the long-legged one might have been pardoned had he supposed that his engine had started again of its own volition.

Until he spoke the soft grass had kept her from hearing his approach. He stopped close behind her and cleared his throat. She started and turned, and their eyes met.

For a moment hers were empty of any recognition. Then they lit up. She caught her breath quickly, and a faint flush came into her face.

"Can I help you?" asked George.

The long legs wriggled out into the road, followed by a long body. The young man under the car sat up, turning a grease-streaked and pleasant face to George.

"Eh, what?"

"Can I help you? I know how to fix a car."

The young man beamed in friendly fashion.

"It's awfully good of you, old chap, but so do I. It's the only thing I can do well. Thanks very much and so forth all the same."

George fastened his eyes on the girl's. She had not spoken.

"If there is anything in the world I can possibly do for you," he said slowly, "I hope you will let me know. I should like above all things to help you."

The girl spoke.

"Thank you," she said in a low voice, almost inaudible.

George walked away. The grease-streaked young man followed him with his gaze.

"Civil cove, that," he said. "Rather gushing, though, what? American, wasn't he?"

"Yes, I think he was."

"Americans are the civilest coves I ever struck. I remember asking the way of a chappie at Baltimore a couple of years ago when I was there in my yacht, and he followed me for miles, shrieking advice and encouragement. I thought it deuced civil of him."

"I wish you would hurry and get the car right, Reggie. We shall be awfully late for lunch."

Reggie Byng began to slide backward under the automobile.

"All right, dear heart. Rely on me. It's something quite simple."

"Well, do be quick."

"Imitation of greased lightning—very difficult," said Reggie encouragingly. "Be patient. Try and amuse yourself somehow. Ask yourself a riddle. Tell yourself a few anecdotes. I'll be with you in a moment. I say, I wonder what that cove is doing at Belpher. Deuced civil cove," said Reggie approvingly. "I liked him. And now, business of repairing breakdown."

"I Will Call Your Attention," Boomed Reggie, "to This Window, Known in the Fam'ly Tradition as Leonard's Leap"

His smiling face vanished under the car like the Cheshire cat. Maud stood looking thoughtfully down the road in the direction in which George had disappeared.

VIII

THE following day was a Thursday, and on Thursdays, as has been stated, Belpher Castle was thrown open to the general public between the hours of two and four. It was a tradition of long standing, this periodical lowering of the barriers, and had always been faithfully observed by Lord Marshmoreton ever since his accession to the title. By the permanent occupants of the castle the day was regarded with mixed feelings. Lord Belpher, while approving of it in theory, as he did of all the family traditions—for he was a great supporter of all things feudal and took his position as one of the hereditary aristocracy of Great Britain extremely seriously—heartily disliked it in practice. More than once he had been obliged to exit hastily by a farther door in order to keep from being discovered by a drove of tourists intent on inspecting the library or the great drawing-room; and now it was his custom to retire to his bedroom immediately after lunch and not to emerge until the tide of invasion had ebbed away.

Keggs, the butler, always looked forward to Thursdays with pleasurable anticipation. He enjoyed the sense of added authority which it gave him to herd these poor outcasts to and fro among the surroundings which were an everyday commonplace to himself. Also he liked hearing the sound of his own voice as it lectured in rolling periods on the objects of interest by the wayside. But even to Keggs there was bitter mixed with the sweet. No one was better aware than himself that the nobility of his manner, excellent as a means of impressing the mob, worked against him when it came to a question of tips. Again and again had he been harrowed by the spectacle of tourists, huddled together like sheep, debating among themselves in nervous whispers as to whether they could offer this personage anything so contemptible as half a crown for himself—and deciding that such an insult was out of the question. It was his constant endeavor, especially toward the end of the proceedings, to cultivate a manner blending a dignity fitting his position with a sunny geniality which would allay the timid doubts of the tourist and indicate to him that, bizarre as the idea might seem, there was nothing to prevent his placing his poor silver in more worthy hands.

Possibly the only member of the castle community who was absolutely indifferent to these public visits was Lord Marshmoreton. He made no difference between Thursday and any other day. Precisely as usual he donned his stained corduroys and pottered about his beloved garden; and when, as happened on an average once a quarter, some visitor, strayed from the main herd, came upon him as he worked and mistook him for one of the gardeners, he accepted the error without any attempt at explanation, sometimes going so far as to encourage it by adopting a rustic accent in keeping with his appearance. This sort of thing tickled the simple-minded peer.

George joined the procession punctually at two o'clock, just as Keggs was clearing his throat preparatory to saying: "We are now in the main 'all and before going any further I would like to call your attention to Sir Peter Lely's portrait of ——" It was his custom to begin his Thursday lectures with this remark, but to-day it was postponed; for no sooner had George appeared than a breezy voice on the outskirts of the throng spoke in a tone that made competition impossible.

"For goodness' sake, George."

And Billie Dore detached herself from the group, a trim vision in blue. She wore a dustcoat and a motor veil, and her eyes and cheeks were glowing from the fresh air.

"For goodness' sake, George, what are you doing here?"

"I was just going to ask you the same thing."

"Oh, I motored down with a boy I know. We had a breakdown just outside the gates. We were on our way to Brighton for lunch. He suggested I should pass the time seeing the sights while he fixed up the sprockets or the differential gear or whatever it was. He's coming to pick me up when he's through. But on the level, George, how do you get this way? You sneak out of town and leave the show flat, and nobody has a notion where you are. Why, we were thinking of advertising for you or going to the police or something. For all anybody knew, you might have been sandbagged or dropped in the river."

This aspect of the matter had not occurred to George till now. His sudden descent on Belpher had seemed to him the only natural course to pursue. He had not realized that he would be missed and that his absence might have caused grave inconvenience to a large number of people.

"I never thought of that. I—well, I just happened to come here."

"You aren't living in this old castle?"

"Not quite. I've a cottage down the road. I wanted a few days in the country, so I rented it."

"But what made you choose this place?"

Keggs, who had been regarding these disturbers of the peace with dignified disapproval, coughed.

"If you would not mind, madam, we are waiting."

"Eh? How's that?" Miss Dore looked up with a bright smile. "I'm sorry. Come along, George. Get in the game." She nodded cheerfully to the butler. "All right. All set now. You may fire when ready, Gridley."

Keggs bowed austerely and cleared his throat again.

"We are now in the main 'all, and before going any further I would like to call your attention to Sir Peter Lely's portrait of the fifth countess. Said by experts to be in his best manner."

There was an almost soundless murmur from the mob, expressive of wonder and awe, like a gentle breeze rustling leaves. Billie Dore resumed her conversation in a whisper.

"Yes, there was an awful lot of excitement when they found that you had disappeared. They were phoning the Carlton every ten minutes, trying to get you. You see, the summer-time number flopped on the second night, and they hadn't anything to put in its place. But it's all right. They took it out and sewed up the wound, and now you'd never know there had been anything wrong. The show was ten minutes too long anyway."

"How's the show going?"

"It's a riot. They think it will run two years in London. As far as I can make it out, you don't call it a success in London unless you can take your grandchildren to see the thousandth night."

"That's splendid. And how is everybody? All right?"

"Fine. That fellow Gray is still hanging round Babe. It beats me what she sees in him. Anybody but an infant could see the man wasn't on the level. Well, I don't blame you for quitting London, George. This sort of thing is worth fifty Londons."

The procession had reached one of the upper rooms, and they were looking down from a window that commanded a sweep of miles of the countryside, rolling and green and wooded. Far away beyond the last covert Belpher Bay gleamed like a streak of silver. Billie Dore gave a little sigh.

"There's nothing like this in the world. I'd like to stand here for the rest of my life, just lapping it up."

"I will call your attention," boomed Keggs at their elbow, "to this window, known in the fem'ly tredition as Leonard's Leap. It was in the year seventeen 'undred and eighty-seven that Lord Leonard Forth, eldest son of 'Is Grace the Dook of Lochlane, 'urled 'imself out of this window in order to avoid compromising the beautiful Countess of Marshmoreton, with oom 'e is related to 'ave 'ad a ninnocent romance. Surprised at an advanced hour by 'is lordship the earl in 'er ladyship's boudoir, as this room then was, 'e leaped through the open window into the boughs of the cedar tree which stands below, and was fortunate enough to escape with a few 'armless contusions."

(Continued on Page 123)

"If There is Anything in the World I Can Possibly Do for You," He Said Slowly, "I Hope You Will Let Me Know. I Should Like Above All Things to Help You"

NO MEAN CITY

By Eugene Manlove Rhodes

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARK FAY

They Came to Ship Island in a Whispering Midnight; They Crept Along That Wavering Shore, Groping in the Shadows

THE shots of the day shift were the call to supper, shots of the night shift the summons to rise and shine in the morning. After breakfast Banner of the day shift remained behind to help Kendall unload the freight wagon, and afterward to sharpen drills; Green, Dorsey and Case trudged to the shaft, two to work the windlass and one to fill the bucket; while the night shift drifted away to the bunk house. Apgar and Uncle Ben saddled up and drove the mules and the extra horse to the lake.

There was more skillful engineering through that westward break in the circle of hills which fenced Rockingstone Valley. This time the road did not follow the deep cañon floor, but kept to a level in a dugway blasted out along the northern slope. Passing this last barrier it came out on a broad wedge of mesa—a triangle, with the lake for base, sloping gently to the water's edge; below, the cañon turned sharply to the left to join the lake long miles to southward.

"Except a strip at the foot of this bench, the shore line of the lake looks like a fever chart along here, where it backs up between the ridges," said Apgar. "And the islands—see them? About a dozen here and there, where there was a bump or a knoll on the submerged ridges. All the way from a hundred yards to a mile from the mainland. There's the biggest one, to the right—the flat-topped one with the cedars on it. There's a big black lava island nearly a mile square, down the river a bit. You can see it after a while."

"Ever go out to explore them?"

"Oh, yes—some of them; in duck-shooting time, and fishing, sometimes. I've got a boat down here. But I'm pretty busy—don't use it much. The boys splash round on Sundays, sometimes, when they go down to swim. Looks different here than it used to in your day, doesn't it?"

"Yes—except that I never was up behind this mountain much," said Uncle Ben. "Not north of here, anyway. I reckon this strip between the river and the Christobals, and from here to Paraje, must ha' been the lonesomest place on the whole world. I made the trip once, and that was enough for me. Far as that goes, I never did hear of anyone else going through here—though I suppose plenty of 'em did. Up and down and repeat—cañons and barrancos and mesquite thickets—roughest place I ever see. Too rough to run cattle. Frank Hill run the Heart-Diamond stock from here south for a year or two, I'm told. But that was while I was gone. The old Gonzales settlement was the furthest north in my day. Hello! The road splits here! Where does that right-hand fork go to?"

"That's where we get our wood, up in the ridges to the north," said Apgar carelessly.

Uncle Ben did some swift thinking, of which his wizened old brown face gave no sign. The wood road was as well worn as the water road; yet the camp would use comparatively little wood. Again, there was wood, scattered but plentiful enough, in the open country above Rockingstone, halfway from the camp to the summit. Now why would anyone choose to haul wood uphill rather than down?

Aloud he said contemplatively: "Someone will try running cattle in here again some of these days, now there's water everywhere, and the *bosques* all drowned, where cattle used to go wild on us. You'll see! The west slope of the Christobal isn't on the Armendaris grant—know that?"

"Certainly I do. There's an offset here, and the line runs along the crest of Christobal Mountains. But what it was ever laid out that way for—that is what I will never tell you."

"That's easy," said Uncle Ben. "Old Armendaris, he took one look on this side and that was aplenty. 'I gotta draw the line somewhere,' he says to the King of Spain, 'and I draw it right here. Nothing west of the Christobals,' he says. 'The United States is a-goin' to start up business in a hundred years or so, maybe,' he says. 'Another hundred years after that, and they'll have this country—and then do you suppose I want to pay taxes on the whole dum Christobal Mountain? Not much!' he says. But about them cattle—look at this! Throw a string of wire fence from the south end of the mountain to the river—and you could make the grant people build half if you built it on the line. Then fence up that box cañon above Rockingstone, and somebody'd have a powerful big pasture, cheap, even if it is a mighty rough one. Why don't you tackle it yourself?"

"Me? Oh, I'm no cowman."

"You think it over," urged Uncle Ben, sparkling with enthusiasm. "You done got your wagon road made, and that removes the biggest drawback to a ranch here. Grass, water and fence, a good road to your door ready made—what more do you want? No jungles of cottonwood and mesquite or tornillo for stock to hide out in now, like there used to be. All at the bottom of the lake. And that spring I was tellin' you about—it's up in the pinnacles beyond your powder house—pipe that down and make Rockingstone Valley your home ranch—fine! Pity you hadn't known about Squawberry Spring. Might have saved five hundred dollars' worth of wagon road. I'll take you up and show you that spring this afternoon."

"Some other time, if you don't mind," said Apgar. "I've got some letters to write this afternoon. And later, after the night shift wakes up, I'd like to try out that rifle of yours. I want to have Kendall try a few long shots too. He's a marksman. But he will have to come down here this afternoon to fill up the water wagon."

"Well, you turn that cattle proposition over in your mind," enjoined Teagardner. "That wagon road must ha' cost you four or five thousand perfectly good plunks, all told. And if your mine fizzles on you, that's how you save part of your losings. Start the Rockingstone Cattle Company. I'll take a few shares myself."

"I'll think about it," smiled Apgar. "Here we are at the lake. Here's where he drives in to fill up his tank—rock bottom, you see. And there's my boat, tied to that juniper tree. Pretty good boat for a homemade one, isn't it?"

"It is so. You make it yourself?"

"Dear me, no! I'm no carpenter. One of the men on the night shift made it—Miller, the big fellow. It's pretty large—hard for one man to manage unless he is used to boats. But I figured some of the boys would like to go fishing Sundays."

That target practice was destined never to take place. An hour after Apgar and Uncle Ben returned to camp a buckboard rattled out of Rockingstone Cañon; a shackly one-seated buckboard with the shabby top from an old buggy toggled clumsily to the seat for the sake of shade. A big canteen was strapped to the ribs of the buggy top, sharing the shade with a 30–30 rifle; two nose bags and a feed of grain in a gunny sack, for all cargo, was tied by two neck ropes to the iron railing behind the seat; and Joe Cady was the driver. The team, a pair of spanking buckskins, contrasted oddly with the patched harness and the shabby rig.

Cady brought his pair to a halt at the corral gate.

"Mornin', folks!" he said. "Telegram for you, Uncle Ben. Operator allowed mebbe I'd better carry it out to you. He knowed what was in it, whether it was big medicine or not. So I up and come."

Teagardner opened the brown envelope and scanned the contents swiftly.

"Shucks! I got to go," he said with some vexation. "Wouldn't that jar you?"

He handed the message to Apgar, who read:

TRINIDAD, COLORADO, July 31, 1918.

Ben Teagardner,
Engle, New Mexico.

Cannot come Engle this trip. Meet me Albuquerque, Aug. 2

A. K. WITHERSPOON

"And this is the first of August! Drat the luck!" cried Uncle Ben. "I bet I never do see that old eel in Engle. You see how it is, Apgar. I've got to quit you."

"Sorry to lose your company, Mr. Teagardner. You'll stay till after dinner, of course. Unhitch your team, Cady. We can spare you water for them from the tank."

"I brought along your mail, Mr. Apgar. Thought you'd want it. And this morning's paper. Here's the headlines: 'The Huns are in retreat along the whole Front north of the Marne. The Frenchies and the Yanks have'—where is it?—'driven nine miles northeast of Château-Thierry, and two north of Fère-en-Tardenois'—crossed the Ourcq

River, and captured Sergy and a heap more of them towns. German papers please copy. And there is a movement on foot," said Cady, dropping the tugs, "to provide every German soldier with a Wooden Cross."

"Bully!" said Apgar.

"The treacherous, bloody dogs!" said Uncle Ben as the buckboard crunched slowly up the grade in the box of Rockingstone Cañon. Uncle Ben sat with Cady; Sleepycat at the end of a lead rope followed behind.

"Apgar tipped his hand, then?"

"Tipped his hand? The damned murderer spread it out, face up, a dozen times. Didn't know where Squawberry Spring is! But old Springtime Morgan brought him here, by his tell. And Springtime wouldn't miss showin' him that spring once in a million chances—not to mention that anybody in the world camping there would find it right away. Son, I've felt it in my bones all the time, and so have you. All the same, it seems monstrous to put it in cold words—but this whole play is an alibi. What they plan is to blow up Engle Dam and drown fifty thousand people. Takin' six months to play it safe—fixin' to be above all suspicion."

"Evidence?" remarked Cady. "I had suspicions aplenty of my own, just by instinct—same as a colt knows his first rattlesnake or a chicken knows a hawk. I'm strong for hunches. A man that won't play his hunch is blind in one eye. All the same, if you've got any facts on hand trot 'em out."

"The powder house is nigh a mile from camp—just as far away as they could get it and stay in the valley. Something there besides dynamite; TNT, mebbe—or some other high explosive we don't know about. Perhaps that's why they've waited so long—till they could smuggle in the stuff a little at a time—though God only knows where they get it. Dynamite, of course, they can get plenty of."

"One fact and one good guess. Any more facts?"

"The night shift wasn't asleep when I come, and the night shift didn't sleep much this morning, and the night shift didn't work last night. Set off four or five sticks of loose powder with a little trash on 'em, thinkin' I wouldn't know the difference—and me a miner since I was a boy in Pontypridd! Then the whole delirious shootin'-match—no card playin', throwing horseshoes, singin'; no fun, no joking—quiet and still. Close corporation; no new men to work; none quit in six months; none of 'em ever came down to Engle once. Not natural."

"One big fact and some interestin' observations. Yes?"

"Goin' down to the river," shrilled Uncle Ben wrathfully, "their new road splits. Right-hand prong wanders off into the lonesome north. For wood, says Apgar. No man on earth ever hauled wood up a two-thousand-foot climb without a reason—not with plenty wood up here to haul downhill. Whatever is wrong, that wood road leads to it.

"Another thing—down where they get their water they've got a boat; a first-class little boat that they made themselves. And in the tool house at camp, all the carpenter's tools a man would use in making a boat were missing. Tally?"

"Three perfectly good facts," said Cady respectfully.

"I'm going to use those facts. Watch me! Say, drive slow and stop once in a while. I want time enough to have our talk out. Because I'm going to quit you when we get to the upper end of the box, and go back over the cliffs to see what is doing, while you go on into town. Ten to one they follow us up to watch us. You got that spyglass and grub?"

"Under the seat, everything just as you told me. Better let me take that hill job, Uncle Ben. You're pretty old for climbing and sleeping out."

"Pish! I know these hills like the palm of my hand. I've prospected this country out; I can get back and overlook that camp and never set my foot down except on a rock. You'd leave tracks somewhere. Say, who's bossing this outfit, you or me?"

"You, every time, Uncle Ben. You've got it over me nine ways from the jack. You tell me what to do and I'll do it."

"I got something for you to do presently that will take all your time," said Uncle Ben grimly. "Now to go back to our facts. You haven't forgotten them?"

"Nary a fact."

"These facts, then, force me to think about as follows: They've built a heap bigger boat—or are building it now—with those missing carpenter's tools—up in the lonesome country, where their wood road goes. My guess is the boat is finished and floated off behind one of the islands—the lake's full of islands—to be out of sight, where no man will happen on to it. I guess that they're now loading that boat with dynamite in the nth degree; that they've been waiting for the rains to fill the lake brimful, to do the utmost damage when it breaks; that they are waiting the dark of the moon. Along about with the third, fourth and fifth of August there will be no moon to speak of. I judge they won't wait any for the entirely moonless nights. They must be weary of waiting. I judge that they mean to work their barge down halfway or more the first night, mooring behind the big island below Alamocita—where that big square flat-topped lava butte used to be; that the next night they work her down to the dam, by or before midnight, lower their weighted explosive to the level of the lower sluice gates, wired to an electric battery adjusted for a time explosion that will blow up the dam just before daybreak. They'll take along the little boat, of course, so they can row back."

"Uncle Ben, you guess like an adding machine," said Cady.

"Another thing—their big barge will be painted black, so the watchman on the dam won't see it. And so the barge will harmonize with the big black lava blocks on the Alamocite Island—where they'll jam her in the night before. And so I won't have any facts left on my hands—for I'll not deceive you; all along I've been constructin' my the'ries to fit the known facts; now I'm going to fit my last unused fact into my the'ry: Son, in the Rocking-Horse tool house was some several cans of black paint, and no cans of any other color, and no paintbrushes. But there isn't one single tor-plagued thing in that camp painted, black or anything else, inside or out."

"That barge," said Joe promptly, "is painted black. Uncle Ben, why don't we go back and shoot 'em now?"

"For one thing, people would likely be askin' questions. What is a good deal more to the point—I don't want to let them off so easy as all that. Son," said Uncle Ben earnestly, "I'm aimin' to hurt them fellows. They've not done right. There's ten of them, not counting Apgar. At least half of 'em, besides Apgar, will stay behind to make a showin' if somebody should happen to stray into camp—though I reckon nobody ever does, from what they tell me, except them that Apgar drags up here like he did me, so they can bear witness to the innocence of Rocking-Horse. That little boat will nicely hold four; or five, with one at the rudder. Two pairs of oars; they'll figure on making good time coming back; they can make better time with a steersman. Five to go and five to stay. Joe, if it can be done, we want to manage so any that stay behind will wish hard they'd been the ones that went! I don't just know how yet, but we'll find a way."

"What do I do?" demanded Joe.

"Drive to town. They'll send along a scout to be sure that we really leave. He will see you go and he'll see old Sleepycat tagging along behind. Then they'll proceed to biz—and I'll be up in the cliffs with my spyglass, framing up sorrow for them. You get grub for three days, slip out of Engle to-morrow without exciting any comment, and join me at sundown."

"How'll I get to you without leaving sign?"

"Water leaves no tracks. Clayton keeps a little skiff down where the lake backs up in old Fort McRae Cañon. I'll give you a note to Clayton. You get the key and sidle down to the boat to-morrow. Turn your horse loose and hide your saddle. Row out in the main big lake and paddle along upstream. You know where the old Gonzales place used to be? Well, just east of there is a lava cliff sharp as a knife blade, half a mile long, and high. Only it isn't really a cliff—it's a dike; and it isn't lava, but obsidian. I'll be at the south end of it. By that time I ought to have the proper dope or the makings of it. That's all. Drive on."

A few minutes later, where the road was cut in the southern hillside, Joe stopped his buckboard at the upper end of the box, with the hub against a limestone ledge. He stood up; Uncle Ben raised the cushion, and from the little box under the seat took out a cloth flour sack, partly filled, and his ancient field glass with its leather case and strap. He slipped the strap over his head, picked up his rifle and his canteen, and stepped up to the rocky ledge; Joe handed him the grub sack.

"Hadn't you better take the big canteen, Uncle Ben?"

Teagardner grinned. "I told that baby killer about Squawberry, but I didn't tell him about Hidden Spring. That's up in the cliffs on this side. And the oldest man in the world couldn't tell the smartest one how to find it. That's another reason why you go to town and I don't."

"That old buffalo gun is mighty heavy. Don't you want mine?"

"I'm used to this gun. And you're used to yours. We might need 'em. I've got all the time there is. You drive on! No, wait! One thing more: Apgar & Co. have made a mistake and I may be making another one. We can't always sometimes tell. If anything should happen to me, Joe—don't you forget Brother Bowman! He is mixed up in this or worse. You keep his memory gangrene!"

VI

IN THE Book of Revelations, where Christobal Mountain is the footnote to a page, the undergraduate may read—among other things—how the earth contracted as it cooled and how the hardened outer crust of it, slow-sinking as it shrank to fit the denser central mass, left occasional surplus feet or miles of needless circumference. Then, where the crust was weak, those surplus feet or miles buckled and crumpled to wrinkles, such as we name Himalaya, Rocky or Andes; buckled and crimped, with arch and dip and fold, with lap and weld and overthrust. Outer miles of surface rock, sedimentary layers, cool and brittle, water-born, heaved up as a trapdoor is raised, bending, cracking, breaking to fold and splintered fault.

Deeper, the fire-born rock, held down by the enormous weight above, without room either to break or melt, yet forced to yield, was crushed together, the seamless rock interpiercing to greater density and a different texture; at the last, incompressible yet still compressed, was squeezed out and upward as paste is squeezed from a tube; was shoved up, irresistible, in dike or boss of granite, syenite, porphyry or gneiss, cleaving or lifting the mass above, shouldering it aside, fusing to living fire at the first touch of air, and stabbing upward in a last flaming thrust to stars and sky.

Christobal Mountain is among the least of these wrinkles. Insignificant and remote, it is yet part of the campus; and here, too, the candidate for a degree may find matter for consideration.

The granite circle which walls Rockingstone Valley, when it rose, tiptilted to forty-five degrees the thousand ledges of Rockingstone Cañon. It follows that if you start at the upper end of the box cañon of the Rockingstone—where Uncle Ben stepped from the buckboard—and follow down that cañon for three miles, until you reach the granite wedge which holds the mountain from falling over, you will see, in those miles of westing, precisely what you would have seen had you journeyed the like distance straight toward the center of the earth; which may possibly lead you to reflection upon the time used for the slow deposit of even one of these thousand tiptilt ledges, soapstone, sandstone, lime or shale; or the slow ages needed to press it from silt to stone.

On the Jornada, wells have been bored to twelve hundred feet. A hollow bit is used, diamond-pointed; a smooth core, three inches in diameter, is brought up as the drill cuts through rock. If you have a roll call of the various strata in Rockingstone Box, you may look at the last core and know surely what the next core will be—pudding-stone, quartzite, lime or flint; and how far before the drill strikes the next stratum—making some allowance for the landslip when the mountain was upended.

Another result is that, starting where Uncle Ben started,

climbing as he climbed, you find a mountain of rocky steps, jagged, broken and bare; in outline most like a steep roof would be if the shingles were laid with the butts up; and shedding water just as such a roof would shed it. This mountain is known and shunned as Washboard Hill.

Keeping to the bare rock, Uncle Ben turned back to the west again. He climbed the steep ledge for a dozen yards. Here a fallen block of stone made for him a way to a higher ledge. Edging back, that he might not be in sight from the cañon, he toiled up until he came to a favoring sheltered hollow, where a bush of laurel and a starved and stunted cedar made a screen for him on the very brink of the cañon. Uncle Ben crept into this little basin and laid by his burdens, bestowing the canteen carefully on the shady side of a sotol.

Cady, letting the buckskins out now to a long swinging walk, was well over in the open country toward the divide. Already the team grew small in the distance, but the sound of their brisk feet came bell-clear across the still and windless air. They passed from sight into the little defile below the summit. Uncle Ben crawled to the cañon's edge and peered cautiously through the laurel.

While he had been climbing west and up for fifteen minutes the cañon had dropped west and down; so that it was already a respectable precipice over which he looked. Looking down, the cañon seemed incredibly steep as it fell away into the box. But the mountain itself rose stiffly with each westward mile; as the floodway plunged deep and deeper, bristling headlands of the cañon wall, jutting to bold cape and promontory, deep-gulfed by chasmed voids of nothingness between, rose high and higher, cliff on cliff, tier on tier; dimming to beauty beyond the pearl-misted abyss of the outmost gulf, but nearer by, all threatening, bleak and grim.

"Dern my eyes!" muttered Uncle Ben. "Here I've never seen the Grand Cañon yet! How silly of me! Deleted ass!"

He turned his eyes to Saddle Gap. Cady was in the open again, on the last steep pitch. He gained the divide, paused there a breathing space, sky-lined sharply against the blue; he dipped swiftly from sight. Uncle Ben waited.

Stir and clamor in the air, a hollow drumming against the cliffs, a rising wave of sound that shaped to the measured beat of horse hoofs, echoed and tossed from wall to high wall. Far below two midget horsemen crawled to view round a curve in the cañon.

An intervening shoulder hid them, the echoes dwindled to a drone; swelled suddenly as the horsemen came out into the nearer reaches of the cañon. Uncle Ben lay very still. They rode at leisure. They came closer; their faces could be seen—Apgar and Banner.

"This is final," said Teagardner softly. "They might be guilty and not do this or innocent and not do this; they can't be innocent and do this."

They rode below him; their words reached his hiding place.

"They've gone on, of course," said Banner. "This is rather useless, you know."

"In a way, yes. Not a chance that anything is wrong. Or only one chance out of all possible chances. We cannot afford to take that one chance. From now on we must omit no precaution. Do you keep a sharp lookout that no tracks turn aside. That old man is capable of anything."

"We will be very wary of that dangerous person." The palpable sneer was as much for Apgar as for Teagardner. "Why, if I may ask, did you find it expedient to entertain a fossil so formidable?"

"The man is Nestor; his influence with the community can hardly be overestimated. His word has almost the force of law. That stiff-necked old fool has always disliked me and distrusted me. Now he has seen for himself; his word will silence any chance questioning about us. Much more to the purpose, he will make no questioning of his own. It could hardly have fallen out better. I had pressed him to a longer stay; his own affairs called him back. So much for that. For the rest, sir, you grow insubordinate. It is not for you to call my acts into question. You forget yourself, I think."

"This endless wait, wait, wait has been the most tedious business of my life," returned Banner sullenly. "Only two days more—thank God for that!"

"It was necessary. Just as it will be necessary for us to stay on for a while—afterward."

"For you, doubtless. You are the owner. But I am merely a blacksmith."

"You are under my orders," said Apgar haughtily.

"Until the job is finished—no longer. Then I move on. I am no enlisted man; nor are you an officer. I find you are too patient and painstaking for my temperament." Banner's voice had been raised in anger. Even so, the fossil's straining ears could hardly hear the last sneering words. Apgar's reply, plainly vehement, was unintelligible; the fossil could only make out a word here and there. They rode on.

Uncle Ben twisted a few small tufted twigs from the dwarfed cedar, squirmed back to his pack, took his field glass from the sheath and masked it with the cedar twigs—lest some chance sparkle or reflection of sunlight on glass should catch a prowling eye—and trained it on Saddle Gap from the rim of his rocky stronghold. When the two horsemen reached the divide Uncle Ben's old eyes watched from behind his Lilliputian rampart.

They shunned the sky line; dismounting, they crept to the crest with a caution second only to Uncle Ben's, and peered over through a spyglass of their own; crawled back, mounted again, and turned back toward Rockingstone.

"All safe—the old fossil is gone," croaked the old fossil grimly.

He dropped back into his shelter and buckled his field glasses into their case. He next became suddenly aware that his rocky stronghold, soaking up the sun, was uncomfortably warm, and that he was dripping with perspiration. Comforting himself with a mouthful of water from the canteen, he replaced it in the shade, unstoppered, that such faint breeze as stirred might help to keep it cool. Then he lay back and sweltered.

When his enemies passed he crawled to the outpost cedar to listen.

They rode by, wordless and sullen. When they passed out of sight down the cañon Uncle Ben got to his feet with a sigh of relief, arranged his pack, grub sack, canteen and spyglass, picked up his rifle, and set forth for the crest of Washboard Hill.

Far Below Two Midget Horsemen Crawled to View Round a Curve in the Cañon

He climbed in long slow zigzags, and each one took him farther and farther from Rockingstone Box, until at last he came out to the southern edge of Washboard Hill. The great long lake spread out below him in full view, inlet and sprawling creek, gulf and bay, deep fiord and dotted islands; the black crater above Fort McRae; the far white-gleaming crest of the dam; the high sharp profile of Caballo Mountain beyond, a spear point thrusting at the dam; the misty winding valley below; in the west the towering bulk of San Mateo, the long panorama of the Black Range, the nearer jagged outline of Cuchillo Negro; in the south, the far blue parapets of Cook's Peak, and Florida Mountain swimming in blue haze.

Teagardner dropped from the edge of Washboard to the southern slope, and there took to a narrow trail-like ledge. It bent to the right and came out in a deep notch; by taking to the hillside he had avoided a long and wasted climb to an abrupt step-off; in fact he followed, on the hillside at least, an old Indian war trail. The Apache on the warpath shunned the broad and easy way and traveled in the most inaccessible and improbable country he could find.

He walked slowly, with frequent rests; but as the afternoon wore on he went no more slowly than at first. He traversed another weary sequence of zigzags; again he left the staircase hill to wind round the southern slope. When first he had followed that old trail it had been lately traveled by savage warriors; it was fresh marked by broken twig and patrin. Far down the steep, Uncle Ben saw monuments of his building—and another's. The Horace Greeley Mine—so long ago!

"Old Pres!" Uncle Ben whispered. His bent shoulders straightened; his faded eyes kindled with a smile for his youth and his dead friend.

He turned into a second gap-tooth notch. He drank sparingly; the canteen was light now. Then he set himself to a third splintered slope, and so came late to the last and highest peak of Washboard Hill, looking down upon Rockingstone Valley.

For some time he had kept in toward the right; he was near the edge; close at hand, beyond the cañon, the northern wall heaved up in mighty masonry.

Again he put by his pack; taking his glasses only, again he crawled to the brink, seeking cover behind a prickly pear. This time his caution was needed. A third of a mile away, beyond the mouth of the box cañon and almost on a level with him, a sentinel sat under the Rocking Stone and kept watch up the cañon.

The old man squirmed back, took up his belongings—heavy belongings now!—and made a wide detour to the south. He found a hazardous way down a shattered limestone cliff to a tumbled and bowlder-strewn slope; turned back to the right and came to a southbound cañon heading in a deep pass gashed between Washboard Hill and the upshooting granite walls of Rockingstone Valley; a steep slope on this side, sheer and inaccessible toward the valley.

(Continued on Page 101)

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PHILADELPHIA, MAY 24, 1919

Ability

ANY given day the last thirty years a million young men and women were writing down words for publication—all of them, by and large, with about the same industry and using about the same implements in about the same way. By and large there was little difference in their training for that occupation. They had been taught not only to write but to write grammatically, and had enjoyed certain advantages that gave them a taste for writing. Otherwise they would not have been spending their time at it. Pretty much, as a general sort of proposition, they started at taw. Some of them became newspaper reporters, good, bad and indifferent. Some of them found their writings in demand by larger audiences. Some of them commanded world-wide attention.

Now everybody understands that as a matter of course. The most violent radicals understand it as naturally as a child understands what food is for. Recently, for example, American radicals of the pinkest hue have exerted themselves to find phrases by which to express their admiration of a Spaniard named Ibáñez, who put words on paper in a way so excellent that everywhere in the world people who derive pleasure from that art are eager to get as many of his words as possible.

Everybody says as a matter of course: "Among those million young people who started on the same road pretty much at taw there were very different degrees of ability. Some had small ability and did not get far. Others got farther, in the measure of their ability. Still others, peculiarly gifted, distanced all but a few rivals. Some subtle difference in the contents of their skulls accounts for it."

But as soon as a man forges ahead on a different road, if instead of putting words on paper he addresses himself to making shoes or selling dry goods and so succeeds at it that people take his shoes or dry goods in preference to others—why, then the same radicals account for him in a totally different manner. They say he must have cheated somehow, or got some unfair advantage, or the "system" slipped him ahead of his rivals.

Being themselves engaged in putting words on paper they have an understanding of it. But business—making shoes, selling dry goods, building trolley lines—as they look at it, one blockhead can do that as well as another; the blockhead who got ahead must have had some illicit advantage. Much radical criticism of business generally proceeds on that basis.

Recognizing Lenine

NORMAL people want nothing to do with a blackguard. They prefer to let him severely alone and have no dealings of any sort with him. But if a blackguard is loose in the neighborhood throwing rocks through the windows and setting fire to the outbuildings letting alone becomes impracticable. That is the case in Russia.

During the war President Wilson repeatedly refused to have any dealings with the government at Berlin, declaring it to be a criminal organization, not representative of the people of Germany, and void of honor. The arguments apply with double force to the so-called government at Petrograd. It is a nest of bandits, impotent for anything but loot, whose avowed chief object is to spread disorder and destruction wherever it can gain a foothold. Cables for a while have carried many intimations that some sort of recognition of this régime was under consideration. It was said that in return for recognition, food and materials Lenine would agree to cease attacking other governments and acknowledge some of Russia's debts.

To accept that would be equivalent to adding a paragraph to the constitution of the League of Nations legitimatizing blackmail. In order to keep that promise the Bolshevik chieftains would have to break all the promises by which they gained power—promises of a world-wide proletarian dictatorship based precisely on repudiation of debts and all other bourgeois obligations. Of course they would not keep the promise.

There must be no action which implies that the Bolsheviki are entitled to consideration as a legitimate government. They are inveterate blackguards at large and the only dealing with them must be for the purpose of minimizing their powers of mischief until they run their inevitable course to extinction. While they are attacking every state round them they cannot be ignored. But there must be nothing that implies acceptance of them as fit to sit down in the same room with legitimate governments. A nation whose self-respect forbade it to deal with the Kaiser on any terms implying equality is doubly bound not to deal with Lenine and Trotzky on equal terms.

There is a good deal of cool but shortsighted calculation in Hungarian and German Bolshevism. They owe an enormous debt and calculate that by adopting the Russian style of anarchy they can avoid paying it. Of course they can, for the time being. Anybody can avoid paying his debts by simply destroying his property and ceasing to produce an income.

But that is a game at which their creditors can easily beat them if the creditors are steadfast and patient. Anarchy soon reaches the end of its tether. The plain necessity of living will presently compel a return to order and industrial efficiency.

Even in agricultural Russia Lenine and Trotzky have already about run the circle. They are appealing now because they want the food, materials, helps to production which only the strong nations can give. A Bolsheviked Middle Europe would come round to that as a matter of life or death even sooner.

But any recognition of Russian Bolshevism now would simply put a premium on Bolshevism in Germany and Hungary. It would advertise: "This is the way to beat the Allies!" The plain fact is that only the Allies and the United States can keep Bolshevism on its feet very much longer in Russia. If that were not the fact Lenine and Trotzky would not be bidding now for recognition and materials, and promising to repudiate their own repudiations in order to get them.

There is an emotional radicalism which does not mind what a man does but only what he promises. If he whistles the Marseillaise it is immaterial whether he is pulling a child out of the water or throwing it in. That sort of unstable temperament wants Bolshevism not only recognized but invited to the head of the table. Normal people want it handcuffed—and nothing done which implies that it deserves other treatment.

Doing and Criticizing

OFFHAND we could easily pick a dozen editors any one of whom could have shut himself up in his office with a few reference books and settled the whole business of the Peace Conference in three days. If he had let in three other editors it would have taken three times as long. Still, any one of a dozen editorial Big Fours could have disposed of it all in fewer days than the Paris conference took weeks.

Because the editors would have been thinking in a vacuum—which is an incalculable advantage. They would have sat down at the chessboard and moved the pieces as they pleased; whereas at Paris every piece—down to the smallest pawn—that anybody touched or even looked at immediately flew off in some other direction and threw all the other pieces into confusion.

That is the critic's enormous advantage over the doer. When the critic says "*Fiat!*" the thing is done. When the doer says "*Fiat!*" somebody replies "Go to the devil," and hits him on the nose. Since the date for the conference was set there have hardly been two days together when we have not read a settlement of the most troublesome questions—dogmatic, cocksure and often with much contempt for the doddering incompetents at Paris who were taking such an unconscionable time to make such a sorry mess. That is the critic's great advantage. It is only fair to remember it when reading criticism.

Probably no sober historian will ever say of the peace settlement what Gladstone said of our Constitution—that it is the greatest piece of political work ever struck off by the mind of man at a given time. But the work was done by the duly chosen representatives of the foremost and most democratic nations of the world. It is doubtful that the representatives of the foremost and most democratic nations of the world will ever at a given time show a materially higher level of statesmanship. The instruments that achieved the peace settlement, in short, are exactly such as, by and large, we must expect to work with in the future. They were dealing with a monstrously difficult complex of hard and living facts.

And their chief difficulty was this: The world aspired to cast itself in a new political pattern. The European statesmen at Paris understood that aspiration and sympathized with it. They all said so. But when they sat down to act concretely their minds helplessly fell back into the old pattern. The new pattern was to be a friendly, mutually trustful, mutually helpful society of nations, with no subjugation of peoples, no taking of predatory advantages. They all accepted that as an abstract intellectual concept. But when they sat down to concrete acts they immediately began seeking subjugations and advantages. Only when they thought in a vacuum could they pry their minds away from experience.

Politics is a comparatively abstract, detached thing anyway; yet substantially changing its pattern was tremendously difficult. A good many people imagine the infinitely more difficult thing of casting the world overnight in a brand-new pattern economically. It cannot be done.

A Verbal Error

IT IS rather melancholy to hear any numerous and more or less representative gathering of American workmen talk nowadays about wage slavery, because it is such patent balderdash. They might as well stand up in vigorous physical completion and gravely argue that they have only one leg apiece. We imagine a strict inquiry to-day would show that the real income of the average skilled workman is not much inferior to that of the average farmer, who is not only a skilled workman with no eight-hour day but a capitalist as well.

It is true that the farmer has greater assurance of his job and that an actually great number of farmers enjoy a better real income than the best-paid wage earner. But if the whole six to seven million could be appraised and an average struck we imagine the difference in real income—in ability to command necessities, comforts and enjoyments—would not tip very much in favor of the farmer. To call either state slavery is the merest misuse of the word. No man is bound in the United States to-day save by his own limitations and vices.

Labor has a great deal to say that deserves the most respectful consideration, but it is difficult to respect anyone when he begins talking blatant nonsense. That bad verbal habit ought to be corrected.

Cotton Acreage

WE SUPPOSE Southern farmers are in a somewhat surprised state of mind. For many years they have been urgently advised, especially by Northern friends, that they ought to diversify farming more, reducing their cotton acreage and planting the released soil to other crops. This year, as the result of an especially vigorous campaign, they have reduced cotton acreage thirty per cent or so—according to reports so far at hand. Whereupon some of their Northern friends inform them with great indignation that they are engaged in a criminal conspiracy and ought to be put in jail, en masse, under the Sherman law.

Two or three times within a few months some sixteen thousand harbor hands in New York have refused to work, tying up shipping in the country's chief port, reducing the metropolis to such straits for coal that it seemed doubtful whether the street cars could run, and causing many other heavy inconveniences. Nobody so far as we know has suggested that there was anything unlawful about that. If the harbor workers wanted to strike they had the right. It would be strange if the same set of laws which permitted that forbade farmers—not to strike but simply to plant less ground to a given crop.

Finally, Southern planters can exercise only a very limited control over the price of cotton. If they should force prices too high consumption would be curtailed, substitutes would be used and cotton planting everywhere else in the world would be stimulated. If they raise less cotton they will raise more food and food will be cheaper. A successful conspiracy by farmers to extort unreasonable prices from the public in respect of any great staple product is impossible. Only an unduly excited mind can see an attempt at such a conspiracy in the movement to reduce cotton acreage under present conditions.

Farmers ought to use their land in the way that will bring them the maximum return. When they have done that they will have produced the greatest quantity of the things for which there is the greatest demand. Wheat farmers might theoretically increase their wheat profit in a given year by halving their acreage; which would automatically increase wheat acreage elsewhere and the loss on the abandoned acreage here would offset the wheat profit.

MADE IN FRANCE

By Edward Hungerford

DECORATION BY GUERNSEY MOORE

IN THE great lobby of the Continental Hotel in Paris there sits a good portion of each day a group of American business men—at ease; at least apparently at ease. In the equally great lobby of the Grand Hotel there sits a similar group—also at ease apparently. In some of the smaller hotels of the French capital there are other similar groups. And they also are at ease apparently. These are American business men, remember, the advance agents of American enterprise and ingenuity, who crossed the Atlantic immediately after the signing of the armistice with the definite purpose of helping put France on her industrial feet—as quickly as it might be done. They are, almost all of them, high-salaried men—men whose time is worth money, and a lot of it. You would not see them sitting round the lobbies of any great hotel of New York or Chicago or San Francisco at any ease whatsoever. And even in France their ease is assumed—or forced. The latter is true. And thereby hangs this story.

Four months after the signing of the armistice I walked into the city of Metz, the most important town of Lorraine. The French pronounce it Mess, and somehow that pronunciation rather well suits the present condition of affairs there; for France has undertaken the extremely difficult task of the immediate transformation of a city of 75,000 persons—which has been under German dominance for forty-eight years and to-day has more than half of her population of Teuton strain—into a real French city; a city of French enthusiasms and French loyalties.

France for Frenchmen

SHE began with the street signs. The German markers were quickly removed and replaced by ones that left no doubt as to the nationality of the place. The Deutsches Wall became the Avenue du Maréchal Foch, and the Kaiserplatz the Place de la République. On the ancient city gate near the railroad station—the Prinz Friedrich Karl Tor of pre-armistice days—scaffoldings had been erected and workmen with chisels and mallets were busily employed in chipping off the German inscriptions, while a canvas sign hastily placed at the top of the structure proclaimed it as La Porte de Nos Libérateurs. The man who shaved me gave me his new business card. In other days he had been plain Franz Wagner, *friseur;* now he was François Wagner, *coiffeur;* while the butcher across the street was Jean Schmidt, instead of Johann Schmidt of an earlier time. No German signs were to be found upon the streets—at their corners or over their shops or in their windows.

And German goods had disappeared. The busy factories of a remarkably industrious people would no longer sell in Metz. Its shop windows now held the products of Paris and Rouen and Lyons. And if one might dare to doubt or not quickly understand they made assurance doubly sure by placarding them with the oft-repeated inscription: Made in France.

This is not the story of the French problem of quickly counteracting forty-eight years of German influence and propaganda and reviving the loyalty of the two fat provinces that so long were lost to France and recently so providentially regained. That, of itself, is a man-size problem. For if she mind not her footsteps with exceeding great care France may yet find that in Alsace-Lorraine she has acquired an Irish problem of her own.

This is the story of another problem that confronts her—a problem in which we Americans are directly and vitally interested—a problem that may most quickly be expressed in that single legend of the Metz shop windows: Made in France.

For France apparently has ruled—as at first sight she seemingly has a perfect right to rule—that the manufactures of other nations—even of those nations who came to her aid in the great crisis of her superb fight for the democracy of the world, when things were going black and black and blacker still—shall not enter her territory in competition with the output of her own factories. Her policy in this regard seems definite; and to a slight extent also consistent. And to make it thorough she has not been content merely to impose terrific import duties but has absolutely banned products that were willing to scale these high-tariff fences to gain admittance to the land that stands in such dire need of them. Which in turn means that upon the docks of her great ports of Brest and Havre and Bordeaux and Marseilles there stands to-day case after case of American goods which may have to be either destroyed or returned to the land of their manufacture. Hence the groups of American business men who still haunt the lobbies of the Paris hotels or else, hopeless, seek passage on the crowded ships bound toward the dear old U. S. A.

The situation seems incredible. France needs certain goods; England and Germany and ourselves have those goods and are willing to ship them to her. Germany for the moment we may eliminate, though presently we shall see how German dye manufacturers may and probably will benefit directly by the present French situation—to the confusion and humiliation and expense of the British and the American makers of dyes.

But England and the United States are the Allies of France. They came to her aid in her dire emergencies—and no matter what may have been the selfish reasons for the giving of that aid it was given and given most generously. They have come to her aid in the great problems of her reconstruction, and again are prepared to give and give most generously. No, not for profit alone. I do not believe that after Ypres and the Argonne any fair man could say the Englishman or the American lives for the guinea or for the dollar alone. We are a folk of great sentiment as well as of commercial enterprise. And upon the occasion of our opportunity we did not hesitate to show that sentiment. This leads me to the belief that in his desire to help accomplish the reconstruction of France the American manufacturer thinks last of the profits he may accomplish; of which more in good time.

In a field of Southern France, uncovered and unprotected, stand a thousand American-built automobiles, the product of a Detroit motor-car concern which has made its owner famous the world over. They are part of an order of 8000 cars which the French Government contracted for nearly a year ago, at a cost of 1875 francs—$375—each. Up to the time of the signing of the armistice some 3500 of them had been delivered from the American company's factory and assembling station at Bordeaux. Of the remaining 4500 were the thousand cars which had been assembled and which are still standing in the parking space near the factory.

The unassembled parts for the 3500 others are in France, stored within the plant. It would not be a difficult matter to set them up.

France in these days is short—fearfully short—of motive vehicles. Horses—even of the rag, tag and bobtail variety that her army, even in its hungry and eager search, scorned to accept—command anywhere from a thousand dollars apiece upward. And motor trucks of every sort are still harder to obtain. It is not a question of price; it is one rather of supply. The American automobile building company felt that this problem of its remaining cars was no problem whatsoever. It was a question that answered itself: 4500 motor cars would indeed be a boon to France, whose reconstruction problem cried out primarily for highway transportation of every sort.

Yet when the American manufacturer's representatives approached the French Minister of Reconstruction in regard to the cars, for which the army now had no use, they found no coöperation whatsoever; on the contrary, great opposition. The government refused point-blank to release the cars. The concern put its offer in writing. It would buy the 4500 automobiles back at the price paid by the government, plus 187 francs apiece, which would represent certain transportation charges that it had incurred, plus the stiff seventy per cent ad-valorem duty for their entrance into the country and plus the ten per cent luxury tax which you pay on purchasing everything in France these days—from shoes and cocktails to opera seats and limousines.

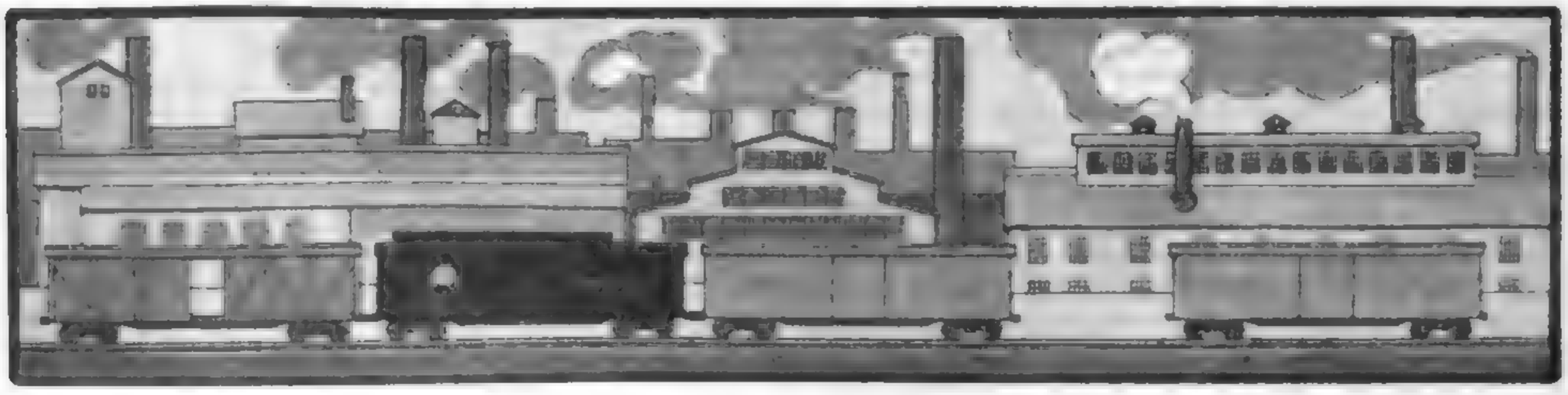
It sketched out its plan in great detail. It showed how the French Government would receive nearly 9,000,000 francs in customs and luxury taxes, to say nothing of the original 8,000,000 francs it had paid for the cars. In addition to which the company agreed to stabilize the retail price of the cars at an even thousand dollars apiece and estimated that the local agents would make a gross profit of some 5,850,000 francs, while a large number of men would receive immediate employment in its factories France scorned the plan; turned her back on the 17,000,000 francs, even though her credit steadily declines.

Nor was this all. The Minister of Reconstruction also informed the Detroit manufacturer that he could not import raw materials that would permit him to set up the operation of his factories, both at Bordeaux and at Levallois-Perret, which he had established before the war.

No Foreign Cars Need Apply

YOU see, France manufactures automobiles herself; very good automobiles, yet not very cheap ones. She is rather jealous of her automobile prestige and scorns our quantity production of motor cars. It is so like those Americans, she thinks, to try to make an elaborate creation, such as an automobile, almost entirely by machinery. How could one hope to have the perfection of finish and of detail in a mere machine-made product? Her artisans fashion her motor cars by the rare skill and time-taking processes of their own hands. Quantity production is unknown. You see, in France only the rich ride in motor cars. To have the farmer and the laboring man own their automobiles would be quite out of the question. Why? Well, it never has been done that way over there. Which is a typical French answer to a Yankee question. And a typical French solution of a Yankee problem.

Let me make my point more clear: The other day when I was up in Coblenz I found that the Germans had established six shoe-shining stores for the polishing of the boots of the doughboy. Each of these was doing a land-office business. The Germans, always commercially alert, had discovered that our buddy boy likes to get a store shine on his boots, and were reaping a harvest from the discovery. On the other hand, ever since I first arrived in Paris—at the very beginning of the year—I found those same buddy boys in the streets of the French capital asking where they could get their shoes shined. They missed the bright and brisk shoe-shining parlors in which our Greek and Italian friends come to fame and fortune in almost every American town, big or little. One of those shops—a dozen of them,



in fact, in some of the vacant stores of Paris would have coined money. But the French do not have their boots blacked that way. That settles it. The Frenchman has a servant polish his shoes or polishes them himself or goes without a shine. Others can do likewise. Adaptability is not part of his code. It is perhaps the greatest handicap under which he labors, and it is proving a fearful drawback to him in his great problem of reconstruction.

To return to our question. Perhaps it is good commercial policy for France, which specializes in the manufacture of automobiles and makes very fine motor cars, indeed, to attempt to bar out the motor cars of other lands. Perhaps if we were in her position we should do the very same thing ourselves. I have heard talk in America about infant industries; but here is an instance where the big French automobile manufacturers—who wield a powerful commercial and political influence over there—themselves wanted an American product, and could not get it. Some months ago they joined in asking a manufacturing concern out in Ohio, which specializes in electric devices for starting and lighting automobiles, to help them in their after-the-war reconstruction problem. They asked for help and they got it. A representative of the concern took a steamship from New York and hurried from Bordeaux up to Paris. He was informed of the difficulties of the statutes which protect the Made in France policy.

"That will be all right," said he smilingly. "We will arrange to ship over samples from our home plant, and you people yourselves can manufacture the equipments from our plans and specifications, paying us a royalty on each of them."

The Sahara of France

THAT seemed fair enough. The French authorities to whom it was broached proffered no objections to the scheme. So it was arranged that one of the French motor-car plants would do the actual work not only for itself but also for six or seven other large automobile concerns. The Ohio man cabled home for several cases of samples, for there were twenty-five or thirty different types and sizes of French cars to be equipped. In due time the cases came through, and the French Government upon being advised of their arrival refused to permit them to enter the country.

These things seem incredible, yet they are matters of record. The other day in the American Loungers' Club of the Continental I met a New York engineer of large reputation. The concern which he heads makes a specialty of producing a gas-consuming system which effects large fuel economies in the furnaces of steel and glass plants. With an aptitude for figures and a good knowledge of the industrial resources of France he saw that he could save a good-sized steel or glass manufactory many thousands of tons of coal.

Now if there is any one thing that France particularly needs to-day it is coal—unless perhaps it is glass. For the boche aviators, outside of their more serious destructions, accomplished enough smashing of windows and skylights to make an old-fashioned Kansas hailstorm full of envy. The New Yorker showed some results of his devices in America to several of the steel and glass men—both of whose products are to-day in tremendous and instant demand. In the absence of anything even approaching an adequate supply of glass France has filled her window frames with oiled paper, wired like our fire-resisting skylight glass. They assured him of the supreme necessity of extreme coal economies in their country. The flooding of the great mines in the Lens district has made the situation critical. And, as a matter of fact, England has shivered for three winters past in order that France should have from her mines at least the necessary pinch of coal to keep the Gallic body and soul together.

The Frenchmen were impressed by the New Yorker's story. At their suggestion he cabled for two samples of his device, and in due time they, too, came across the Atlantic. But were they any more fortunate than the automobile devices, and quickly admitted to a country facing industrial starvation and defeat? Answer: They were not.

The closely built district north and slightly east of Paris in the days before the war was the New England of France. Now it is her Sahara. Yet only a little time ago—five brief years—and here was her Connecticut, her Rhode Island, her Massachusetts and her Southern New Hampshire and Maine—the cream of her industrial territory. Rheims was best known as a champagne center. Yet her wine industry gave food and lodging and clothing and life itself to but some 12,000 persons, while more than 60,000 were dependent upon her great textile factories—producing woolens that all the rest of Europe envied, and even silks that vied with the products of the far-famed looms of Lyons.

Soissons made both cottons and woolens, and it was the spinning looms of Cambrai that first made and gave the name to cambric, even though the French to this day prefer to call it batiste, after that old-time citizen of Cambrai, Baptiste Coutaing, who first perfected it. Southern New England is not more closely peopled with textile factories than the ancient provinces of Picardy and Flanders. Soissons was a French Manchester, Cambrai her Fall River, Rheims a glorified Pawtucket, and Lille a mighty Lowell.

But Soissons and Cambrai and Rheims St.-Quentin too—to-day are desolate ruins; to which the French with their rare genius for propaganda take journalists and other folk of alien lands in motor cars and special trains. The destruction is complete, the desolation the greatest that the world has ever known.

When one sees these ruined towns he begins to realize why clothing, both men's and women's, is expensive these days in Paris; why a suit of very ordinary quality will cost a man from seventy-five to one hundred dollars and a woman half as much again. There is a great shortage of woolens in France. And as for cotton, a man's collar sells at three francs. If you do not believe even yet that there is a shortage in textiles, go out upon the boulevards and watch the women. The skirts of their new suits are barely reaching the knees.

Yet despite this shortage of cloths, despite the utterly ruined condition of so many of the textile industries of France, she has kept the barriers up against both England and the United States. In the case of England her rulings recently have been modified, yet for many months she refused steadily and obstinately to give importation permits which had been asked by British manufacturers for woolen yarn to the value of five million pounds sterling and woolen cloth to approximately twice that figure. And all the while she refused to plan for her wool supply for after the war, though knowing very well that it will be a full six months after she begins to place her orders for the raw wool before it begins to arrive at her ports. It takes some time for it to come from the sheep's back to the combing and the carding machines.

At the time that this is written no modifications have been made in the rulings against woolens of American manufacture, despite the fact that several months ago the Woolen Association in New York offered France some $25,000,000 worth of cloth at one-third less than the prices that were being asked in the United States. The offer of the woolen men was generous, but lest it be charged that I am painting our own manufacturers in too altruistic a hue permit me to say that a market condition here had left them with a large excess of cloth on their hands. Throughout 1918 the most of us lived in expectation of a prolonged war. This was particularly true of our women folk. And colors, certain colors in particular, they simply would not buy either in the spring or in the fall of that year. This was the cloth that was offered France. It was good cloth, and it was offered at a generous figure. But it was refused—and without an excess of thanks. Nor would France permit the importation of either English or American cottons.

"But how about Lille?" you, who may have made a slight study of the French industrial situation, may ask. "Lille was not destroyed. And if the French will not permit the importation of cottons surely they can begin to make them, and so hold to their Made in France policy."

To France and Back Again

CAN they? Let us see. Lille indeed was one of the great spinning cities of Continental Europe. The thread of her looms—the famous "Lisle" that took her name—has no superior. And it is quite true that the great textile factories of Lille were not destroyed but were merely looted. Mr. Will Irwin, in a recent issue of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, has told how this was done, with what German efficiency and devilishness and ingenuity; how the machinery was marked—loom after loom and carder after carder—and when the appointed time came was taken away, by an odd coincidence, to the very land from which it first came. For it so happens that there are only three nations well prepared to make spinning machinery—England, Germany and the United States. The French textile makers seemed to prefer the German machines. Or was it all part of the keen business enterprise of the subjects of the former Kaiser?

It was quite unthinkable that France should turn again to Germany for her carding machines and her looms. England with her own immediate problems of reconstruction was unable to make prompt delivery of them. But the United States—we could produce the cotton-spinning machinery, and for that matter the woolen machines—without delay. In fact, it so happened that we held in hand a sufficient reserve of this very equipment to start several good-sized mills in a matter of mere months. America did not wait for France to call upon her for this particular commercial help. A big firm here, which specializes in spinning-mill machinery, scented the situation and in late November hurried its president, together with one of its best mechanical experts, over to France. In a short time they were in Lille and in conference with one of the largest manufacturers there. He showed them his great plant—room after room of disorder and emptiness and desolation. The Germans had not been content to take the machines themselves, but also took the engines, the shafts, the belts and the pulleys which drove them. And this was no mean enterprise. In the days before the war it had employed 3500 men and women—the factory folk of Lille, who were anxious to get back to work once again. Starvation was hardly more than just round the corner. Great relief organizations—both French and American—were and still are distributing food to the hungry people of the town.

"There isn't a day to be lost," said the Frenchman who headed the enterprise.

"We Americans don't lose many days," replied the man from this side of the Atlantic. "Let's get right down to business."

Within half an hour the terms of the transaction had been arranged. In only a little longer time the cotton spinner of Lille arranged his credit; and the very next day a long cable was filed at Paris specifying the number and style of machines wanted, and urging their prompt shipment. The situation was indeed desperate. America knew that and lost no time. The carders and the looms were in stock or could be quickly assembled. Within a fortnight after the receipt of the cable here they were at New York and being loaded into a ship bound overseas. They went to Brest and were unloaded upon the quays of that busy port.

Upon these quays they waited for thirty days—while frantic men in Paris tried to unsolve the devious ways of French officialdom, and failed. And after thirty days the machines went away again from Brest. Where to? To Lille? Oh, no! To New York. The sacked and empty factory of Lille still sacked and empty stands. And the American manufacturer was only out his freight charges across the ocean and back.

Will France Buy From Germany?

INCREDIBLE? Perhaps so, until you come to understand the Frenchman better. For instance, take another question, closely allied with the making of textiles—that of dyes. Everyone knows that up to 1914 Germany controlled the dye markets of the world. No one seemingly could compete with her either as to price or as to quality. And the textile manufacturers of every land had become dependent upon her. In the emergency which the great war created and after dyestuffs ceased to come across the Atlantic, both England and America, being put to it, created sizable dye industries of their own. In our case this industry has been one of the most prominent of our war brides, likely to survive through the long years of peace that are to come. It has erected huge permanent buildings, is employing thousands of men and women, and is utilizing some $150,000,000 of capital. In England it has attained only slightly lesser proportions, there employing $100,000,000 of capital—one-half of which, it is interesting to notice, was advanced by the government in order to see that a British infant industry got a fair start on this combative old earth. It always is well perhaps to see what our competitor is doing, and how he does it.

France is fearfully short of dyes. Of certain basic colors she has none at all. It is one of the great problems that face her famous dressmakers to-day. And their patrons will tell you of instance after instance of the faulty dyes that are being used; with the direct result that her reputation as a *coutourière*—where she hitherto has stood without a rival—is in grave danger.

France had heard of our rapid development in dye making during the past three years. And her textile *syndicat* immediately got together and gave a generous dyestuff order to the United States, which before it could even be placed upon the cable was quashed completely by the government, and a definite order made that no dyestuffs could be imported either from this country or from England. And yet France was no more in position to manufacture dyes than she was to build spinning looms and carders; while her entire textile industry hung in the balance because of a need of all of these.

What, then, was she to do for dyestuffs? Where was she to turn for them? Well, you see, there is Germany.

Germany! Can France consider beginning trading at once and upon a large scale with her most-hated rival—in everything that pertains to commercial trade, to life itself—the very land whose trade she is attempting this moment to throttle?

Yet France has a plan—fairly definite in the minds of some of her statesmen—by which she may obtain dyestuffs from across the Rhine, from the manufacturers who, with so many of the world markets now closed to them, will be anxious to make dyes for France at a price far lower than either England or we can possibly make. And there will be plenty of folk ready to whisper into the ears of the Paris dressmakers hints as to the unreliability of dyes come from a newborn industry.

But there is apparently another and deeper reason why France to-day seriously considers going to the Germans for her dyes. It is the indemnity; that vast sum of money which France firmly believes the Huns are going to pay her for the hellishness that they wrought in her New England. At all times this is first and foremost in her mind. She lives in the dreams of billions to be paid by a

(Continued on Page 119)

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RED-AND-WHITE LABEL
WITH TOMATO SAUCE

THE FIGHT THAT FAILED

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

"Co'se, Bein' as the Chu'ch Is Gittin' It Up, 'Twoul'n't Do to Say Nothin' Right Out Loud; But Whenever Real Professional Fighters Git Together They Ain't Gwine be No Sof' an' Fancy Sparrin' Pulled"

CUPID BALDON stepped back from the mirror and surveyed his reflection complacently. He gave a final reassuring pat to the cerise scarf, adjusted his near panama to the precise angle of ultra fashion, dusted his cane with an exhandkerchief, and departed

As he strutted through the front doorway of the four-room house the two little negro boys on the veranda ceased boisterous play and stared reverently.

"Tha's him!"

"No!"

"Yeh—shuah 'nuff!"

"Not Cupid Baldon, the prize fighter?"

"Uh-huh! Tha's the ve'y man what he is."

Cupid was smiling contentedly when he reached the gate and turned down the tree-lined thoroughfare. That prize-fighter idea had been inspirational. It had given to him—a stranger—a distinction he had never before enjoyed. Cupid's sojourn in town had been a cumulation of social triumphs, justifying a rank extravagance in the matter of wardrobe For, since he had elected to palm himself off as the *ne plus ultra* of negro middleweights, it was meet and proper that he should dress the part.

The fact that his dabbling in the realm of padded mitts and powdered resin had been confined to three hectic months as punching bag for and third assistant second to a fourth-rate, battered-up, broken-down pugilist in New Orleans troubled him not at all. During that epochal period he had absorbed the patter of the prize ring as a sponge absorbs water, and the ease with which it dripped from his lips lent verisimilitude to his pugilistic pretensions. Certainly he had the colored population dancing to his tune. Nor was there anything about his physique to give the lie to his bombastic claims. He was of medium height, alarmingly thickset, and boasted a square pugnacious jaw, a broad flat nose, and narrow squinting eyes. He declaimed voluminously of his prowess and achievements. And, close as he was to the shoals of pecuniary embarrassment, he was enjoying himself to the utmost while his cash held out. Later—well, he was highly indifferent about the future. That indeterminate era had a pleasant and infallible habit of taking care of itself.

He strolled four blocks, turned in at the gate of a cozy little cottage which nestled comfortably behind carefully cultivated flower beds, mounted to the veranda and rapped on the door.

Maldonia Rouse answered in person.

Maldonia was garbed for the street in a manner that would have relegated the most radiant rainbow to pale colorless oblivion. She had permitted an amazing artistic sense to run riot in selecting the garments for her afternoon promenade with this latest social lion. She blazed with colorful glory.

Style was Maldonia's long suit. It more than atoned for the shameful neglect of her careless progenitors, who had imparted to their offspring no startling degree of pulchritude. There was a captivating *élan* about Maldonia that was decidedly more than skin-deep. She smiled roguishly.

"You is late, Cupid."

"Is I?" He shrugged indifferently.

"I ain't objectin'," she interpolated hastily, fearful of his resentment; "on'y I is been waitin' fo' a mighty long time "

"Is you?"

She smiled again.

"You is the leas'-talkin'es' man, Cupid! Le's go."

They rambled toward the center of town, a truly resplendent couple. Maldonia's left hand rested proudly on Cupid's powerful arm. His eye caught the glitter of a diamond on the third finger.

"That a ginuwine di'min', Maldonia?"

"Shuah is!"

"Cleophus White give it to you?" His eyes narrowed slightly.

"Yeh."

"You an' him is engage', ain't you?"

"Uh-huh! We is engage'."

"To be ma'ied?"

"Suttinly not! We is on'y jes' engage'."

"Oh!" sighed Cupid, vastly relieved. "Tha's diff'ent."

Eighteenth Street was aseethe with the activities of mid-afternoon. The three negro photoplay houses were crowded with enthusiastic patrons; crowds eddied about the doors of the Penny Prudential Bank Building, the imposing office structure owned by and for negroes; drays rattled over the network of car tracks; a steady stream of automobiles honked impatiently. Lining the curb were about twoscore languid young men, idling away the hours.

Cupid perceptibly slackened pace as they reached this Mecca of the city's Afro-American populace. He was sartorially preëminent and welcomed comparison. He and his companion approached the New Queen Vaudeville Theater—Colored Only. Against the lamp-post before the ornate portal of this model temple of amusement two young men were leaning—one a large light-brown individual, with an alarmingly immature mustache; the other short, slender, and excessively prosperous in appearance.

The smaller man raised his hat to Maldonia. Cupid Baldon returned the bow. The large man stared frigidly at the girl and remained motionless. Cupid stopped short, feet spread wide, cane twirling suggestively. He addressed the angry-looking mustached individual.

"Cleophus White, I done bowed to you!"

"That so?" Cleophus raised a pair of eyes shot through with jealous green.

"Yeh," retorted Cupid, with deadly earnestness. "An' w'en I bows to a gen'leman I mos' usuamly espects him to return my bow back."

"Espects ain't does, Mistuh Baldon."

"Ise waitin' fo' that bow."

Cleophus stiffened. He was thirty pounds heavier than Cupid. He opened his lips to consign the other to a region noted for the monotonous sameness of its weather reports. Then he closed his lips and raised his hat, eyes focused on the girl.

"How you is this evenin', Miss Rouse?"

"Tol'able, Mistuh White; tol'able, thank you."

Mr. Baldon and Miss Rouse moved triumphantly on. Cleophus waited until his fiancée and her gentleman friend were safely out of earshot and then exploded with classic profanity. Florian Slappey patiently heard him through. "You is shuah some elegant cusser, Cleophus."

Cleophus immediately eclipsed all past performances.

"If'n you feel that way 'bout it," suggested Florian pertinently, "whyn't you bust him one?"

"Huh! Swell chancet I got 'gainst a prefessional fighter."

"Reckon you is thutty poun's heavier'n what he is."

"Thutty poun's don't do no good if'n he cain't be hit. Besides, you know I ain't no fightin' man. Never has been."

"No-o; I ain't reckon you is."

The silence that ensued was long. Florian Slappey terminated it:

"Bet you is thinkin'."

"I is."

"'Bout Cupid Baldon?"

"Him an' Maldonia. Flo'ian, that gal is doin' me dirt!"

"She shuah ain't lovin' you to death; an' that ain't no lie. Had a fuss?" Florian grinned.

"No. It's jes' Cupid Baldon. That nigger is plumb went to her haid."

"Don't you go worryin' 'bout that, Cleophus; she ain't nothin' on'y a gal."

"Yeh -an' he ain't nothin' on'y a man; an' they's a heap of trouble been caused in this heah worl' on account of gals an' men."

"I woul'n't let no wimmin go worryin' me, Cleophus. They's hell when they stahts."

"But s'posin' you was engage' to Maldonia?"

"I ain't "

"But if'n you was?"

"We-e-e-ell, if'n I was engage' to Maldonia, an' she was runnin' roun' premiscusslike with a prize fighter like what she is doin' with this heah Cupid Baldon, I reckon I'd jes' nacherly fix him."

"How?"

"They's ways." Florian waved his hand airily.

"Which ways?"

"Gimme time to think. . . . Reckon he could git licked, coul'n't he?"

"Not by no man in this town."

"S'mother town, then."

"Reckon so. But that don't answer me nothin'. What I is interes' in is what happens to him heah. Maldonia thinks he is the greates' fighter in the worl', an' he could git knocked to Kingdom Come an' back again somewheres else an' come back an' smooth things over with her with jes' a few sof' lies."

"Then," said Florian positively, "you is got to git him licked right heah."

"Ain't I done tol' you, Flo'ian ——"

But Florian was thinking and Cleophus fell silent. Finally the smaller man smiled broadly.

"Cleophus, is it wuth a hund'ed dollars to you to remove Cupid away from Maldonia?"

Cleophus gazed scornfully upon his friend.

"A hund'ed dollars! Shucks! That ain't nothin' on'y a baggytelle against how much I wan's to see that fo'-flushin' prize fighter git his'n."

"An' you is shuah Maldonia ain't on'y lovin' him on account he's such a good fighter?"

"Tha's it—that, an' 'cause all the gals is crazy 'bout'n him; an' it sort of goes to a gal's haid when a man which all the other gals wan's picks her out."

"S'posin'," suggested Florian happily—"s'posin' we could git this heah Cupid Baldon to make too much talk with his mouf 'bout'n he c'n lick any man of his weight in the worl', an' then git a real fust-class fighter down heah

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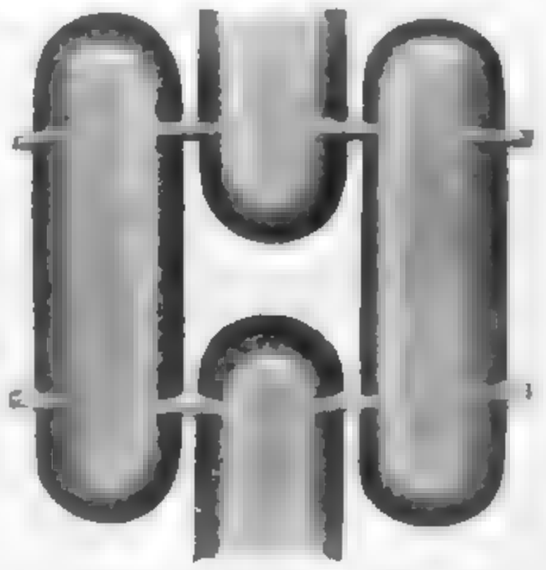

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Cupid Was a Study in Futurist Art. His Bathrobe Made Joseph's Coat Look Like a Sky and Shrinking Violet

(Continued from Page 32)

an' lick him—lick him reg'lar—Markis of Queensberry rules, an' all that? S'posin' that was to be—reckon Maldonia'd git sore at him an' th'ow him over?"

"S'posin'," returned Cleophus mournfully—"s'posin' I should inherit a million dollars, an' ev'ybody knowed I wan'ed to give a lot of it away on account I got a kin' heart; reckon I'd have much trouble findin' fellers which would take some? You is a good feller, Flo'ian, an' you knows heaps 'bout'n some things; but prize fighters ain't one of them things, Flo'ian—'cause you don't know nothin' a-tall whatever 'bout'n them."

"I wa'n't on'y s'posin'."

"You is the indisputed champeen s'posiner, Flo'ian. Yo' plan ain't no good a-tall, however, Flo'ian, fo' the simple reason that it's rotten. An', 'sides, they don't 'low no prize fightin' in Alabama."

"Don't 'low ain't got nothin' to do with the plan I got," responded Florian with dignity. "But if'n you is shuah I ain't got no sense ——" And he turned sadly away.

"That ain't it," pleaded his friend earnestly. "On'y I is a wo'ied man, Flo'ian; an' all I asts you is when you talks to me please try an' talk a li'l' sense. I says thiswise: If they ain't 'low prize fighting, how you gwine git Cupid licked heah?"

"'Tain't gwine be no prize fight."

"You is 'bout as clear as coal dust, Flo'ian." Cleophus threw up his hands.

"Lemme splain." Florian's face broke into a broad engaging grin. Explaining pet schemes was Florian's hobby, and he rode it verbosely and often. "They ain't no law gwine intumfere with this heah lickin' what Cupid Baldon is gwine git, on account they ain't no law in Alabama which says chu'ch members cain't box each other if'n they is on a picnic which the chu'ch gives."

Cleophus was still dazed.

"I reckon that is a elegant scheme you got, Flo'ian; but I ain't been heahin' nothin' 'bout no chu'ch picnic."

"Nor neither I ain't—yet."

"But if'n they ain't gwine be none ——"

"Who says they ain't?"

"But ——" Cleophus grabbed frantically for his wispy mustache.

"They is gwine be one."

"Which chu'ch?"

"I ain't shuah yet. Mos' prob'ly either the Fust African M. E. or the Primitive Baptis', on account both Rev'en' Plato Tubb an' Rev'en' Arlandas Sipsey, which pastorizes them chu'ches, is got lib'al views. Thing is this: I is gwine make talk with Rev'en' Plato Tubb, fust off, an' tell him to git up a picnic out to Blue Lake Pahk; an' the big feature is gwine be a athaletic ca'nival—wras'lin' an' baseball an' runnin', an' sechlike. An' the plumb biggest thing'll be a sparrin' match. Rev'en' Tubb'll fall fo' it—or, if'n he don't, Rev'en' Arlandas Sipsey will. Whichever one does will go to Cupid Baldon an' ast him will he box a exumbition fo' sweet cha'ity, on account all them proceeds is gwine to the chu'ch.

"Co'se, right off, Cupid'll want to know who he is gwine box with; an' Rev'en' Tubb ain't gwine tell him. 'Oh, jes' some local amachure!' he'll say. An' Cupid'll think it's a swell way he c'n show off befo' Maldonia, on account ladies will be there; an' he'll say yes, 'cause'n they ain't no man in town he cain't lick if'n they's near the same weight.

"It's gwine look like a imformal thing to him an' up to the day of the picnic he ain't gwine be wo'ied. An' he'll go boastin' roun' 'bout'n what he's gwine do to the other feller. Well, I an' you will write to Jockey Spider Hawkins, which is ridin' up to Latonia now, an' ast him to git us a high-class nigger fighter from over in Cinsnati fo' sevumty-five dollars an' espenses; an' then, jes' befo' the picnic, we is gwine let ev'ybody know 'bout'n this swell fighter which is comin' heah to lick Cupid.

"Co'se all the menfolks will on'erstan' right off quick that it's gwine be a real fight an' not no sparrin' exumbition; an' they'll all buy tickets an' make the picnic a big success. Then, if Cupid ain't all what he says he is, an' gits skeered, he'll leave heah absotively an' ontirely—which'll fix things all right 'tween you an' Maldonia. But if Cupid stays an' fights he'll git licked so bad they won't be nothin' lef' of him—on'y th'ee grunts an' a wiggle."

Florian placed well-manicured hands on slender hips and surveyed his friend triumphantly. He was infinitely pleased with himself as a schemer, and was particularly enamored of that portion of his scheme which cast the unsuspecting Tubb in the rôle of prize-fight promoter.

"Now, Cleophus, what you got to say 'bout'n my plan?"

Solemnly Cleophus White reached for the right hand of his friend. He crushed it in a grip of devout friendship.

"Flo'ian," he orated, "when a man is got a frien' like what you is he don't need nothin' mo'n on'y th'ee meals a day to be the happies' man what is. When you gwine staht off with this heah picnic talk?"

"Now!" retorted Florian pridefully. "They is a ol' an' true sayin', Cleophus: 'They ain't nothin' like a present!'"

It took just about fifteen minutes of adjectival monologue to wind up all arrangements with the Reverend Plato Tubb, of the First African M. E. Church. Florian found the reverend gentleman beautifully responsive. Reverend Tubb constitutionally favored anything which savored of an inflated treasury, and his clerical mind did not sprout the suspicion that there might be something more to the scheme than mere altruism.

"Is you gwine 'range it?" he asked.

Florian smiled a broad disarming smile.

"Nossuh, Rev'en' Tubb; you is gwine make all the 'rangements. Co'se I'll he'p with the details. They's this heah Cupid Baldon ——"

"The prize fighter?" Reverend Tubb elevated his hands in pious horror.

"Tha's which. If'n you asts him he is gwine do it. Jes' a li'l' sciumtific sparrin' match—see? Co'se he'll do it fo' nothin', on account it's fo' cha'ity. You go an' tell him heah's a good chance to show all the folks heahabouts what a fine boxer he is—'thout gittin' into nothin' like a fight. Right off he's gwine ast you who is he gwine spar with, an' you'll say you don't know—jes' any feller which we happens to pick up out to the picnic."

"But s'posin' they ain't nobody willin' to box with him?" queried the practical Plato.

"Somebody will!"

"But s'posin' ——"

Florian had an inspiration.

"'Tween you an' I, Rev'en' Tubb, Cleophus White is strong fo' this picnic on account he loves the Fust African M. E. Chu'ch so much; an' he said I should tell you he'd do it hiss'f if'n you coul'n't git no one else. Co'se you is got to make Brother Baldon promise sacred he ain't gwine hu't who we git to box with him, him bein' a prefessional an' who boxes with him nothin' on'y a amachure. On'erstan'?"

Reverend Plato Tubb understood. So did Cupid Baldon. Plato made him understand.

Between interviews with Florian Slappey and Cupid Baldon, the Reverend Plato had allowed his enthusiasm to expand. He had become a zealous worker in behalf of the proposed picnic and athletic carnival. So he painted in glowing colors the glorious potentialities of the situation for Cupid. Cupid, after all, was the chief attraction; and Cupid's consent was all that was needed to insure the success of the undertaking. In outlining the plan Reverend Tubb—never one to go out of his way for the purpose of giving credit to another—refrained from mentioning the fact that the idea for the boxing bout had originated in the fertile brain of Florian Slappey, or that Florian was the bosom friend of Cleophus White, the faintly mustached gentleman whose fiancée was the root of the turmoil.

Cupid fell. He fell even though he was, at the outset, leery of the proposition. Cupid was not a fighter. He had never in his life stepped into a ring save on the rare occasions when the broken-down boxer whom he had seconded conscripted him as human punching bag under the high-sounding title of sparring partner.

It was the offhand manner in which the Reverend Plato informed him that his opponent was to be "Jes' some man what we picks up out to Blue Lake Pahk" which did the work. Cupid realized that he knew just enough about boxing to insure his own safety in such a match. Win or not, he could at least cover and stall through six rounds with any amateur. He was vastly relieved by the Reverend Tubb's exaction of a promise that the affair was to be a sparring match for points and not to savor in any way of a battle.

It was all meat for Cupid. Should the bout prove a fiasco, he felt that he could alibi himself excellently by his promise to a gentleman of the cloth that he would inflict no damage upon his luckless opponent. He also intended to see to it that his adversary was given similar instructions.

The plan seemed burglar-proof. Cupid knew he had built for himself a fearsome reputation as a vicious fighter. And, so far as he knew, there wasn't another man in the city who understood the elementary rules of the noble art of self-defense. More—he banked strongly upon the psychological certainty that whoever his opponent was, the gentleman would enter the ring with an abiding respect for the professional.

And there was Maldonia to be considered. Cupid envisioned himself the victor in a flashy innocuous sparring match. He knew he was adored by the fair Maldonia largely because of her implicit faith in his tales of fistic achievement. From Cupid's standpoint the scheme was flawless; he stood to win great luscious gobs of glory without the slightest danger to himself or his reputation.

He accepted. He did so condescendingly, as a movie actor shakes hands with a mere playwright. The Reverend Plato was delighted. More so was Florian Slappey. And most so was Cleophus White.

Florian laboriously indited a letter to Jockey Spider Hawkins, then at Latonia. Three days later he received an answer:

Der bruther Florian:

I was sur glad to here from you yestday I went out at wunce and found just the man you want wich is a fin midelwait fiter name nockout dixy he is a fine fiter and will get thare 6 oclok trane mornin of the 15 wich you say is the picnic and I am shur he will nock hel out of this cupid baldon wich you rights me about and I shur hope he does and I got him for fifty dollars (50) and espensis I no that is alrite and right me about how the fite comes out becos this nockout dixy is sum class and you can bet yur mony on him with lov to all and tell all of the boys helo for me I am yures truley—

JOCKEY SPIDER HAWKINS.

Meantime Cupid Baldon had been industriously digging his own grave. All previous boastings

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"Why, When I Finisher With That Man, Maldonia—They is Gwine Haf to Scrape Him Up in a Shovel! When I Hits Him I is Gwine Jar His Gran'children"

STYLEPLUS CLOTHES

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Henry Sonneborn
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To help you select a good suit of clothes:

Selecting *satisfactory* clothes is apt to be a troublesome job unless you follow a regular rule.

You will see some men who *always* get good clothes.

You will see others who are *sometimes* dressed well.

How can you be sure of hitting the bull's-eye every time?

By making it your regular rule to buy your clothes at the Styleplus Store in your town.

Then you will get Style: Snap and swing for the smart dressers. A good appearance for mature men.

Then you will get Quality: Styleplus have the dependable quality that is built on reliable fabrics and materials, carefully tailored.

Then you will pay a Moderate Price: For Styleplus offer an economy in clothes—a full dollar's value for every dollar paid.

Start the habit today at your Styleplus Store.

Sold by one leading clothing-merchant in most cities and towns. Write for Styleplus booklet and name of local dealer.

Styleplus Clothes

$25-$30-$35-$40

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"The sleeve ticket tells the price"

Trade Mark Registered

Henry Sonneborn & Co., Inc. Founded 1849 Baltimore, Md.

AMERICA'S ONLY KNOWN-PRICED CLOTHES

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faded to a pale pink by comparison with his latest surge of self-adulation. Cupid was a firm believer in the art of personal press-agentry. Within two days he had every man and woman in colored circles weeping sad salt tears for the prospective victim.

As for Maldonia, she fell more deeply than ever under the mesmeric spell of his everflowing speech. At last she was to see this nonpareil engaged in the practice of his profession. For the sake of her tender sensibilities, he promised that he would not annihilate his opponent. He agreed to give a delicate exhibition of gentle sparring. And the more he talked, the more confident he became. The whole town listened and waxed wildly enthusiastic. Tickets for the picnic sold like hot cakes.

Cleophus and Florian waited patiently to explode their bomb until they were quite sure Cupid had hopelessly entangled himself in the web of his own boasting. Cleophus made no attempt to insinuate himself into the immediate vicinity of the divine Maldonia. He went quietly about his business with a bland satisfied smile decorating his modestly mustached face.

The night before the picnic Florian and Cleophus trailed Cupid and Maldonia to the Gold Crown Ice-Cream parlor. That soft-drink dispensary was crowded. March Clisby, long and lanky and eternally smiling, achieved the impossible behind the fountain, concocting creamy, fizzy, foamy drinks with lightning speed and mastered art. Corena, his fair young wife, presided in the cashier's cage. Small boys darted hither and thither through the good-natured crowd, serving the orders and collecting therefor. There was an audible hush as the hero of the morrow entered with Maldonia on his arm. They seated themselves at an empty table midway of the soft-drink emporium.

The chatter was again stilled as Florian entered with the fiancé of Cupid's lady friend. Cleophus and Florian deliberately selected seats at a table with Doctor and Mrs. Atcherson—a table next to that at which Cupid and Maldonia sat.

Cleophus dignifiedly ignored his fiancée and her loud-mouthed escort. Maldonia's nose tilted ceilingward. Cupid Baldon pounded on the table top with a hamlike fist and bellowed through the store:

"Boy, you ain't took our orders till yet!"

Conversation did not again become general. All eyes were focused on the center two tables; all ears were strained for some word hinting trouble.

But trouble seemed afar off. Apparently Cleophus had never been more happy or care free. He chatted volubly with the negro surgeon and his extremely ample wife, casually discussing topics of the day. It was Doctor Atcherson who fired the innocent question for which Cleophus had been angling:

"Shuah I is goin' to the picnic to-morrow! It ought to be a good success."

"Success is right!" answered Florian quickly. "They jes' ain't no other name fo' it."

"Who," inquired the doctor blandly, "is gwine box with Brother Cupid Baldon?"

Florian concealed a grin with difficulty. He glanced covertly at the fighter and saw that bejawed individual leaning forward intently.

"Ain't you heard?" he temporized.

"No."

"'Twas thisaway," explained the dapper little schemer: "They wa'n't a man in this heah town would box with Brother Baldon; an' we di'n't know which to do—on'y so happened it that luck played right into our han's."

"What you mean—luck?"

"Well, I is got a frien' up to Cinsnati which knows sumthin' 'bout scientific boxin', an' it jes' happen' so he was comin' th'oo to'morrow on his way to N'Yawleens. So I nst him would he stop over as a favor to me an' he'p out by sparrin' a li'l' with Brother Baldon; an' he says shuah he will. He'll be in on the six o'clock A. M. train t'morrow mawnin'."

"No! Not a reg'lar fighter?"

"One of the bestes' middleweights what they is."

"No!"

"Yeh!"

The squinty eyes of the skinny little doctor were glowing with anticipatory joy.

"Mebbe ——"

Florian winked. He leaned forward and whispered confidentially to the doctor; but not so confidentially that his words failed to carry several tables distant:

"Co'se, bein' as the chu'ch is gittin' it up, 'twoul'n't do to say nothin' right out loud; but whenever real professional fighters git together they ain't gwine be no sof' an' fancy sparrin' pulled."

"Wha's the name of this fighter which is comin' in t'morrow mawnin'?" queried Atcherson.

"His name"—Florian chuckled—"his name is Knockout Dixie!"

Unconsciously Cupid Baldon grunted audibly. Into his mind there flashed vivid memory of a certain evening in Memphis—his fighting boss in the ring with the celebrated Knockout Dixie. The gong sounded for round one. There was a scraping of feet, a fusillade of padded mitts, and Cupid Baldon had leaped wildly into the ring to help tote his entirely unconscious employer to a malodorous dressing room.

If there was one middleweight whom Cupid Baldon held in abiding respect, that man was Knockout Dixie. Knockout bore a well-deserved *nom de guerre*, and Cupid envisioned himself dragged from the ring, limp and lachrymose, after a single punch.

"Cleophus White, I Done Bowed to You! An' W'en I Bows to a Gen'leman I Usually Expects Him to Return My Bow Back"

He rose abruptly and fairly dragged Maldonia from the Gold Crown. His air of braggadocio had departed.

"I ain't feelin' so awful good," he answered Maldonia's question. Florian saw, understood, and winked portentously at Cleophus.

The news spread like wildfire. After all the boxing match was to be a regular six-round fight. The great Cupid Baldon was going to mix things with the even greater Knockout Dixie, the Nashville phenom. There was a grand eleventh-hour rush for tickets. And finally a coterie of the *cognoscenti* cornered Florian and Cleophus.

"Is that on the level 'bout'n Knockout Dixie comin' heah to fight Cupid Baldon?"

"Uh-huh! Jes' stoppin' over fo' that pretickeler purpose."

"How come him to do that?"

"Jes' happen so." Florian grinned broadly.

"Haw! Reckon maybe Cleophus White ain't knowin' nothin' 'bout it—huh?"

Cleophus' six feet of massive height shook with merriment. He pulled at his near mustache affectionately.

"How come you to sispec' I got a han' in bringin' Knockout Dixie heah?"

"'Cause Cupid is been runnin' roun' with yo' gal—tha's why! But the p'int is, Cleophus: Is you shuah he is gwine tu'n up t'morrow?"

"Jes' shuah's hell's made fo' bad niggers."

"An' if'n we bets an' he don't come?"

"Huh!" boasted Cleophus grandiloquently. "If'n Knockout Dixie ain't git heah t'morrow mawnin' I gwine see that Cupid Baldon gits licked in the afternoon if'n I is got to do it my own se'f!"

Dr. Brutus Herring, D. D. S., pushed his big frame through the eager crowd. Large as he was, he was shorter by an inch and lighter by ten pounds than Cleophus.

"Is you mean that, Brother White?"

Cleophus, secure in the belief that he could rely on Jockey Spider Hawkins, met Herring's eyes squarely.

"Shuah I means it!"

"You mean," persisted Herring, intent on fastening the other down to a statement he could not dodge later—"you mean that if'n anythin' should go wrong an' Knockout Dixie don't git heah, you is gwine fight Cupid Baldon yo' own se'f?"

"Positively!"

Dr. Brutus Herring faced the crowd triumphantly.

"You-all heah that, gen'lemen: Cleophus is promise' sacred that he is gwine fight Cupid Baldon if'n this other gen'leman don't git heah." A roar of spontaneous approval rose heavenward. Much as the assemblage was licking its chops at the prospect of a bout between two famous professionals, it was even more desirous of seeing the rivals in the roped arena together. Grudge fights have a delicious savagery that mere money cannot purchase.

"They ain't no reason you cain't lick Cupid Baldon," commented Herring reflectively. "You is at least thutty poun's heavier, an' you is strong like a ox."

Cleophus shrugged impatiently.

"Don't make no diff'ence 'bout'n me. The p'int is that Knockout Dixie is gwine be heah; an' time he finishes with ol' Cupid Baldon that man ain't gwine know nothin' 'ceptin' on'y how angels looks."

"Tha's all well an' good," retorted Herring. "All I wan'ed to be shuah of is that they is gwine be a fight."

"They'll be a scrap, shuah nuff," reassured the exalted Cleophus, "pervidin' on'y that Cupid don't git a 'tack of col' feet an' beat it back to N'Yawleens, from where he come from."

Meantime the sadly perturbed Cupid was escorting Maldonia to her home. His naturally sluggish brain was hitting on all six cylinders. He was realizing poignantly that he had fallen into an extremely neat trap. Content in the knowledge that he knew sufficient about sparring to outpoint any raw impersonal amateur in a friendly six-round match, he had been hoist by the petard of his own fondness for the spotlight. He had been entirely too anxious to display his professional wares for the delectation of Maldonia.

During the early part of the walk Cupid was entirely silent. What talking was done emanated from Maldonia. Cupid was speculating gloomily on the dull gray aspect of the morrow. He knew he had about as much chance with Knockout Dixie as a gelatin chicken in a rainstorm.

The first solution to the dilemma that presented itself was a prompt exodus, with himself as the exoduster; but sentimental and practical arguments prevailed against it. In the first and most important place, he was broke. For a long time he had been skating on dangerously thin ice, maintaining a sort of credit by his imposing front.

It was quite impossible to question the commercial rating of a hauteur such as his; but it was pecuniarily out of the question for him to attempt a long journey, and a short one promised to do him little good. His immediate need was for cash and plenty of it.

The idea of separating himself from Maldonia didn't cause him any particular worry. There had been great satisfaction, of course, in monopolizing the girl who wore the blazing engagement ring of the large and handsome Cleophus White. Cupid had instinctively disliked Cleophus at the outset; he resented Cleophus' too carefully nourished mustache. And Cupid had little real affection for Cleophus' fiancée. Her open idolatry of his cosmopolitanism tickled his vanity; but matrimony had never wrinkled his brow.

He thought, then, of Knockout Dixie, and reflected sadly that by the sunset of another day all illusions Maldonia might yet retain concerning his fistic prowess would be thoroughly and permanently shattered.

He envisaged the inevitable culmination of the sanguinary encounter—himself sleeping peacefully on the canvas while Knockout Dixie towered triumphantly above

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CADILLAC
STANDARD OF THE WORLD

Its own peculiar public—the largest following of its kind in the world—has never been won away from the Cadillac, even for a little while.

There is a strain of steadfastness in the American people when they have tested a principle, or a product, and proven it sound.

In these days of lightning-like and disturbing changes, it is reassuring to recall this national characteristic, even in so slight a matter as the history of a motor car.

Cadillac history certainly contradicts any charge of instability or fickleness that might be made against us as a people.

No glamour of newness, no specious appeal of any sort, has ever been able to distract public attention away from the fundamental goodness of the Cadillac.

Conviction of that goodness has deepened, and broadened, and spread, and grown steadily stronger.

It is true that you seem to hear, just now, more ardent praise of the Cadillac than ever before.

That is because the world war has given a more dramatic setting to Cadillac goodness.

The old thought, which has held so many owners steadfast, is merely operating in a new way, and in a wider sphere.

The Cadillac has benefited by a national habit of hunting for things that are basically right, and, when found, holding fast to them.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY — DETROIT, MICH

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him, and Cleophus White beaming pridefully and possessively upon the reclaimed Maldonia. He held no false hopes as to the lady in the case; once he was dethroned, it was a certainty that she would return promptly to her first true love.

Obviously it was Cupid's cue for action.

He racked his brain for the answer and found it flashing in his troubled eyes.

He was certain to lose. He had reconciled himself to the fact that, since flight was impossible, he must climb into the ring and meekly extend his jaw for a single soporific punch. But he, alone of those in the city, knew for a certainty just what the termination of the bout would be. There were many who thought he was due to be knocked out; but only he—Cupid Baldon—knew it! It was a sure-thing bet.

Cupid Baldon chuckled. Maldonia glanced up quickly.

"What you is laughin' 'bout, Cupid?"

"Huh?"

"You done laughed right out loud."

"Did I? Reckon it was 'cause I been thinkin' what a s'prise this heah Knockout Dixie is gwine git t'morrow."

"What you mean—s'prise?"

"He thinks he is gwine lick me."

"No!"

"Yeh! An' I was jes' laughin', thinkin' of his face w'en I lan's my ol', trusty, haymak', sho't-arm right hook to' the jaw an' he goes down fo' 'bout 'leven counts. Why, when I finishes with that man, Maldonia—they is gwine haf to scrape him up in a shovel! When I hits him I is gwine jar his gran'children."

"Shuah you is!" she affirmed loyally. "I'll bet you is gwine squish him right."

"Squish it is! I is gwine sink my fis' so hahd in his stummick they is gwine haf to pull it out with a derrick—on'y ——" He paused and a profound lugubriosity supplanted the grin that had lightened his face for a few brief moments. "It's a downright pity!"

"What?"

"That I can't go bet on myse'f. I is losin' the easies' money I is ever made by that. You see, Maldonia, I done loant my las' five hund'ed dollars out to a frien' in N'Yawleens las' week what wrote me fo' it to buy a autymobile; an' ontil he pays me back—which ain't till day after t'morrow—Ise pow'ful sho't of cash money."

"What you need with money?"

"I reckon some of you wimminfolks is been fooled, Maldonia, into thinkin' this wa'n't gwine be nothin' on'y jes' a frien'ly sparrin' match. But, 'tween I an' you, Maldonia, folks which thinks that is plumb foolish in they haids. Yo' fiansay—that big lummix of a Cleophus White—is the one which is bringin' Knockout Dixie heah, thinkin' he c'n lick me. An' they's plenty which is foolish 'nuff to 'gree with him an' bet money on it.

"Now I is tellin' you the Gawd's truth, Maldonia - they ain't on'y gwine be two blows struck in that fight: I is gwine hit that nigger an' he's gwine hit the floor. Tha's all! Phooey! Jes' like that. An', seein' as that's the case, I is been thinkin' it's so't of a dawg-gawn shame I ain't got no money to bet on myse'f."

Maldonia cogitated intensively. The eyes of Cupid Baldon rested yearningly upon the scintillant brilliance of her engagement ring.

"If'n I on'y had some frien's who'd loant me a li'l' money fo' jes' on'y twen'y-four hours ——"

"If'n I had some ——" faltered Maldonia weakly.

"'Tain't like bettin'," pursued the would-be fighter. "Bettin' is takin' a chance; an' the on'y chance you is takin' this way is how quick you c'lect yo' winnin's. It's the same as findin' money. Co'se I woul'n't borry from you."

"Yes, you would," flared the mercenary Maldonia; "'cause'n I'd make you. An' then I an' you could split the profits."

Cupid's brow cleared. His face broke into a radiant smile, as though she had presented a unique and brilliant suggestion.

"Dawg-gawn! That makes it diff'ent—don't it?—if I an' you is splittin' the winnin's. So, if'n you puts it on a business basicks, like what it ought to got to be ——"

"On'y I ain't got no money," she wailed.

"Yes, you is." He leaned confidently closer.

"Ain't."

"Is."

"Which?"

"That they ring!"

She flashed a startled glance at the ring.

"That'd be doin' Cleophus kind of a dirty trick, woul'n't it?" she queried, a bit doubtful of her ethical basis.

"Huh! He woul'n't even know nothin' 'bout it. He ain't hangin' roun' you much these days anyway. Mos' prob'ly he don't love you no mo'. An', besides, 'tain't like you was givin' the ring away. You could raise sixty dollars on that ring easy; an' by the time Cleophus an' that uppity li'l' shrimp, Flo'ian Slappey, gits finished with makin' talk they is all gwine be willin' to bet they money on Knockout Dixie. An' it'd be like findin' sixty dollars. Then you'd have yo' ring back an' thutty dollars besides—an' they is some pow'ful han'some clothes c'n be bought fo' thutty dollars."

Maldonia hesitated. She desired to make the venture, but was afraid. They argued the matter pro and con before the soft insinuations of Cupid won her over. When he parted from her half an hour later the ring was tucked snugly in his vest pocket and he was streaking it at record-breaking speed for a very liberal money lender with whom he was well acquainted.

The loan man stood for a seventy-dollar touch on the ring. Cupid Baldon left his sanctum feeling as happy as a man can feel who has the bittersweet knowledge that he is destined to receive a horrible beating and seventy dollars the following day. Cupid had abandoned all thought of refusing the battle; he knew the temper of his recently made friends and he understood full well that he was scheduled for the receiving end of violence—if not at the hands of Knockout Dixie, then from his erstwhile friends. And he preferred the scientific brand, with all the mercy extended by Marquess of Queensberry rules.

He made his way to Bud Peaglar's Barbecue Lunch Room and Billiard Parlor, and peered through the fog of cigarette smoke. Bud Peaglar himself bustled forward officiously to greet the distinguished guest. There was a let-down in the din and the clicking of the ivory balls ceased temporarily. Following Bud came a score or more of fight fans, who clustered about the pair. Bud spoke:

"Evenin', Mistuh Baldon."

"'Lo, Bud! How's tricks?"

"Fine an' dandy! Lookin' fo' someone?"

"Yeh."

"Which?"

"Boston Marble."

"Jackson Ramsay's bettin' agent?"

"Uh-huh!"

"What you wan's with him?"

"Huh! What you reckon I wan's? I wan's to place sevumty dollars which says I is gwine knock eve'lastin' tar outen this heah Knockout Dixie."

"No!" Bud Peaglar's eyes popped.

"Yeh!"

"You is bettin' sevumty dollars you is gwine beat Knockout Dixie?"

Cupid ostentatiously produced a large roll.

"Heah's the sevumty. Ev'y cent of that says I wins by a knockout."

"My Lawd! But he's a awful bad fighter, Mistuh Baldon."

"The badder they comes, the better I likes 'em, Brother Peaglar. I ain't never yet met 'em so bad they won't flop w'en my right hook tickles they jaw. I ain't use' that sho't-arm hook ve'y often, because they's plumb danger that the man what I hits is gwine qualify right prompt an' sudden fo' tenor in a heavumly quartet. An' this heah sevumty dollars backs them words."

A youngster by the door emitted a shrill squawk:

"Yonder goes Boston Marble 'cross the street."

Cupid and Bud Peaglar started for the door.

"I'll call him," volunteered the interested Peaglar.

"Never mind!" negatived Cupid, and darted across the broad busy thoroughfare. He linked his arm through Boston's and they strolled northward on Eighteenth Street. . . . "I been inquirin' 'bout'n you, Boston," opened Cupid.

The melancholy agent for Jackson Ramsay's lottery and gambling establishment turned vacant fishy eyes upon his companion.

"Thet so?"

"Yeh; an' they say you is pow'ful tight-lipped."

"Thet so?"

"An' that if'n you gits money to bet, you bets it like what you is tol', an' don't say nothin' to nobody 'bout'n it."

"Thet so?"

"My Lawd! Cain't you say nothin' on'y 'Thet so'?"

"Reckon so."

"Well, heah's the idee, Boston: Co'se you knows all 'bout this fight I is gwine have t'morrow with Knockout Dixie, don't you?"

"Reckon so."

"I wan's you to take this heah sevumty dollars; keep five fo' yo' c'mission an' bet the sixty-five. But the way you is to bet that sixty-five, Boston, is that I gits licked!"

Boston's sadly drooping eyelids flickered with an almost human quiver of interest.

"Say it again."

"You is to bet that sixty-five dollars against me! Git that? You is to bet that I is gwine lose! You is to bet that I gits knocked out! An' you ain't to say nothin' to nobody 'bout how I is bettin'—on'erstan'?"

"Reckon so. Thet all?" Boston gulped.

"Tha's all. Shuah you on'erstan'?"

"Reckon so. G'by!"

"G'by!" And then, as the elongated betting agent flapped mournfully out of earshot, Cupid added: "You po' misguided fish!"

At five o'clock the following morning, even before a clear sunrise gave promise of a perfect day for the picnic, Cleophus White and Florian Slappey were at the station to meet the train from Cincinnati. The train puffed under the shed strictly according to schedule. A heavy-eyed crowd streamed out of the colored coach and through the exit gates. But in the crowd there was no Mister Knockout Dixie; nor was there any man who might by any flight of imagination have been mistaken for a professional fighter.

Cleophus' eyes met Florian's and between them flashed a startled wireless. Cleophus had a sudden sickening idea that he had trusted Spider Hawkins not wisely but too well. He seized Florian by the arm and the two men got busy. They circulated through the crowd and quizzed a score of the colored gentry who had made the trip southward from the Ohio metropolis. The more they questioned, the more convinced they became that Mr. Dixie was not only not on the train but that he never had been.

The eyes of the two men met again—sadly. The defection of the fighting gentleman was cataclysmal. They chorused a tirade against the missing fighter and his jockey sponsor. Then, sick at heart, they retraced their steps to Florian's office, where they found a telegram:

"On account broken arm nockout dixie canot leave to arive for fight. Too late to get sumbody else. Tuff luck!

"JOCKEY SPIDER HAWKINS."

The door opened and Dr. Brutus Herring, followed by half a dozen fight-crazy friends in all their glory of picnic garb, entered.

"Where Knockout Dixie is at?"

Mournfully Florian extended the telegram. Gloom descended over the gathering. Only Doctor Herring smiled. And then he spoke, eyes focused steadily on the massive muscular figure of Cleophus White.

"You is got to fight him!"

Cleophus shied nervously. Certain as he had been that Cupid would crumple before the viciously professional onslaught of Knockout Dixie, just so certain was he that if he entered the ring with Cupid he might save his friends the annoyance of selecting a tombstone by personally attending to that detail in advance. He pulled nervously at the wisp of hair on his upper lip.

"I ain't no fighter," he negatived.

A wild wolf-pack yell went up from the assemblage:

"You promised if'n Knockout Dixie di'n't git heah you'd fight him yo' own se'f!"

"I—I—I wa'n't on'y jokin'."

"Jokin' don't go with us. We is paid our money to see a fight, an' we is gwine see one if'n we have to th'ow you into the ring. Ain't it so, Doctor Herring?"

"Right you is!"

"You is thutty poun's heavier'n what he is, Cleophus, an' they ain't no reason why you cain't lick him."

"He's a professional."

"You promised," grated Brutus Herring; "an' you is jes' nacherly got to fight."

Cleophus had built a Frankenstein's monster. He glanced wildly at the stern set faces of those he had accounted friends and found nary a hint of mercy. He had pledged himself. More—he had luridly proclaimed that if he should fight Cupid Baldon he would treat him even more roughly than Knockout Dixie would have done. He vainly regretted his empty boastings, mouthed when the possibility of Knockout's defection had not occurred to him. He hadn't left himself a single loophole. Of course he could flatly refuse—and forever lose caste. As for Maldonia, she would be irrecoverably lost to him.

"I'd mos' prob'ly git licked," he said weakly.

"Gittin' licked ain't no disgrace," retorted the dentist cheeringly. "Heaps of better men than what you is is got licked by Cupid Baldon."

Such philosophy was poor consolation for the distraught Cleophus. He reflected with morbid satisfaction that he was paid up on his dues in the Over the River Burying Society, and that as Past Grand Royal Monarch of the Torchbearers of Glory, Council Number Ten, he should receive a regal funeral, led by the lodge's drill team in full parade regalia and a band of music. But he had an unpleasant hunch that personally he should not enjoy the obsequies.

"As I was sayin', 'tain't no disgrace to git licked," reiterated the dentist.

An idea came to Cleophus—an idea begotten of Brutus Herring's words. There was no disgrace in defeat. Very well, he would play the rôle of martyr; he would climb into the ring and assume a bold front. He would strut to the center, shake hands, and wait for a blow to land. And when it landed—kerflop!—he'd go down and out; an honorable defeat before a foe whose profession was fighting.

"'Tain't that Ise scared," he remarked thoughtfully.

"Co'se you ain't scared! You c'n lick him easy. You is said so yo'se'f; an' you is got plenty cause."

"Shuah! I c'n lick him—easy."

"Trouble with you," sizzled Doctor Herring, "is that you ain't got no confumdence. I is got a pow'ful strong hunch this heah Cupid Baldon ain't nothin' on'y a big-mouthed fo'-flusher. You is thutty poun's heavier an' a heap stronger. An' sencet you is got to fight him anyways ——"

At nine o'clock the melancholy Boston Marble had another visitor.

"Mawnin', Mistuh White."

"Mawnin', Brother Marble. How you is feelin'?"

"Tol'able."

"I is got a mission fo' you, Brother Marble. Co'se you won't say no repeats to nobody 'bout'n what I is sayin' to you?"

"Reckon not."

"You know"—nervously—"Tempus Attucks, what hel' yo' job befo' you got it, was a pow'ful loose talker."

"Tempus Attucks is flew."

"Heah's the how of it: I is soht of got my foot into sumthin'; an', 'tween I an' you, I is in bad. To brief things up: Knockout Dixie ain't showed up an' the picnic is jes' fixin' to staht out fo' Blue Lake Pahk. An' they is brought a heap of presuasion to bear that I is got to fight Cupid Baldon. On'erstan'?"

"Reckon so."

"I ain't got no mo' chance with this heah Cupid Baldon, which is a prefessional fighter, than what a baked ham is got with a hongry nigger. An', sencet I got to take a lickin', I says to myse'f I might's well make sumthin' outen it. So I got sevumty-five dollars heah which I wants you to bet fo' me; and you bet it that Cupid Baldon wins this heah fight. See?"

"I see."

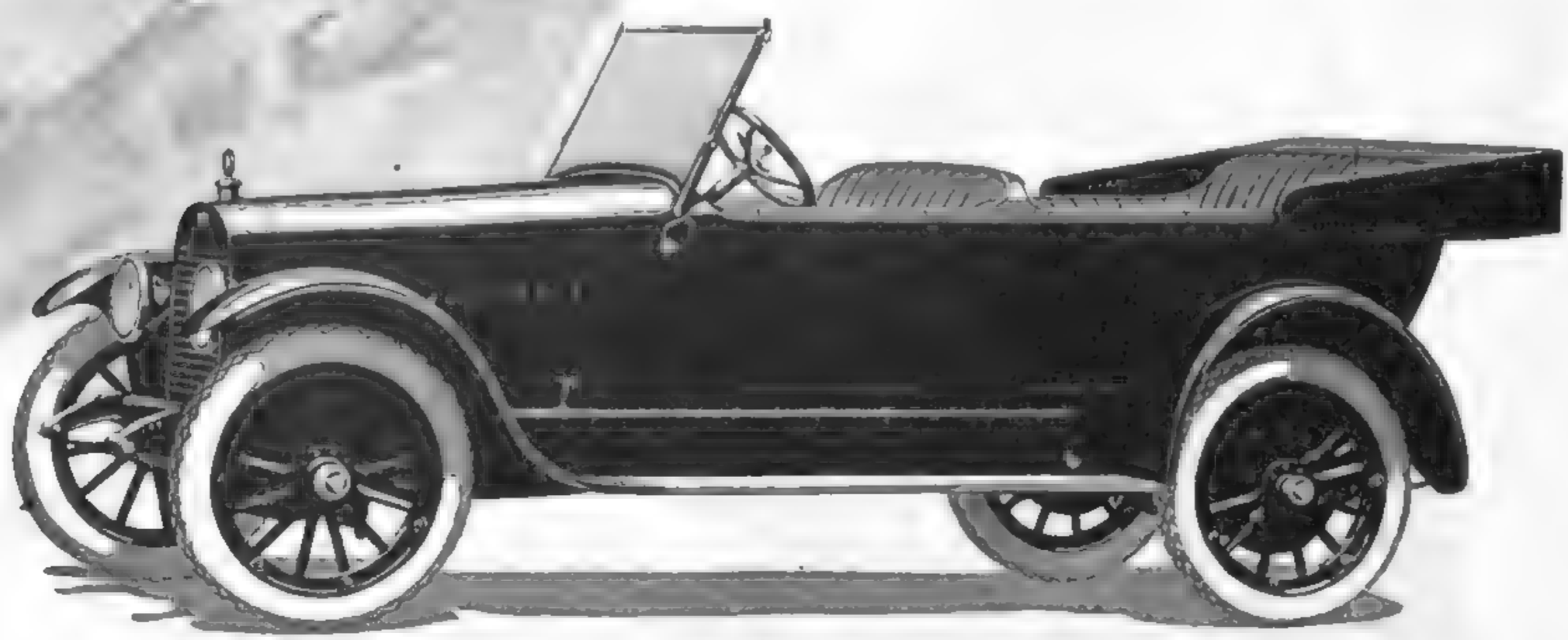
"Co'se they ain't gwine be nothin' said 'bout'n how I bet, is they? I c'n trus' you?"

"Reckon so."

Cleophus departed, slightly solaced by the knowledge that, since he must be whipped, he stood to make seventy-five dollars—minus commission—on the deal. And he knew that he could trust Boston Marble to keep his secret. Saying nothing and saying it frequently was Boston's specialty.

Cleophus' money was placed with the betting agent under instructions to place it against himself. He was beset with a sudden gnawing doubt. He bethought himself that there was no one in the city willing to bet that he would win. That being the case, his money would not be covered and he should take his beating without financial reward.

(Continued on Page 77)



Now the New Hudson Super-Six

And the Price is $1975

Dealers Are Showing it for the First Time
A Perfection of the Car You Know So Well

The perfection that men have said would make the Hudson Super-Six the finest automobile that is built is embraced in the new models Hudson dealers are now showing.

Four years with 60,000 cars in use have shown how to free it from many of the annoyances regarded as inevitable to all cars.

Recall The Qualities For Which It Is Known

Each year has seen the emphasis of some new quality in the Hudson Super-Six. Four years ago, when new, it was the 72% greater horsepower without increase of motor weight or sacrifice of simplicity that attracted.

Some thought such power would prove destructive and so many famous tests were made to prove endurance.

Everyone recalls how Hudson stock cars made new records for speed. Among them, 1819 miles in 24 hours.

The run from San Francisco to New York and return in 10 days 21 hours remains unmatched though numerous attempts have since been made by others.

It became the largest selling fine car. There is a Super-Six for each six miles of improved roadway in America. Not a city block, not a village, not a cross roads—that does not know it. Hardly a boy who does not recognize it and its White Triangle.

It created new standards of beauty, so much so that it is conceded a leader. Each body type is famous for good looks and the completeness of every detail.

On That Experience We Built a New Hudson

Only within the Hudson organization was such development possible. Our engineers, for the most part the same personnel responsible for all previous Hudsons, had had unequalled opportunities. Every car built in those years became a guide to future advancement. Every endurance test revealed new ways to improvement. Every model suggested a simpler, more beautiful car. The experience of every owner was an influence toward perfection.

Such a car is the new Hudson Super-Six.

It is the fulfillment of the promise of those 60,000 cars now in service.

The Price Is $1975

If this new Hudson were not so attractive in itself the price would command first promise in this announcement.

But as value first and price second is a Hudson policy, less emphasis is placed upon price than might be expected.

We have no reservations to offer for Hudson value. We are confident of its attainment. Its worth is undisputed. We offer it as the perfection of the earlier Super-Sixes, and we place its price on a basis of large quantity production and not upon what rival cars may sell for.

We know you will want to see the new Hudson Super-Six.

Hudson Motor Car Company Detroit, Michigan

HAUGHTON ELEVATORS

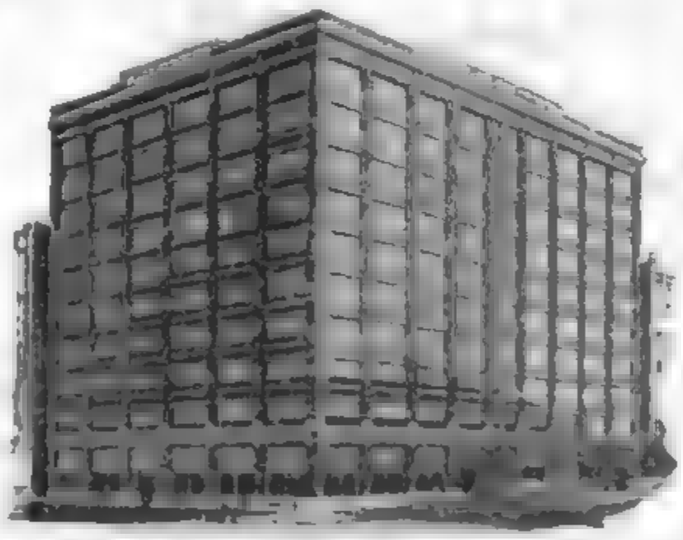
Made in Toledo

CLEVELAND CITY HALL
Equipped with 12 Haughton Elevators, including six of the Haughton high-speed single-gear V-groove type.

The
Office Buildings
of

Goodyear
Champion Spark Plug
White Motor
Firestone
National Supply
Meata Machine
National Acme
General Electric
Goodrich

Use
HAUGHTON
ELEVATORS



FORD MINNEAPOLIS BRANCH
The fifteenth order from this company. One of 25 Ford branches with Haughton equipment.

FORTY per cent of all orders for Haughton Elevators are re-orders.

Many users have re-ordered from five to fifteen times. These include the largest buyers of elevators in the United States, who have the best means of proving the efficiency and economy of their elevator equipment.

These repeated orders are evidence that Haughton Elevators do give exceptional service under all conditions.

"The earlier installations gave us such satisfaction that we are using Haughton Elevators in all our new buildings."

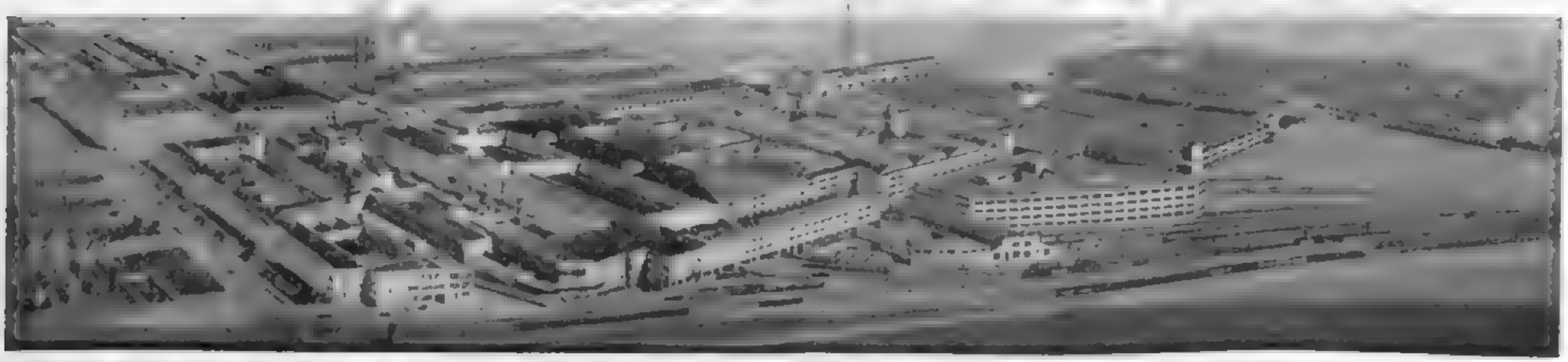
This is the statement of a corporation that has re-ordered fourteen times and is now using over 60 Haughton Elevators.

It has always been the Haughton policy to build elevators of such generous design and fine workmanship as to insure the highest type of elevator efficiency and service.

These standards protect you, whatever kind of Haughton Elevator you install.

The Haughton Elevator & Machine Co.
Toledo, Ohio

Absolutely Independent



Overland Plant, Completely Equipped with 48 Haughton Elevators

THE MOVIE OF THE RHINE

By HOMER CROY

The Entrance to the Continuous Motion-Picture Theater in Coblenz

GERMANY may be where sauerkraut flowers in its fullest perfection, but to a passel of the boys from Terre Haute and Junction City, Germany means something quite different— something far removed from chopped cabbage and mother of vinegar. For them it means castles, and castles on the Rhine. To-day a quarter of a million of them are riding up and down Germany, sitting with their feet on feudal fenders and going to bed under a canopy top. After sleeping six months in a stable where a cow and horse have grown to maturity -and neither of them giving a cud about sleeping with the windows open—a German bed seems mighty good.

Even if the bed looks as if it ought to be under the auspices of the Daughters of the American Revolution it doesn't make any difference to Private Smith from Pottawatomie. He shucks his spirals, scratches himself round the shoulders, hangs his pants on the footboard and piles in. Even if the Crown Prince had slept in that bed he doesn't care. He just puts on his cretol and tells them to call him at eight.

Private Smith has moved from the cow stable to a castle—and he's just as much at home among the bric-a-brac as he was with the baled hay. He now eats at tables where princes and members of the royal household used to come to lay their plots for world domination, but he is perfectly at ease. He sits with his feet on the royal railing and knocks his pipe on Bismarck's brow. The castles on the Rhine haven't got his goat. It takes more than two acres of cut stone to awe him.

But castles on the Rhine don't make a home. It takes a flivver and a movie show to make a fellow happy. The donjon of a castle is all right in its way, but it isn't anything alongside of an automatic piano player that rings a bell, brays like a mule and coos like a dove when the hero clasps the girl to his breast. There's some satisfaction in that. A good automatic piano player with somebody to run it who knows how is better than half a dozen donjons. Let 'er go!

It Follows the Flag

THAT'S what the motion picture is doing for Private Smith, formerly of Pottawatomie—present address, Stolzenfels-on-the-Rhine. Wherever the American flag goes there goes the motion picture, and long may she wave!

The English soldier got along pretty well without motion pictures and the French soldier got along pretty well without motion pictures, but the Canadian soldier showed a bit of uneasiness. It was a long way to Saskatchewan. He could not help longing for his bijoux. But the American—ah, it was different with the American! He simply had to have his movie. The American soldier is the greatest consumer of motion pictures in the world. The English soldier liked his cinema some time along after his tea, old chappie; the French soldier liked his *cinematographe* after he had finished his wine; but Private Smith of Pottawatomie simply couldn't fight without his movie. He did not mind getting up early in the morning and whaling the stuffing out of the Germans, but he must have his movie. He was a long way from home and fighting between two languages he couldn't understand, and if he couldn't get a glimpse of Main Street once in a while he didn't think much of the war. But take him out of the mud, give him a six-inch plank at a movie show, and he was willing to continue indefinitely at his present salary. Slumgullion isn't half so bad if you've got Charlie Chaplin to look forward to.

A German Stove in the Interior of the Coblenz Theater

Thus has the motion picture been a factor in the life of the doughboys. Our Army has been supplied with motion pictures such as has no other army. At present our doughboys in France and Germany are seeing four thousand and one hundred picture shows a week. These shows are furnished to them free of charge by the Community Motion Picture Bureau, which acts as a film-distributing agency for the Y. M. C. A., the Knights of Columbus, Salvation Army and Jewish Welfare Board.

At Longwy

WHEREVER the doughboy goes the movie follows—except that sometimes the movie gets there first. Take the case of marching into Germany. That was a long hike—day after day—and having to sleep in your shoes, because if you took them off your feet would swell and you would be S. O. L. With their ankles bound tight with once white cloth the boys marched and marched, and when they got into Longwy, France, they heard a curious popping noise. There was but one thing in the world that could make a noise like that—an American gas engine. And so it was—mounted on a truck and charging a storage battery. It was swallow and gulp to get through before the movies started—real Los Angeles movies. Before the doughboys got there the motion-picture department was ahead of them and Fatty Arbuckle was making love among the chickens. Pathos and Comedy reposed in the same bed. The motion-picture screen was hung from the balcony of the city hall and the mayor came out in his whiskers and made an address of welcome which nobody could understand, but which got a mighty hand because possibly all knew that the next was Fatty Arbuckle. No occasion in France would be considered official if the mayor of the town did not open it with a few unintelligible words, for a French mayor is a powerful institution. He is a sort of reception committee, police force and judge advocate, combined with a brisk business along about Christmas as Santa Claus, justice of the peace and official custodian of the gasoline supply. If your car runs out of gas in a French town you have got to get it from the mayor or walk. He keeps it in the L of his house along with the tax books and the birth certificates.

There standing in the square, when the mayor had concluded his no doubt well-chosen words, were seven thousand five hundred persons—soldiers, citizens, women and children—all agog to see America's greatest avoirdupois screen entertainer. Soldiers who one hour before could scarcely continue on their swollen feet, now—with a quart of coffee in them and the prospect of pictures before them—found it necessary to put their arms round each other, and moving over the cobbled streets execute the intricacies of a dance. To liven the spirit there is nothing like a shot of coffee and a roll of film.

Eagerly the French people waited. For four years they had not seen a motion-picture show, and now the Americans and the movies the same day! It was too much. In the exuberance of the moment some of them accepted

the open arms of the doughboys and sought to trip the light fantastic in vaunted syncopation with their deliverers, but French shoes were never intended for anything more fantastic than plowing. Alongside a French wooden shoe a doughboy's hobnails look positively fragile.

On the ground a portable gas engine chugged away in a German supply wagon. When pictures are needed one can't stop to inquire as to Teutonic ownership. From the German supply wagon a black insulated wire led to the projecting machine. That was the equipment. That was the show! But what a wonderful show it was to the doughboys with their ankles bursting from their gauze, and to the French civilians, who hadn't seen a motion picture in four years! To a casual observer there might have seemed to be too many pies, but not for the French. The more the merrier! Let them come! Every pie a laugh. First come, first served. There—that's a good one—he got it in the eye. *Encore!*

Fifteen reels we ran—and the audience standing! In America the average program is six reels—and the audience sitting and slightly restless along toward the last reel. At the end of the show the screen was taken down, the insulated wire wound up, and the next morning at six the outfit was ready to move.

At Reimeville we looked round anxiously for a place to put on our show, but there wasn't any hall. The French people aren't joiners—they don't have lodges. When they want to have a good time they go to each other's houses. There is not an Elks' Club in France.

We looked it over and the biggest place in town was the cathedral, but it had come under the influence of German kultur. Driving through one of the holes in the wall we set up the machine and prepared to put on our pictures, but we couldn't keep the light out. There were too many shell holes, nor could we find enough canvas to darken the gaps. So we had to wait till night fell. While we were waiting we put up electric streamers, and then the men sitting on the cathedral seats wrote their first letters home in weeks. After the uncertain candles of dugouts the glaring electric lights seemed like the acme of comfort. Along the road our prisoners came straggling in from German prison pens, headed straight for the electric lights.

A Long Way From Possum Walk

AT SIX o'clock we started the gas engine, and at its first exhaust queer contorted shapes came hurrying down the street, to grow into doughboys and returning prisoners still with plates of stew in their hands. They hated to leave the camp kitchens and they just couldn't miss the movies, so they compromised by heaping their mess kits and taking a chance of something's being left in the morning.

The show was on—the engine popping outside and the boys standing among the débris inside, their eyes fastened on a curtain where had *once* been an altar. A bit squeamish at first we felt about running a picture show in a cathedral, but when the boys whistled through their fingers and pounded with their mess kits on the backs of the pews we passed up precedent and conventionality and put on a double program. It wasn't very sacred to see a stout comedian wiping a pie out of his eyes, but the boys enjoyed it so we got out all the pie pictures we had and put them on.

And now as I write this it gives me a glow to remember what a hearty response those pies got. We may have stepped out of the accepted line of conduct, but I believe that the cathedral never housed a happier audience than that night.

Two Chinese Laborers See a Motion-Picture Camera for the First Time

The next morning we were up at four and on the way at five.

So at Longuyon, so at Heidweiler, Bossenheim, Dierdorf—so all the way into Germany. At Longuyon the Signal Corps furnished the orchestra. From somewhere—such things do not show on regimental papers—somebody had rustled a boche piano. A boche piano makes good music—when played by a Frenchman, to the accompaniment of an American band. Thus, among the pies, Pathos lifted her head from her twin bed—for the first time in four years the people of the town were able to sing their songs. Loud and lustily the people lifted their voices, with a tear in one eye and the other turned expectantly in the direction of the pie.

But astonishment is not confined to the battle-bound French. They were not the only ones to have a new and unexpected door open for them. There was the Woods Camp at Château Villain. It was colored—and anything with château in it is a long way from Possum Walk. They had come over here to be heroes, fire repeating rifles and see the world. But instead of traveling broadly they weren't traveling at all. They were stuck in a forestry camp at the end of a cross-cut saw with nothing more imaginative to do than to draw it back and forth ten hours a day. It did not make for camaraderie. Romance had lost her banner and Excitement was in mud to her knees. It was war, and war is never a sociable. And then a wagon drove up in the darkening woods with a camionette trailing its two-wheeled course behind. It wasn't a chow wagon and it wasn't a portable cross-cut. There was nothing like that in Georgia. Before the protruding eyes of the alien woodsmen the man clamped on the brake, jumped out, stretched a sheet between two trees and started a gas engine going. From the mess hall seats were brought, and there between the stumps Love and Adventure came from the celluloid scroll and stood among them. Eyes grew large and hearts came up and balanced themselves in unaccustomed throats. Forgotten was the mud and the meanness, the unending drizzle and the never-delayed bugle.

Excitement was before them. It was a picture of the Southland and of scenes they knew well. In a few moments they were walking along the cotton rows and hitching up the old family carriage. There was a villain to be defeated and a lady to be married. Home had come to them in the mud of France, and Peace and Contentment had come among them. It was the first time they had been content since they had shouldered their pick and shovel.

The next morning the wagon with its two-wheeled trailer went dodging off through the stumps and the men went back to their cross-cut with long and fervent speculations as to how it was done, and with a willingness that came as a pleasant and agreeable surprise to a somewhat bewildered top-kick.

Wherever the American soldiers gather in France there is a motion-picture theater.

Underground Shows at Verdun

SEATS alone and an orchestra do not constitute a picture palace. The sky's the limit, and sometimes it's in the other direction. For instance, at Verdun, in the citadel—in the underground city in whose arched womb the fate of the world lay sleeping for four long years—here sixty feet under the ground motion pictures delighted the poilu while he came and went on his nocturnal rounds. Thirty thousand men the underground city held, with only the gray dripping galleries to look at. There with the heavy guns sounding like belated rain drops the soldiers betook themselves to another world and loved and laughed with all the abandon of souls hungry for something besides depravity and detonators.

Underground or above, a picture show is a picture show. Sometimes there are no seats and an orchestra is considered the social event of the season. But with all that the A. E. F. motion-picture shows play to capacity. When the seats are filled the crowd is just beginning to come. A hut in France with a seating capacity of four hundred is considered a failure if six hundred men are not present. Such a show looks like a monkey cabaret. From every rafter and every cross beam they hang, and when the villain gets his they cheer with their heels.

It is the style of the Army. It is the biggest relaxation the Army has, and hanging by your arms isn't anything when you are in your twenties and three thousand miles from home.

Only sometimes there isn't anything to hang to and no place to sit. But the show goes on just the same. Such was the case before the memorable eleventh of November, when to show a light was a week in the jug. The troop trains were going up front, rattling monotonously on mile after mile—*8 chevaux—40 hommes.* Freight cars they were, with the placarded forty men filling one as tight as an alleged hatband. Going up forward with them were our motion pictures, but without the camionette and two-wheeled trailer, because up front a nonmilitary

(Continued on Page 69)

When the Car Breaks Down—Delivering a Motion-Picture Projector With the Rhine in the Background

RACINE TIRES

RACINE RUBBER COMPANY · EXTRA TESTED · TIRES ·

Racine "Country Road"

Racine "Multi-Mile Cord"

© R. R. Co., 1919

TWO Extra Tested products of Racine Rubber Company factories—Racine Country Road Tires and Racine Multi-Mile Cord Tires offer the automobile owner unmatched security and service. Each of these tires, in its respective field, has proved its *extra* worth.

Racine "Country Road" Tire

Racine Country Road Tires are scientifically designed to meet the needs of country road service. They possess 49% greater side-wall strength as a precaution against rut wear. 5000-mile guarantee, and you can expect big dividends in miles above this figure.

Racine "Multi-Mile Cord"

Racine Multi-Mile Cord Tires are thoroughly anti-skid. They are featured by the Racine Absorbing Shock Strip—the mileage-adding achievement of Racine chemists. This exclusive Racine development effectively absorbs jars and jolts—smothers the shocks of the road.

—an extra strip of blended rubber, graduated in resiliency. It inseparably welds the tough tread to the flexible cord carcass, and by its secret compound, absorbs the force of road blows the tire receives in service.

For your own protection be certain every Racine Tire you buy bears the name

Racine Rubber Company

Racine, Wisconsin

Clicquot Club

Pronounced Klee-ko

GINGER ALE

GLORIOUS play—and the glorious fun of thirst-quenching with Clicquot Club Ginger Ale. It's on ice now, waiting till dry and dusty little throats clamor for refreshment. There's no harm in giving the kiddies all they want of this safe and pure ginger drink—an incomparable blend of purest juices of lemons and limes, Jamaica ginger, cane sugar, and crystal-clear spring water. Buy by the case from your grocer or druggist. Serve whenever thirst puts in an appearance.

THE CLICQUOT CLUB COMPANY, MILLIS, MASS., U. S. A.

WILL YOU WAIT FOR ME?

By OSCAR GRAEVE

IN OCTOBER, when the autumnal rains begin—those inexpressibly sad and dreary rains of the seashore—and when the last of the summer people have packed their bags, expressed their trunks and boarded up their cottages, Far Rockaway slumps into its annual period of hibernation. The shops along Central Avenue regretfully put away their stock of joyous and expensive merchandise fit to tempt the eye of trade nurtured on the rich fare of Fifth Avenue and Broadway. The little Italian peanut vender who every day cries his wares on the road to the beach sadly moves away to parts unknown. The Crystal Dance Palace muffles its chandeliers in amorphous draperies and closes its doors on a vast expanse of waxed floor. Abramson's Department Store shows in its windows sedate suits of dark gray and blue—guaranteed serviceable—instead of dazzling creations in pink chiffon and azure taffeta.

In fact all Far Rockawny, the most debonair of the resorts along that stretch of Long Island sand, takes on once more the quaint aspect of the country village it once was before certain improvements in electricity brought its surf-beaten shore within forty-five minutes' commuting distance of the great city.

Along Central Avenue this October evening, in the gray mist that came from the sea, Sallie McOuat scurried along. Not five minutes before she had placed the muslin over the ladies' waists—reduced to $1.98—at the counter over which she presided in Abramson's; not three minutes before she had bathed her tired eyes at the washbasin in the room where she hung her hat and coat; not one minute before she had punched the time clock in the exit hall. Usually at this season of the year Sallie's heart was heavy, her spirit as dank as the pavement she trod. Usually at this season she felt as if all the world with its chatter and frivolity had moved away and left her behind. But to-night she hummed as she hurried. Her cheeks were pink. Her breath caught in ecstatic little sighs. For something had happened to Sallie.

The something was this: For the first time in her life a man had looked upon her with favor and found her fair.

To-night, instead of going directly home to help her mother set the table for the two steady, all-the-year-round boarders, Sallie McOuat with a searching glance up and down Central Avenue veered at right angles into the doorway of Sol Mann's haberdashery. She saw to her delight that it was unoccupied except for Mr. Chester Penniman, who was Sol Mann's chief assistant in summer and his only assistant in winter.

Chester Penniman scanning the Evening National laid flat on the glass before him stood behind a show case filled with ties of lurid hue - but none so lurid as the green-and-orange tie which rested its silken folds against the pale green silk shirt which covered the upper part of Mr. Chester Penniman's robust and slender form. Mr. Penniman was a magnificent creature. He had a manner. He could sell a scarf or a shirt to a customer and leave that customer impressed forever after with the feeling that he had been granted an incalculable favor. Mr. Penniman also had a voice, suave and deep, which rolled forth from his chest in measured cadences. Mr. Penniman was very careful to pronounce his "can't" with the broadest sort of an "a," and his "been" so that it rimed with "lean." Certain other niceties of grammar and pronunciation, however, escaped him. Nevertheless Mr. Penniman was an advocate of good form, a glass of fashion, an ardent student of what's what.

As Sallie McOuat slipped into the shop Chester Penniman regarded her with a full, benevolent eye. And yet he frowned slightly.

"Now, girlie," he said disapprovingly, "I told you not to keep running in here to see me. The boss don't like it."

Sallie McOuat, who, heaven knows, was small and thin enough as it was, seemed to shrink still further. Her face, a little white pinched face, became if possible more hollow-cheeked. Her eyes, very tired and wistful, lost their animation. The sparkle which but recently had made them almost worth a second glance died away.

"I—I thought you'd be glad to see me for a minute, Chester. Last night—last night you said you thought I could be almost pretty at times."

"Yes, I know, Sallie. And I meant it. I'd say it again You'd be a pretty good looker if you only had some pep and knew how to dress. Now that suit you got on—there's no style to that."

"This is my last winter's suit, Chester. I got to make it do for a while. I'm saving up for a new one, and I'm going to try to get something real swell that you'll like."

"You're afraid of yourself, Sallie. That's what's the matter with you. You haven't got any confidence in yourself. You could get a better position if you tried."

"Not down here, Chester. Not in Far Rockaway. You know there's not much chance for a girl at Abramson's."

"Well, I don't know about that. Look at me, Sallie. I'm doing pretty well in Far Rockaway. And why? Because I've got confidence in myself. Only last week I says to Mr. Mann, 'Look here, Sol, you got to give me more money.' And Sol says 'All right.' I know what I'm worth. It's awful hard to get young fellers now because so many have gone into the Army. Sol knows that as well as me. That isn't saying I wouldn't like to get into the Army myself. But you know they turned me down on account of my feet. So as long as I can't go in I might as well make the best out of it for myself."

"I know I haven't got your ability, Chester."

"But I'm forgetting what I was going to say, Sallie—about coming in here. Mr. Mann don't like girls running in here. I told you that too. And I don't blame him. He had to make a rule. You know how that Ferguson girl was chasing in here all the time to see me."

"Yes, I know, Chester; but I just wanted to run in for a minute. I wanted to ask you something."

"Well, go ahead, Sallie, and ask me. But remember the boss don't like girls running in."

"What I wanted to ask you, Chester, is will you come round and see me for a minute after dinner? I want you to see some more samples of lettering I've done. After what you told me last night that maybe I could get a job

Down the Street Went Sallie, Her Lips Drooping, Her Heart a Little Heavy. But Not for Long

doing lettering I sat up till one o'clock copying some more of that fancy lettering out of a magazine. I want you to see if you think it's good. It made me so happy last night—what you said. I never thought anybody could get a job doing lettering. And here, all my life, I've been doing it just for fun. When—when I get a pen in my hand and some paper before me I—I sort of forget myself. Ever since I was a kid I been that way."

"Yes, I'll come round, Sallie. I'll be round right after nine—right after the store closes. Now run along, Sallie, 'cause I don't want Mr. Mann to come in and find you here."

Sallie McOuat's thin face was flushed with happiness again. "All right, Chester, I'll run along," she said.

At half past nine in the parlor of the McOuat home Sallie and Chester Penniman leaned over some drawings which shone white against the red cover of the center table. Sallie was very thankful that she could have the use of the parlor in which to receive the resplendent and magnificent Mr. Chester Penniman. A month earlier the parlor would have been consecrated to other uses. For during the summer the McOuat parlor became the best bedroom in the McOuat boarding house. It brought in, with board, the fabulous sum of fifteen dollars a week. But with the coming of autumn the bed was moved out, the table was shoved back into the center of the room, the denim slips were removed from the chairs, which emerged upholstered in red velvet, the bureau was replaced with a bookcase heavily curtained to conceal a surprising paucity of books. Thus the parlor was reëstablished and a certain gentility reigned again in the McOuat household.

"Do you really think I could get a job doing lettering like this?" Sallie McOuat asked for the fifth or sixth time, and each time with the same wondering astonishment in her voice.

"Sure I do," maintained Chester Penniman stoutly. "Some people are willing to pay good money for this. Why, look at the ads in any magazine. You'll find lots of fancy lettering like this. Somebody's got to do it, and somebody's got to pay for it."

"But where do you find the people who'll pay for it, Chester?"

"Well, I don't know about that, Sallie. You got to go to New York and find out." Mr. Penniman's eyes closed thoughtfully for a moment, and then they opened wide with excitement and inspiration. "Listen here, Sallie! Do you remember that young feller I told you about that used to come in and buy collars from me? He was a young swell, don't you know? Never bought anything but collars. Our shirts and ties and gents' furnishings were never good enough for him. At first I thought he was nothing but a stuck-up, but afterward I got to see he was the real thing. He made me realize I had to get my shirts and ties special, too, if I wanted to look like the real class. I got quite friendly with him. He was an artist of some kind, and he used to work for an advertising agency.

"He told me where he worked. If I could only remember the name! He's the man for you to see. He'd steer you right."

"But you can't remember the name of the place where he worked, Chester?"

"No, I can't. It was a funny sort of name. Filloway—Stilloway—something like that. Say, have you got a telephone book?"

"Yes," said Sallie, and ran to fetch it.

Swiftly Mr. Penniman thumbed the multitudinous leaves of the telephone book. "Here, this must be it!" he exclaimed: "The Milloway Advertising Agency. Yes, that's it! You go there and ask for Mr. Redleaf. He'll remember me. Tell him I sent you."

"Oh, Chester, suppose I did get a job doing lettering. It sounds too good to be true. How could I ever thank you?"

"That's all right, girlie. I told you you'd be all right if you had a little more go to you."

"Oh, Chester, I don't want to seem like those other girls who are always chasing you, but—but I don't know how I'll ever be able to thank you enough for what you've done for me and what you've said to me." Sallie McOuat's face was scarlet. And that flood of scarlet painting her cheeks made her almost pretty. Mr. Penniman glanced at her approvingly.

"I'm perfectly willing to say any time, Sallie, that you look pretty good to me. A little more style and you'd be a real good looker."

"Maybe if I could get a decent job, Chester, and buy some nice clothes I'd—I'd suit you better. It's awful hard trying to look your best when you got to work at Abramson's from eight till six, and when—when you got to help at home, too, Chester. Sometimes it's all I can do to fall into bed at night, Chester. Sometimes I feel like I was a rag."

"You just brace up a little, Sallie. If you had that goldie hair of yours fixed by a regular hairdresser, if you put just a little dab of powder and paint on your face like most girls do now, if you put on one of those soft clinging silk dresses that Abramson's showed in their windows last summer—well—well, you'd be a winner, Sallie."

"Would you like me then, Chester?"

"Now don't get mushy, Sallie. That's the trouble with girls. The minute I'm nice to them they expect me to get mushy."

"I—I don't expect you to get mushy, Chester. I didn't mean that. But I wish I could make myself over so—so that you'd like me a lot."

"We're neither of us in a position to think of marriage bells yet, Sallie. We both got our way to make in the world before we got any right to think of marriage bells."

Mr. Penniman stood up—robust, slender, magnificent. He puffed out his chest. He appeared very large and imposing, smiling down upon the diminutive Sallie. He took both her hands and held them for a minute while she, wistful of eye, her small mouth puckering a little, gazed up into his face. And something of the worship she had for him, something of the adoration, percolated through to his consciousness. He smiled. He held her hands tightly, warm within his own.

"Well, I got to be going, Sallie."

"Don't go yet, Chester."

"Yeh, I got to go, Sallie. We don't want to get mushy." He was suddenly moved to sentiment. "You're a nice little kid. You're a nice little tidbit, but we can't think of marriage bells yet. We both got to get somewhere in the world before we can think of settling down. And maybe by that time you won't like me so well, Sallie."

"Oh, Chester!"

"No, maybe you won't. Tastes change. Maybe my tastes will change, too, Sallie."

"You won't see much of me any more, Chester; not for a long time."

"What do you mean, Sallie?"

"I'm going up to the city to-morrow. And if I get a job in the city I'm going to live there. No commuting for me all winter. It'd tire me too much. If I get a job I want to make good on that job."

"But what will your mother and father say?"

"Oh, I'll win 'em round, Chester."

"I don't know, Sallie. They'll miss you, and you help round the house a lot, don't you?"

"Yes, I do help ma a lot, but sometimes I think it's wrong for ma and me to do all the work. If we didn't do it pa would have to get a job. I don't believe it's good for him to be just loafing all the time. He'd work if he had to."

"He won't let you go, Sallie."

"They can't keep me if I get a good job in the city."

"Well, I must be going."

"I've Been Making Myself Over," Said Sallie

Sallie walked to the front door with him. As he turned to go down the steps her hands reached out to detain him a little longer. But he did not see her hands, and, empty, they fluttered back to her side.

At the mirror in the hatrack in the hall she straightened her hair, she placed her hands flat against her burning cheeks. She stood there a moment gathering courage and resolution, and then steadily she walked back into the kitchen, where her mother, her day's labor almost completed, sat by the table reading a fascinating romance about a king's daughter in love with a gallant and irrepressible young American.

Mrs. McOuat's face, wax-white in color, had little pouches of loose flesh that sagged into a double chin. The flesh of her whole body seemed a size too large for its framework as she sat there in the rocking-chair, loose and relaxed. But the hands that held the book were thin, and here, the knuckles, swollen, seemed a size too large for the hands. The skin ran back from the knuckles tight and pinched. But her faded blue eyes shone and were soft as she read the romance of a king's daughter.

"Ma, I'm going to the city to-morrow," said Sallie.

Mrs. McOuat's faded blue eyes dragged themselves away reluctantly from the romance. "What did you say, Sallie?"

"I'm going to the city to-morrow."

"You ain't going to Abramson's?"

"Not to-morrow, ma."

Mrs. McOuat looked frightened. Anything that deviated no matter how slightly from the routine of things frightened her. And besides, the very sight of her daughter frightened her to-night. Sallie's cheeks were still flushed and her eyes were hard and resolute.

"What's that young Penniman feller been telling you, Sallie?"

"He's been telling me I could get a job in the city doing lettering, ma."

"I'll learn him something if he's going to put fool ideas like that in your head, Sallie! I allus knew it was worse than a waste of time, you allus fooling round with them drawings."

"He—Chester—says that there's good money in it, ma."

"You mean you're thinking of giving up a steady thing at Abramson's to go off on a wild-goose chase like that, Sallie?"

"I got to take a chance some time, ma."

Little lines of obstinacy crinkled round Mrs. McOuat's deeply pocketed eyes. "There's no use of going on a wild-goose chase like that, Sallie."

"Well, I'm going to, ma. And if—if I get a good job"—Sallie drew a deep breath and plunged on valiantly—"I'm going to live in New York, ma."

Mrs. McOuat's eyes opened wide; her color mounted. "Now look here, Sallie. You got to stop talking sich nonsense. I'll learn that Penniman feller if he's going to put sich ideas in your head. You ain't going to the city to-morrow to look for no job. You're going to Abramson's as per usual."

"I want to make something of myself, ma."

"Yes, and a fine thing you'll make of yourself running wild round New York. You can make something of yourself right here to home if you want to, Sallie."

"I can't get anywhere down here, ma. There's no chance for a girl. What can you do? Work in Abramson's in the winter, and take tickets at the Crystal Dance Palace in the summer or maybe sell orangeade down at the beach. What else can you do, ma? I—I want to dress better and look better than I do and be something more than I'll ever be down here. I want more time for myself. I—I want to look like some of those swell girls who come down here in the summer."

"I'll learn you if you ever get to look like one of those painted hussies, Sallie. I don't want to hear any more of this nonsense!"

"I know that you need my help round the house, ma, and I hate to leave you on that account. But if you and I didn't do so much it would be good for pa. He'd have to find a job then."

"You leave your pa out of this, Sallie."

"All he does is hang round McGarry's corner all day and 'most all night. It's because you let him do it, ma. You've spoiled him giving him three square meals a day and a place to sleep, and him never bringing in a cent."

"Your pa's health ain't what it used to be, Sallie. You ought to be ashamed of yourself speaking about him like you do. You leave him out of this."

"He'd work if he had to. I've often had a mind to tell somebody about him since I read about that work-or-fight law."

"I don't want to hear any more of this nonsense, Sallie."

Sallie's lips trembled. "I—I got to make something out of myself, ma. You don't really need my help. You told me yourself you'd been able to put a little more money in the bank because last summer was such a good season for you."

"And where would we land if I didn't put a penny by when I have the chance, Sallie?"

"Well, I—I want my chance, too, ma. I got to make something out of myself. I—I ——"

To Sallie's own indignation she was choked with a rush of tears. Her throat seemed to fill up, was hot, burning. Not thus could she plead for her freedom. She was defeated, and yet —— She turned and went to her own room.

Very early the next morning Sallie rose and packed certain meager belongings in a worn suitcase which a summer boarder, a lady boarder, had bequeathed her. On top of the suitcase, wrapped carefully in tissue paper, were samples of her lettering. She ran downstairs and left the packed suitcase hidden behind some bushes that raised their faded and bedraggled branches beside the front gate. Later, after she had helped her mother clear away the breakfast dishes, she set forth at the usual hour for Abramson's. But she had no intention of going to Abramson's. Not this morning. She first made sure that her mother was not gazing from one of the front windows, and then she dragged the suitcase from its hiding place. In a pocketbook tucked within her waist was twenty-two dollars, the savings once destined for a suit that would appeal

(Continued on Page 49)

New June Numbers of Columbia Records

Ponselle Sings "Keep the Home Fires Burning"

Never in all its meteoric career has "Keep the Home Fires Burning" been sung with such vivid intensity. Ponselle has been acclaimed by thousands as one of the world's great dramatic sopranos. Her golden voice fairly makes you see the "silver lining" to the clouds in this great song.

49585—$1.50

Happy Music of the Hour

They're up-to-date—they're never late—we have them all—you need not wait—they're thirty-nine some one-steps new—some fox-trots fine—and waltzes, too—the newest air—the latest hits—band pieces rare—and comic bits—symphonic tunes—a hymn or two—our list for June's—made all for you.

Madelon Amparito Parrat **When Johnny Comes Marching Home** Amparito Parrat and Columbia Quartette	A-2716 10-in $1.00
In the Gloaming Corinne Rider-Kelsey **My Laddie** Corinne Rider-Kelsey	A 6102 12-in $1.50
Onward, Christian Soldiers Oscar Seagle and Columbia Stellar Quartette **Stand Up for Jesus** Oscar Seagle and Columbia Stellar Quartette	A 2706 10-in $1.00
Oh, Lawdy (Something's Done Gone Between Ebenezer and Me) Bert Williams **Bring Back Those Wonderful Days** Bert Williams	A 2710 10-in 85c
St. Julien March Columbia Band **Salute to Buffalo March** Columbia Band	A 6100 12-in $1.25
Veil Dance Columbia Turkish Orchestra **Turkish March** Columbia Turkish Orchestra	E 4221 10-in 85c
By the Camp Fire Sterling Trio **Mammy O' Mine** Sterling Trio	A 2718 10-in 85c
Alabama Lullaby Campbell and Burr **Dreams** Sterling Trio	A-2717 10-in 85c
That Wonderful Mother of Mine Henry Burr **I Can't See the Good in Good-Bye** Lewis James	A-2711 10-in 85c
No One But You, from "Sometime"—One-step. Introducing "Beautiful Night" Waldorf-Astoria Dance Orchestra, under the direction of Joseph Knecht. Dance Music **It Gets Them All**—Foxtrot. Introducing Spirit from "Somebody's Sweetheart" Waldorf-Astoria Dance Orchestra, under the direction of Joseph Knecht. Dance Music	A-2719 10-in 85c
Aloma—Oriental Fox-trot Jackers Brothers **Full O' Pep**—One-step Jackers Brothers	A-2706 10-in 85c
I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles Medley Waltz. Introducing: 1. Somehow You're Just My Style. 2. Loving Eyes. Dance Music, under the supervision of G. Hepburn Wilson. Columbia Orchestra, Charles A. Prince, Director **That Tumble-Down Shack in Athlone** Medley Waltz. Introducing: 1. Bring Me a Rose. 2. Mickey. Dance Music, under the supervision of G. Hepburn Wilson. Columbia Orchestra, Charles A. Prince, Director	A-6104 12-in $1.25
Some Day I'll Make You Glad Sterling Trio **Wait and See** (You'll Want Me Back) Henry Burr and Ruth Lenox	A-2713 10-in 85c
Sweet Siamese—Fox-trot Earl Fuller's Rector Novelty Orchestra **Ruspana**—One-step Earl Fuller's Rector Novelty Orchestra	A-2712 10-in 85c

"The Lure of Music"

This wonderful book should be in every music-lover's home. It tells you, in a humanizing way, all about the world's greatest composers and their music. $1.50 at all Columbia Dealers.

Columbia Records are made in all languages

New Columbia Records on Sale the 10th and 20th of Every Month at all Columbia Dealers

COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE CO.
New York

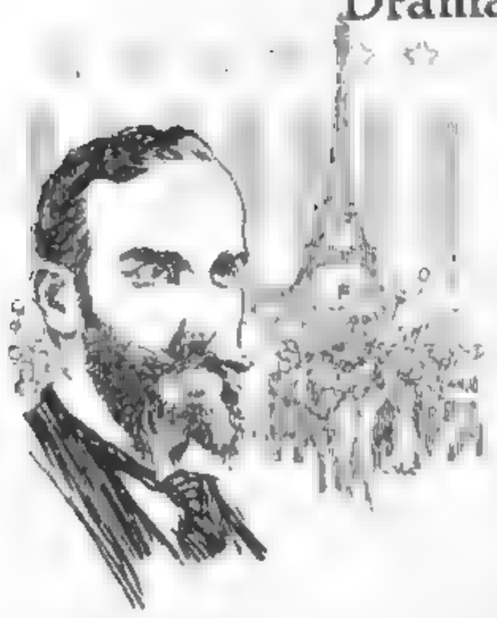
London Factory: 102 Clerkenwell Road, E. C.
Canadian Factory: 54 Wellington St., West, Toronto

Rag Song "Chong" Has Come Along

"Chong" is here—the Chinese rag! It's veryqueer—aChinese jag! Chong's girl in Hong Kong gets a shock! The music makes you fairly rock! On the back, "One and Two and Three and Four, Rock-a-Bye." *You* start rocking your baby!

A2714—85c

Graveure Glorifies Dramatic War Song



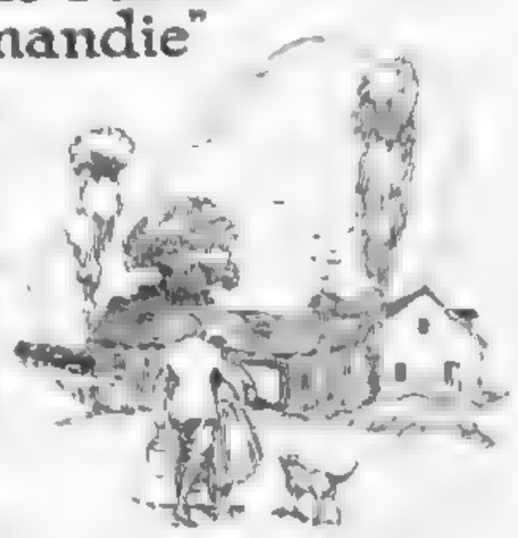
Tense—touching—gripping—dramatic—is this great war song "The Americans Come." Graveure gives you all the pathos, all the doubt, despair and dawning hope of the blinded French veteran who hears the first American contingent march up the street all his unbounded joy and gratitude. Coupled with Graveure's "When the Boys Come Home."

A2709—$1.00

"On a Little Farm in Normandie"

A song of international sentiment. An American doughboy finds his ideal "On a Little Farm in Normandie." He will surely settle there if she'll say "oui." Coupled with "Little Old Lady O' Mine."

A2715—85c



"Impressions of Italy" by French Symphony

A dream of pure delight is the French Symphony Orchestra's "Impressions of Italy"—from the first to the final faintest note. All the slow languor, all the swift gaiety, all the passionate romance of that beautiful land of serenades, scenery and art is in this great double record.

A6101—$1.50

"JA-DA"—the Big Jazz Dance Hit

It's a bull's-eye, this long-shot fox-trot by Sweatman's Original Jazz Band. Old or young, fat or thin, married or single, blonde or brunette, it gives them all delirium of the feet! They just have to dance to it, whether or no! On the back, the same band plays "Rainy Day Blues," another fox-trot that keeps them moving.

A2707—85c

(Scene from "Tom Sawyer"
"Whoever finds one of
these hid treasures,
it belongs to him—")

Even if he's "dressed up" a fellow wants to be able to play

Real boys look well-dressed in Tom Sawyer Washwear—at "dress up" places and at play. Mothers can let them wear these good garments because they wear so long and wash so well.

You'll realize how much better Tom Sawyer Washwear is the very moment you see it. Repeated washings can't affect the splendid style nor colorings. The cloth is stronger and lasting. Garments fit, yet are roomy—with reinforcements where strain comes. Collars "set" properly. Sleeves hang the way sleeves should, cuffs fit the wrist. Yokes are double. Waistbands are strong; buttonholes don't tear out. The good looking buttons are extra strong, and sewn on to stay. Belts, ties and trimmings are high quality.

Tom Sawyer Washwear includes many styles, many colors, many patterns. All first quality—all guaranteed. Prices no higher than you usually pay.

SHIRTS—12 to 14 neck
BLOUSES—6 to 16 years
MIDDY SUITS—4 to 10
RUSSIAN SUITS—3 to 8
JR. NORFOLK SUITS—3 to 9
ROMPERS—3 to 8
ALL-IN-ONE SUITS—3 to 8

Most good shops have Tom Sawyer Washwear. If you wish, we'll direct you to a convenient place to get it.

For dealers there's a miniature sample trunk. From it you can make stock order unhampered. With it comes a mighty interesting sales story. Better request it right away.

ELDER MFG. CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.
NEW YORK, CHICAGO, KANSAS CITY, DALLAS, LOS ANGELES

Look for the Tom Sawyer Label in your clothes

TOM SAWYER

"WASHWEAR" For Real Boys

(Continued from Page 46)

to Mr. Chester Penniman's fastidious eye. She hurried down the street toward the railroad station, purchased a ticket, a one-way ticket to New York, and left the suitcase with the kindly ticket agent. Then she scurried down Central Avenue, giving McGarry's well-known corner a wide berth.

Into the door of Sol Mann's haberdashery she veered suddenly at right angles.

Mr. Chester Penniman was wiping the glass show cases with a flannel cloth. He frowned when he saw Sallie.

"I told you, girlie, not to keep running in here," he said. "I told you the boss don't like it."

"I had to see you for a minute, Chester."

"I told you the boss don't like it, Sallie."

"I know, Chester, but I'm going away."

That made Mr. Penniman stop short in his admonitions. "You're really going to New York?" he asked after a pause.

"Yes, I'm going, Chester."

"So you got your ma's consent?"

"No, she wouldn't listen to me, Chester. I'm—I'm running away."

"Well, you got more spunk than I gave you credit for, Sallie."

"I had to take my chance, Chester. I feel sure I'm going to make good up there in the city. A year from now you won't know me, Chester."

"I always said you'd be a good looker if you had a little more style."

Sallie McOuat held out her hand. "You won't see me for a long while, Chester."

"Sure I will. You'll be back to visit your folks, won't you?"

"No, not till I make good, Chester. I feel funny about it. I don't want to come back until—until I'm made over. I don't want to come back until I've made myself into something you'll be proud of, Chester. I'd—I'd never be going away if it wasn't for you giving me all that encouragement."

He held her hand in his. "You're a nice kid, girlie."

She raised her eyes to his, wistful, adoring. "I'll never forget it was you who made me do this, Chester. I'll never know how to thank you."

"That's all right, kid. I'm the kind who likes to help a girl. You haven't forgotten that fellow's name? Redleaf! And the place he works is the Milloway Advertising Agency."

"I've got them written down, Chester."

"Well, good-by, kid. Good-by and, as they say, good luck and God bless you!"

"Thanks, Chester! I'll never forget what you've done for me." She was silent for a minute. He had released her hand, but now her two hands crept up his coat, clasped his coat lapels. Her eyes, misty, were lost in his. "Would you—would you kiss me good-by, Chester?"

"Aw now, kid! Don't get mushy. That's the worst with girls." But after a swift glance at the open door he stooped and kissed her raised lips lightly.

"Chester, I'd like to ask an awful big favor of you."

"What is it, girlie?"

"I know—I know that you don't like me in a—in a mushy way. But I want a chance to make myself so you will like me. Give me a year, Chester. Give me a year to do it. I'll come back in a year, Chester. And I'll be real swell then. I'll be like one of the summer girls. Will you—will you wait for me?"

"Sure, I'll wait for you," he promised carelessly. "There's no chance of my being serious with any other girl. I can't think of wedding bells. Not yet, Sallie. Not till I've made my mark in the world."

"All right, Chester. You'll wait for me then. Good-by."

Down the street went Sallie, her lips drooping, her heart a little heavy. But not for long. Soon she was at the station. Soon she was on the train. Soon Far Rockaway was left behind her. She was free—free from Abramson's, free from waiting on the table in her mother's house. She was no longer one of those left behind while the world moves away. She was going to have her chance. Her lips parted. Her eyes shone. Rosy hopes bubbled within her. Already those subtle faiths that from within us lend luster to the eye and color to the cheek were at their transforming work upon her.

Sallie McOuat, beneath her arm a thin flat package wrapped in tissue paper, stepped into the waiting room of the Milloway Advertising Agency. The room overwhelmed her. It awed her. She had never seen anything like it. Stifling a desire to run away she seated herself upon a leather-upholstered couch and gazed with the round eyes of a child at the brown carpet upon the lacquered floor, at the walls wainscoted in white and hung with bizarre drawings which had had their day in advertising perfumes, petticoats and powders.

Presently Mr. Jack Redleaf, to whom she had sent in her name, burst in upon her.

Sallie rose, pressed the package a little more tightly beneath her arm and said: "Mr. Chester Penniman sent me to you."

"Who?"

"Mr. Chester Penniman, who is chief assistant in Mr. Mann's haberdashery in Far Rockaway."

"Oh, that fish!" said young Redleaf inelegantly.

"He isn't a fish!" exclaimed Sallie indignantly.

"Did he send you to tell me that?" asked Jack Redleaf.

And so contagious was Jack Redleaf's smile that despite herself Sallie was forced to smile too.

"No, he sent me to you for advice. I'm looking for a job doing lettering."

"Girls don't do lettering."

"Well, I do and I can," said Sallie with a surprising flash of courage. "I brought some samples of my work. Will you look at them?"

"Sure," said young Redleaf, but he said it with a rather wan air, as if in the past he had been called upon to do this sort of thing very often, and always with disappointing results.

But after a cursory glance or two he leaned closer, his eyes alight.

"Great Jehoshaphat!" he cried.

"What's the matter?" asked Sallie.

"Why, they're good!" he answered, as if that fact were the most surprising thing in the world.

"Can I get a job?" asked Sallie.

"Certainly."

"Right away?"

"Well, I don't know about that, sister. One doesn't jump into jobs immediately. Why the haste?"

Sallie's lips quivered, but she answered nothing. Jack Redleaf scrutinized her with shrewd eyes. Now young Mr. Redleaf took the world very much as it came his way. He flitted gayly along over the surface of life with very little thought of the things that lay beneath the surface. And his philosophy, or lack of it, made his existence an exceedingly pleasant one. But as he looked at the rather forlorn and pinched little figure of Sallie McOuat his usual blithe indifference was troubled. His heart started doing strange things. Not that it was the first stir of love or anything of the kind. He was sorry for Sallie—that was all. He felt that it would be very nice to put his arms round the girl and comfort her, but the impulse was little different in its nature from one he would have experienced in encountering a stray urchin or a lost kitten.

Presently, after his scrutiny of her, Jack Redleaf said: "Come on. Let's sit down here on this perfectly good bench and you can tell me all about it."

So beguiling was his manner that Sallie did not hesitate. She sat down beside him. And then she told him much more than she had ever expected to tell anyone. If there were any omissions they concerned Mr. Chester Penniman.

"And so you haven't even a place to live?" asked Jack Redleaf when the tale was concluded.

"No."

"That's easily remedied. I know a girl who's just started a house down in Fifteenth Street. She calls it a studio house, but that's a bit ambitious. Nice girl, though. And a hunky-dory old house. Get breakfast there if you want. No other meals. She'll put you up and you won't have to pawn your jewels to live there. Let's go down."

"Now?"

"Sure. Why not?"

Sallie McOuat thought of the time clock at Abramson's. "Can you run out of the office whenever you want to?"

"Surest thing you know! What's the use of being an artist if you haven't got temperament? Got to have temperament. They haven't any use for you unless you've got it. Come on!"

The tempestuousness of young Redleaf quite swept Sallie away. She was more dazed than astonished at being seated in a taxicab and speeding down Fifth Avenue; she was still dazed when she met the nice girl—who proved to be a very nice girl, though a trifle eccentric as to costume; she had not fully recovered from her daze when, Jack Redleaf having raced away again, she found herself installed in a tiny room of the hunky-dory house, surveying a couch covered with a peacock-blue spread, a small bureau of white painted with red flowers, and several chairs of irregular and fantastic shape.

Jack Redleaf once having taken her destiny in hand showed no intention of letting go until he had secured for her a safe haven in the shape of a job.

During the week that followed he sent Sallie, it seemed, to every advertising agency in town. But nowhere did they have a job open, though they liked her samples and were prolific with promises. At the end of the week even Jack Redleaf's unbounded confidence was a little dimmed. And as for Sallie, every night she counted with alarm the diminishing remnants of the twenty-two dollars.

But then, one evening early in the second week, Jack Redleaf rushed in with the astonishing request that Sallie kick him round the block.

"Here there's been a job open under my nose all the time," he said, "and I've never realized it."

"Where?"

"Right in my own office. The Milloway Agency needs a letterer."

"It—it isn't your job, is it?" asked Sallie timidly

"Listen to the child!" said Jack Redleaf. "There's gall for you! Do you really think you could do my work?"

"What do you do?"

"Fashion work. I draw the likes of ladies that were never seen on land or sea." And then with a sudden change of tone: "Say, that's a hell of a job for a fellow to be holding down when there's a war on, isn't it?"

Sallie was not accustomed to Mr. Redleaf's frequent profanity. She felt that he was not quite a gentleman. Mr. Penniman, for instance, would not swear in that way. And in other ways Mr. Redleaf suffered in comparison with Mr. Penniman. Mr. Redleaf's red hair, for instance, was always disheveled; he kept getting excited and running his fingers through it. And you never knew what Mr. Redleaf would say or do next. He was irresponsible. He kept bounding from one thing to another. And his blue eyes twinkled so constantly that you never knew whether he was making fun of you or not. Sallie, absorbed in these comparisons, said nothing.

Meanwhile Mr. Redleaf had thoroughly recovered his spirits. "Cheer up, sister!" he cried. "Here's a real job for you and you don't even shed a tear of thanks. You'll get twenty dollars a week to start with. No less. And I'll be there to show you the ropes. At least, I'll be there a little while."

"A little while?" At that Sallie raised her eyes and gazed directly into his. "Are—are you going away?"

"You bet!"

"But where?"

"Where's your perspicacity, sister? Where would a fellow be going in this year of our Lord 1917?"

"I don't know," said Sallie.

"You don't know! Say, don't you read the papers? I'm going to a training camp—that's where I am going."

This time it was Sallie who felt something strange happening to her heart. "You mean you're going—to war?"

"Certainly. I'd have gone long ago if they'd let me. Had something the matter with me. Had to be fixed up a bit. But now I'm fit enough, thank God!"

"Oh!" said Sallie, her hands at her throat.

"Will you think of me when I'm gone, Sallie?"

"Yes," said Sallie; and for a moment the curious thought came to her that she would think more of young Jack Redleaf than of the man in Far Rockaway who had promised to wait for her.

Imagine, dear ladies and gentlemen, if you will, the curtain lowered for one year, two months and an odd day or two. Imagine, if you can, the difference between October, 1917, and December, 1918—the difference between heartburn and farewells, crowded transports sailing for France, newspapers which with each edition brought a stab to some one of us, and then streets alive with shouting people mad with joy, shops ahum once more with trade, crowded transports returning home, newspapers spreading before us again their usual merry

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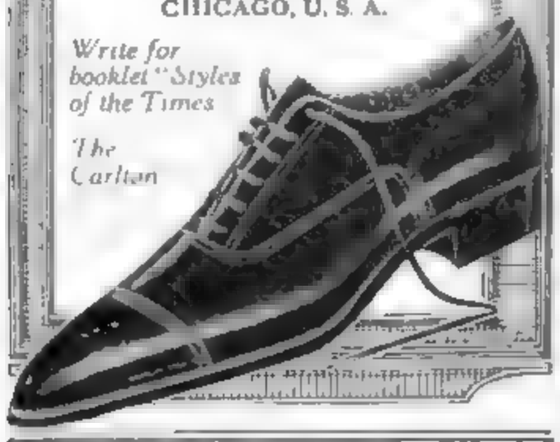
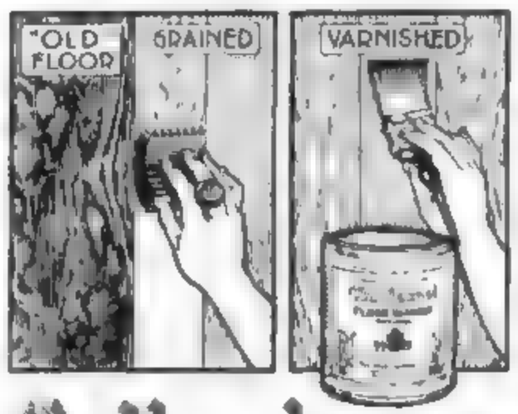
Write for booklet "Styles of the Times

The Carlton





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If you want more money, we want you. In return for spare time devoted to our local interests we will pay you liberally in cash. Scores of our workers average *$1.00 an hour profit*. Why not you too? Write today to The Curtis Publishing Company, 218 Independence Sq., Philadelphia, Pa.

fare of murders and divorces, bank robberies and politics.

Into the office of the Milloway Advertising Agency one crisp December afternoon there burst a young man wearing proudly the uniform of a buck private in the United States Army.

"Say, who's got my job?" he demanded. "I'm the problem of the returned soldier."

At his voice Sallie McOuat looked up from an elaborately lettered announcement of spring hats at which she was working. She looked up and into the eyes of Jack Redleaf. But not for long did she look. For with a rush he was upon her, shaking her hands, both of them, pushing his impudent face close to hers. But then suddenly he dropped her hands and stood back, his eyes wide with astonishment.

"Good Lord, little Sallie!" he exclaimed. "What have you been doing to yourself? What's happened to you?"

"Why?" asked Sallie.

"Well, I don't know whether it's because I've been seeing nothing but khaki for so long, but you certainly look good to me. No, you have changed. What's happened to you, Sallie?"

"I've been making myself over," said Sallie.

"Well, you've certainly made a swell job of it. If you keep on they'll capture you for the Midnight Frolic."

"Am I improved, Jack?"

"Improved? You're a bird of paradise; and when I left you were nothing but a nice little sparrow. Why, I'm—I'm afraid of you, Sallie."

"Don't be silly, Jack."

"Well, then, you sit here until I come back. Don't fly away. I'm going to see Milloway about my old job."

"Somebody has it, Jack."

"You?"

"No, not me. I never could do your work. But another man has it. I—I hate him. He's so good at it too!"

"Well, that's encouraging. But I'll go and talk to old Milloway, anyway."

In fifteen minutes he was back again. Sallie saw, and her heart ached for him, that some of his buoyancy was gone. Even his contagious smile was a little forced.

"Say, sister, come on out with me," he said. "We've got to have a talk, you and I."

"Oh, I can't go now, Jack."

"Sure you can! What's the use of being an artist?"

Finally Sallie put on her coat, adroitly adjusted her small hat over the golden sheen of her hair, and defiantly walked out of the office with Jack Redleaf.

In a few minutes they faced each other across the table of an adjacent hotel, between them a pot of tea and a tray of pastry.

"Did they turn you down, Jack?" asked Sallie.

"Well, you know the bunk they hand out. Awful sorry the job's filled. Of course they can try to find a job for me, but it will be a little bit hard at first. Damn 'em!"

Sallie's hand crept forward and covered his. "It's—it's awfully unfair, Jack."

As if her sympathy were just the tonic he needed Jack Redleaf threw back his head and laughed. A gleam came into his eyes.

"Do you know, Sallie, this is just the thing I needed! I had determined to get into some other sort of work, but—but my nerve failed me, I guess. I'd have gone back if they'd let me, and been rotting in a soft snap for the rest of my life. And I want to get away from fashion work. That's a hell of a job for an able-bodied man. I—I got to thinking that when I was in the Army. I like to draw. I'm going to keep on drawing. But I'm going to draw steam rollers and locomotives and—and things like that."

Sallie's eyes shone. She was proud of him. She wanted to show him how proud she was of him. But she could think of nothing to say.

And meanwhile his eyes were upon her. He, too, was speechless temporarily. Finally he shook his head.

"I give up," he said.

"Give up?"

"Trying to say what I think of you, kid. I—I want to get down on my knees, right here, Sallie, too, and thank you for writing me so much and—and sending me things. And yet I can't say anything."

"That's all right, Jack. Don't say anything."

"You're wonderful!" He leaned toward her. "Oh, Sallie, if only I had a good job ——"

"No! No!" Sallie cried in alarm. "Jack, don't—don't get mushy."

"Why can't I get mushy if I want to?"

Her eyes avoided his. "Because I'm—I'm half promised to another man, Jack. I—I asked another man to wait for me."

He sat there looking at her for a minute. All the light had gone from his face.

"There's no hope for me?" he asked at last.

"I—I don't know, Jack. Come to see me in West Fifteenth Street to-morrow night. I won't be at the office to-morrow. If I'm at home in West Fifteenth Street to-morrow night there may be some hope. If—if I'm not there, there won't be—any."

Sallie was two months late in going back to Far Rockaway. She had delayed her return two months past the promised year for certain obscure reasons. The true reason, she told herself, was that she wasn't sure the process of transformation had been completed. She wasn't sure that she had made herself entirely over so that even a Chester Penniman would be proud of her. That's what she told herself. But if she had never met young Jack Redleaf I doubt very much that these reasons would ever have occurred to her. All the time she had been waiting, waiting for Jack to get back, waiting to see the effect her transformation had on Jack. But this she never admitted.

I'm afraid that Sallie rather overdid the thing when she went back to Far Rockaway. Never had an actress prepared her costume more carefully for a grand entrance. Sallie had learned much in that year and two months and several odd days. She had been an indefatigable student of fashion magazines. She had studied the art of hairdressing. She had walked without end up and down Fifth Avenue. She had studied shop windows and she had scrutinized fashionable ladies. And Mother Nature, too, who if you give her half a chance is a very decent sort, had been busy with Sallie. Sallie had slept much, she had eaten wisely, and studying shop windows does keep one out in the open air It was indeed a very different Sallie McOuat who returned to her native heath.

Over the burnished sheen of her hair she pulled a little hat of crimson velvet rose leaves, one fitting cunningly beneath the other. Over her slim shoulders she wore a jaunty cape of gray-squirrel fur. Her gloves were white. Above her smart black varnished boots were white spats. But, I admit frankly, the complete description of her costume is entirely beyond me. But I must insist that Fifth Avenue, on a winter afternoon, just before the pink lights begin to twinkle over teatables, had never produced anything more deliciously smart than Sallie.

Down Central Avenue she scurried, veering sharply at right angles into the doorway of Sol Mann's haberdashery. She saw to her relief that the shop was unoccupied except for Mr. Chester Penniman, who stood behind the show case with the Evening National spread flat before him.

With a deferential bow he came forward, and then he recognized her.

"Sallie!" he cried.

"Yes, I've come back," said Sallie, and could say no more. For it seemed to her in that moment that Chester Penniman had changed grotesquely. Why did he wear such a lurid tie? Why was his pinch-backed suit so ridiculous to her? Why were his cloth-topped shoes so distasteful?

Chester Penniman held her hand in his. "I always told you, Sallie," he said, "you'd be a good looker if you had a chance; but but I never expected this. What's changed you so?"

"You look changed, too, Chester."

"Me? No, I'm not changed. Maybe it's just that I look changed to you. You've got to be such an awful swell."

"Have I really, Chester?"

"Have you? You've got all the summer girls beat now, girlie."

Sallie did not know what else to say. Conversation languished.

Mr. Penniman cleared his throat huskily: "You look good enough for me, Sallie."

Sallie flushed. Still she could find nothing to say.

"You remember how you asked me to wait for you, Sallie?"

"Yes, I remember."

"Well, I've—I've waited." Mr. Penniman's face was close to hers. His eyes were amorous. Suddenly Sallie drew back.

"Don't—don't kiss me here, Chester."

"I got a right to kiss you, haven't I?"

"Yes. Yes, I suppose you have," she admitted; and it filled her with horror that her sense of justice forced her to admit it. "But—but not here, Chester. Come—come round to the house to-night." And with that she fled.

"Well, here I am, ma," said Sallie in the kitchen of the McOuat household.

"For land's sake, Sallie!" said Mrs. McOuat. "I was thinking you was never coming back. Of course I been getting your letters and—and the little presents you been sending. But you never put any address on the letters. I couldn't write you, Sallie."

"Yes, I know, ma. I—I didn't want anyone to know where I was until I made good."

Mrs. McOuat used the edge of her apron to remove a few feeble tears

"I don't know as you had any right to treat me like that, Sallie. Ain't I your mother?"

"Yes, I know it wasn't right, ma, but—but I wanted to be sure I made good before I let anybody know. Where's pa?"

"Still loafing up at McGarry's corner. There's no use trying to make him work, Sallie. That money you sent me came in real handy." Suddenly Mrs. McOuat became aware of the splendor of Sallie's attire.

"Say, you ain't keeping anything from me, are you, Sallie? You ain't married, are you?"

"No, but I've got an awfully good job. I get thirty-five dollars a week."

"Lands! Thirty-five dollars! Well, if you ain't married, that young Penniman feller of yours nearly is."

Sallie caught her breath. A sudden light leaped into her eyes. "He is?"

"Sure! Him and that Ferguson girl have been going round together pretty steady. I understand they're engaged, and if they ain't they certainly ought to be."

Sallie dived into her wrist bag and drew forth a time-table. "I'm sorry, ma, but I've got to go now."

"Why, you ain't been here but a minute!"

"I know, ma, but I've got to go. I'll come and see you often after this."

With a hurried kiss Sallie left her mother. She had just time to catch a train back to the city.

It was half past nine in the living room of the hunky-dory house in West Fifteenth Street. To be more exact, it was a couch placed in the corner of the living room beneath the rosy light of a floor lamp with a strange pagodalike shade.

"Great Jehoshaphat, Sallie, if I only had a real job!" lamented Mr. Jack Redleaf. "But I am sure to get something. Will—will you wait for me, Sallie?"

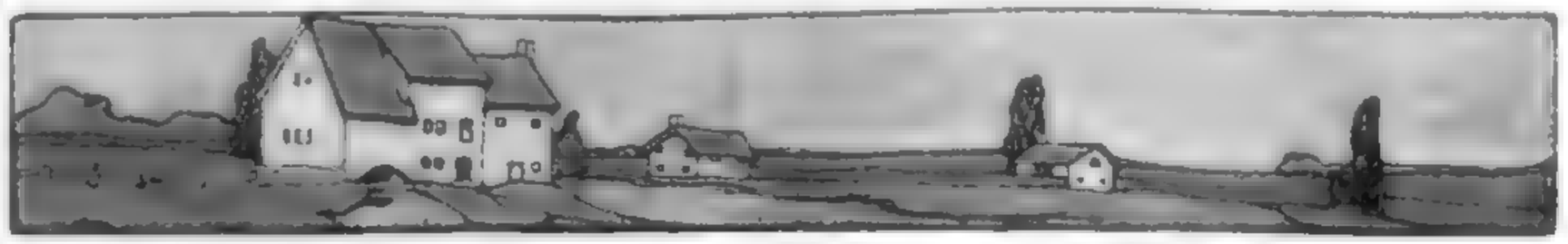
"No," said Sallie.

"Why not?" he cried desperately.

"I don't believe in waiting, Jack. If you want me you'll have to marry me now. I'm not going to take a chance on waiting."

"But what can we live on, Sallie?"

"On my salary till that real job of yours comes along. I—I don't trust waiting, Jack"—and she shook her head with a profound understanding. "People's tastes change too much."



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IN this beautiful building, situated on West Forty-third Street, in New York, opposite the rear of the massive Aeolian Hall, is faithfully portrayed the spirit of Aeolian—the blending of art, of science and of skill.

No concern in the music industry today — no concern in any industry has a clearer perception of the value of ideals in their practical application to the uses of commerce and of manufacturing.

The Vocalion Studio, where come the artists who make Vocalion Records, welcomes them with an atmosphere that inspires them to their best. The very exterior of the building, the Reception Room, the Lounge—are redolent of Art. Science and skill are also here. The wonderful new system under which Vocalion Records are produced is the last word in the world's knowledge of sound—its production and its reproduction. The full beauty of the artist's voice—all the overtones, too subtle, too delicate for older systems to record—are caught by the new Vocalion method. The records made under this new system are as superior to all other records as the Vocalion itself surpasses all other phonographs.

The Vocalion Studio in Forty-third Street, New York City. At left, corner of Reception Room. Below, a glimpse of Vocalion Salon in Aeolian Hall.

VOCALION PRICES

Conventional models from $50.
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HEARING the Aeolian-Vocalion play one of the New Vocalion Records, almost invariably results in the query: "What is the secret of this great improvement over other phonograph performances?"

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In every line of its endeavor—in the production of a phonograph record, a phonograph, a great pipe-organ or a grand piano; in the erection of a recording studio or a great mercantile establishment; in the design of an instrument case, or the decoration of a music salesroom, the Aeolian standard is apparent—the standard that is recognized as the most uplifting influence the music industry has ever known and that has made the Aeolian Company the largest manufacturers of musical instruments in the world.

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NIGHT by night the camera, a silent sentinel, watches the heavens with never-failing eye. Across two hundred and forty thousand miles of space the Moon yields up its secrets—shadowy, dry ocean beds, vast craters of long-dead volcanoes; walled plains, mighty mountains. In the far reaches of the Milky Way, a comet flashes—and the photographic plate records its brief appearance.

For today the camera takes the astronomer's place at the eyepiece of the telescope— supplants the forgetful human eye, and works unwinking and unweary through the long night watches. And because the eye of the camera does not forget, great libraries of photographic plates are built up, year by year—a current history of the heavens. In dark room or computing room the scientist measures and compares them, estimates the ages of stars millions of miles away, determines their distance, even tells us what they are made of and how many pounds they weigh!

So important is photography's contribution to astronomy that the Eastman Kodak Company maintains in its laboratories a skilled astronomer, not as a means of profit, but to collaborate with workers in observatories everywhere; and thus in harmony with Eastman traditions of service, photography is kept constantly abreast of the demands of science.

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EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY

ON BEING A BOURGEOIS

DECORATIONS BY GUERNSEY MOORE

THEY tell me I am a bourgeois; but I am not. I never dreamt I might be one until the other day when, in the most casual and matter-of-course way, one of the intelligentia, who seems to know all about that sort of thing, classified me and then passed lightly on to another and more important phase of the world unrest.

But not to me. I was interested in being a bourgeois. It was an entirely new sensation. Perhaps you are a bourgeois too. The chances are that you are. This article will tell you. That is its sole aim.

I knew, of course, that it was the bourgeoisie who had made Lenine and Trotzky start on the road to day before yesterday, tearing up the tracks and burning the bridges. But I didn't know that I was one of the fellows with whom they were mad.

But what, you rightly and impatiently ask, is a bourgeois? I know and can tell you.

I began to ask questions. In enlightened circles, where that sort of information was to be found, the general verdict seemed to be that I was a bourgeois. Most of the people I know and like, I learned, were also of the bourgeoisie. All the experts agreed that it was a dreadful thing to be a bourgeois. It seems the tide has turned against us. There is no market for us. The members of the bourgeoisie are out of favor. We aren't class. I was given to understand that, though the hose hadn't been turned on us yet in this country as in Russia and elsewhere in Europe, we were only hanging on by the edge. Our doom has been pronounced and we are only waiting for someone to come along and execute the sentence. Meantime we hang on by sufferance. The proletariat have got us marked down for the remnant counter in the basement.

A New Name for an Old Friend

THIS is the way the dictionary puts it: "Bourgeois—pronounced boor-zhwa. Of or pertaining to the commercial or middle class, as distinguished from gentle or noble; among modern socialistic writers often used in opposition to working class or proletariat, or to characterize a system of commercialism; hence uncultivated; unrefined; common."

Read that last line over again—"hence uncultivated; unrefined; common." Isn't it a wonder? Even the dictionary, ordinarily so nonpartisan and without prejudice, apparently can't refrain from taking a slam at the poor old bourgeois!

Then I went to the books, and began to talk to people who pretend to know about the bourgeoisie and the proletariat and capitalism, and all that sort of thing. It was puzzling and exasperating. They were talking about things I cannot find to exist in this country; things they have heard about and read about as existing in the old countries. "Read the daily papers," they told me. "Read the news from Hungary." So I read this Hungarian rhapsody to the world from Bela Kun, who seems to be quite a party in Hungary just now:

"The stigma of illegal marriages and that on illegitimate children has been removed. Air, light and cleanliness, former privileges of children of the bourgeoisie, can now benefit the young of the proletariat. The cinemas and theaters, which until now have mainly served for the amusement of the rich, are kept in the service of art, but are fully open to the proletariat. The press, the most important organ of capitalism for influencing proletarian minds, is in our service.

"With enthusiasm, the proletarian masses rush to form Red Guards in order to defend their freedom from capitalistic slavery with their heart's blood. The twilight of the gods descends upon capitalistic society. The hour has struck in which the expropriator is being expropriated."

Let's look at that bill of fare and see what—if anything—on it we want to order for this country. I skip lightly over the first sentence; for if there is any demand in this country, or in any community in this country, to add an increased production of illegitimate children to our infant industries to be protected, I am wholly unaware of it. That, I take it, is one of the things which have always taken care of themselves.

And what about the movies? Do we need a revolution to permit the proletariat to sit alongside the bourgeois and the capitalist in common enjoyment of Charlie Chaplin "in the service of art"? Surely we provided for the right and privilege to go to the movies more than one hundred years ago, when we declared the inalienable right of man to the pursuit of happiness. But the wise old fathers guaranteed us only the "pursuit" of happiness. They knew that not one man or woman in one hundred thousand ever caught up with it. Now these preachers of new doctrines and new ideas are promising us happiness itself; they have grown faint-hearted in pursuit. But they can't deliver the goods. They haven't got it themselves. They are only seekers, like the rest of us.

I found out at last that this poor dub, the bourgeois, always so contemptuously spoken of or with a sort of pity, is nothing more or less than our old friend the Average Citizen, or, as he is known in the tariff debates, the Ultimate Consumer. It came as a shock. I resented this new pitying and patronizing attitude. It's a new state of mind in this country. I have always been taught, and so have you, to look upon the average citizen of this country as the best type of citizen produced anywhere in the world. We have always been told that he has made this country what it is. We have been proud of him. Certainly I have been proud to be one; and now to be told that he is nothing but a poor soulless boob puts my dander up.

It isn't true!

I needn't describe the average type of good American citizen to you. You know him. He was Roosevelt's friend, and Bryan's too, for that matter. He is a good man and a good neighbor. He is industrious. He and his sons fought the Revolution and the Civil War and the great world war for us. He works six days a week and goes to church on Sundays. He has a wife and family. He makes a fairly good living and puts something by; not so much as he should, but still something. He reads the papers and tries to keep up with what is going on in the world.

In the present posture of affairs he is being badly served in this respect. The normal income tax fits him like a glove. He smokes a mild ten-cent cigar and can borrow five hundred or perhaps a thousand dollars at the bank. He is looking forward to the time when he can buy a flivver, or he may have got to the stage where he can turn in his old car and get a new one every two or three years. That sort of man.

He is the fellow that, all my life, I have been taught to believe was the backbone of the country. He isn't spirituelle. He wasn't or isn't notably good at phrasing or evolving abstract ideas about government or society or the relations of human beings one to another. But neither is he grossly material. He wants to do the fair thing. He gives his money freely for good causes when his imagination or sympathy is touched; and that's a trick easily done. He has built cities and towns and schools and churches, and made farms out of the wilderness, until now, with all its imperfections and shortcomings, all its disadvantages and evils, this is the best country anybody knows anything about for an average common-run-of-the-mine human being to live in and bring up his children. This is not a boast. It is a restrained and temperate statement of fact. I can prove it.

About two million of us were sent abroad during the "present emergency," as for some silly sloppy reason we have officially always sought to camouflage this war. We were in England, France, Belgium, Germany, Italy and Russia. We were there from varying periods of eighteen months down to three or four months.

We saw a lot of the countries we were in and the people. We lived right close to them, and we were moved about a lot. We saw the bourgeois and the proletariat, and their homes. At one time or another I lived in twelve châteaus in France and only two of them had bathtubs and plumbing; and in both of them the plumbing looked as if it had been out of commission since 1884. And the little towns! Good Lord! No telephones, no street cars, no electric lights; no sidewalks except sometimes little narrow strips!

Why Import Trouble?

THEY'VE got us beaten on some things. They don't waste, and they know how to farm so as to get the most out of the land. It's all cared for and closely cultivated, without any weeds or waste patches. But how many fellows have you heard of who wanted to stay there and live? How many have you heard of who want to go back there to make their home? Not a single one, I'll bet you. Now I don't intend to pull immigration statistics, but just take a look at the swarms of people born on the continent of Europe who come over here to live. None of them knew anything much about conditions here, but they were sick and tired of what they had at home. Nearly every man I talked to while I was away, including hundreds of German prisoners, were all asking when it would be possible to come to America to live.

Why, in the name of heaven, should we import ideas of living and social and economic conditions from people who are dissatisfied and fleeing from the only ones they know about? We are curious fools about some things, and this idea of importing other people's troubles and mistakes is one of them. We have brought in here, to be nuisances and pests, German carp, English sparrows, boll weevils, the foot-and-mouth disease; and now a lot of wild asses to tell us we are bourgeois and proletariat and capitalist-ridden, and preaching the "revolution."

It has gone so far that a lot of people can pronounce bourgeois approximately correctly; at least, you know what they mean when they try to say the word. As a matter of fact, there is no such thing as a bourgeoisie in this country. It's the old story: a rooster to-day, an egg

The first warm days you take a deeper breath, a longer stride; you want greater freedom of movement; the easy lightweight cool comfort of an "R&W" summer suit.

Men are wearing "R&W" summer suits earlier every year. They like the comfort and smart fit of these attractive light fabrics.

Buy a couple of "R&W" summer suits and discover their fascination—their smartness, the finish of their workmanship, their delightful health-giving coolness.

PRODUCT OF THE DAYLIGHT SHOPS

Look for the "R & W" label—it's your protection. It will pay you. At your dealer's.

Makers of good summer clothing, trousers, overcoats, raincoats, fancy and dress waistcoats, smoking jackets, bathrobes, golf and automobile apparel

Rosenwald & Weil
Clothing Specialties
CHICAGO

yesterday, and a feather duster to-morrow. We shift our economic condition too fast to be classified.

Take my own case: I have Liberty Bonds that yield me thirty-five dollars a year; therefore I am a bourgeois, because I derive part of my income from investment. When I sell these, as I shall have to presently if the price of spinach and other comestibles keeps going up, I shall become a proletarian. When I have spent the proceeds, unless I work in the meantime, I shall be a bum; and that is a classification not in the books. As a bum I become qualified to sneer at the bourgeois and to seek to incite the proletariat.

Let me tell you about two other fellows who will not accept classification and be put into pigeon holes. The other night I got off a Sixth Avenue surface car in New York and started to walk through Thirty-second Street to catch a train at the Pennsylvania Station. I was carrying a suitcase. A brisk little gray-haired man ranged alongside me. He was smoking a cigar.

"Lemme carry your bag for you."

I paid no heed to him.

"I'll carry it down to the station for five cents."

I gave him the quick once-over. He plainly wasn't a bum; but just as plainly he was in hard luck—temporarily down and out. His clothes were shabby and old, but they had once been of good quality and were well cut. I handed him my bag and he trudged along by my side.

"Are you broke?" I asked.

"Well, yes; you might call it that," he replied cheerfully enough.

"So am I," I told him.

"That's too bad! It's tough luck to be broke; but don't you get discouraged. Keep your nerve up and things will break right for you. I am not a bit discouraged. I never expected to be so hard up against it that I should have to do this sort of job; but better men than I am have had to pull out of a hole. It won't take me long to straighten things out once business gets steady again."

The Bantam's Cheerful Pluck

I asked the game little bantam more questions and he told me about himself:

"I had a nice little exporting and importing business when the war came along and ruined it. We held out as long as we could, but we couldn't get space on the ships; and then all sorts of restrictions were put on exports and imports. We couldn't get our money. I suppose the Germans will pay up after peace is declared. They owe me enough money in Hamburg to set me on my feet if I could lay my hands on it."

The old boy was not moaning or disconsolate or grouchy. He didn't have any idea of giving up. He had been caught out in the rain without an umbrella; but that sort of thing is likely to happen to anybody. We like to think of that as the true and typical American spirit, don't we? At the station we parted as equals and friends. He put down my bag and held out his hand.

"Don't you be discouraged," he said. "Whirl in and have another riffle. You'll be on top again soon. There ain't nothing to keep a good man down."

When I got on the train I met another of the same stripe. He was the Pullman conductor. Late in the evening, when there came a lull in his work, he came and took a seat near me. A big clean-shaved gray-haired fellow, with a kindly face. I asked him how he liked working for the Government.

"Oh! All right, I suppose," he answered in a noncommittal tone. "They've given me an increase in pay of twenty-five a month at one whack; and I don't suppose the Pullman Company would have done that."

He paused for a moment and then went on:

"But I am sort of puzzled to know just where I stand. I can't figure myself out. I'm making more money than I ever made before. I'm making too much to kick or to be dissatisfied; but still I'm not making enough to live on and pay my bills. I seem to run a little behind every month. I find that most of the men in my town who are in average circumstances are in the same fix. The way prices are now, we can't save anything. Food costs too much. I suppose what I ought to do is to go back on a farm and raise things to eat; but, gosh, how I dread it! I worked eighteen years on a farm before I went to railroading.

"I did enough hard work when I was young to last me all my life. I was born on a farm and I have had my fill of it. I hear some of these young fellows who have been to the war talk about wanting to start farming. I wish they would. I noticed that chicken in the dining car was one dollar a portion to-night. That young fellow in lower three had a three-dollar check when he got through. I saw it. He didn't eat so much either; but there aren't many folks these days who can afford to eat three dollars' worth of stuff at a meal."

I introduce these simple folk and their brief annals as typical of thousands. We can make for ourselves a great and wholly unnecessary amount of trouble in this country. A cloud of eager, aggressive, restless persons, some of them native-born and all of them made dangerous by a little learning, are seeking—and not in vain—to create a class consciousness among us. They will do mischief unless we bring our ancient common sense to bear upon them and their teachings. Life and living and the pursuit of happiness can be so simple and so easy here with us if we only let it be so. It becomes complicated only when we try to classify ourselves.

What is wrong with the system we were brought up on of just being friendly human beings? Why not make the imported and downtrodden and oppressed immigrant who comes to us for freedom and happiness conform to our ideals and our beliefs, rather than accept theories he has evolved under conditions we have never known here and need never know? I refuse to be called a bourgeois or a proletarian, with the implied sense of inferiority and subjection, and take it lying down.

Is it the glory or shame of this country and our system that Trotzky, who in this land of unbounded opportunity could earn only eight dollars a week as a reporter on a Yiddish newspaper on the East Side of New York, in Russia is the head of the government and a dictator over the lives of millions? Surely it's significant of something, but I don't know just exactly what.

Maybe we have more common sense about self-government than the Russians have learned yet. Maybe they could learn something from our system rather than have the revolutionary highbrows point to them as models for our guidance. The socialistic-anarchistic-bolshevistic-anti-bourgeois-to-hell-in-a-back-with-everything program is having a free swing over a large part of Europe these days. Do you like it? Will you try some of it here? It hasn't made good anywhere. Therefore, say its prophets and well-wishers, it must be just the thing for us!

Facing the Realities

We have got a rigid quarantine law against pests and vermin that destroy plant and animal life in this country. The human sort we have been kinder to and have offered them asylum. They offer us their program: Happiness and freedom from care, without work, through destruction. And their creed: Damn everybody who is trying to earn a living and save a little money!

Well, there you are! It's the old rum proposition over again: You can take it or leave it alone.

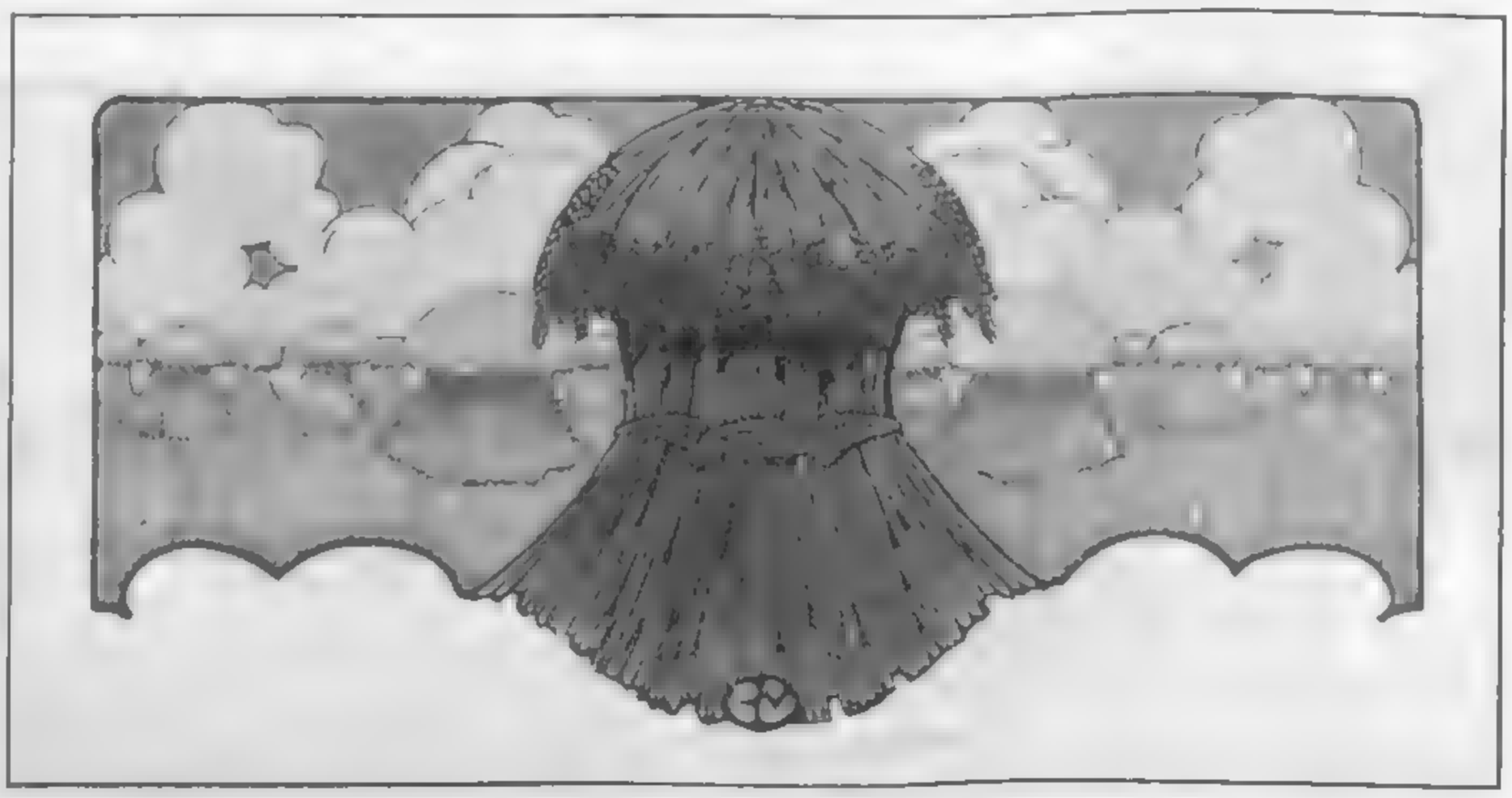
Let's look at things straight. Nothing is worth while at this time except realities. Let's be honest and face them. We haven't been happy in this country since the war began, in 1914. We haven't been pulling together or seeing eye to eye. We aren't happy now and our minds are muddled. We don't know how the social and political changes in Europe will affect us. We don't know whether we want to pull into our shell and go back to our old isolation and aloofness and independence—and content—or whether we want to share in the new rearrangement of the world.

We want a League of Nations if it means an end of war, but we don't want it if it means policing Mesopotamia and Asia Minor, or killing poor deluded creatures in Siberia and Russia against whom we have no present grudge. We are unsettled in our minds. We know we have got a problem—many problems—of reconstruction and readjustment to face, and we do not see them clearly. We do not know their terms.

To those of us who were uprooted by the war our old daily tasks seem trivial and not worth while. They don't seem to mean anything. What is the real right thing to do? What will bring security, peace and happiness? Isn't that what you are asking yourself? Everybody else is.

We haven't had such a spiritual test and strain since the Civil War. It has tried us out. We have all been shocked out of our old grooves more or less. We are asking ourselves now whether we shall try to slip

(Concluded on Page 57)



HOOD WURKSHU

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFFICE

Tire-Tread Soles Give You Miles of Wear

People who have worn Hood Wurkshus—worn them long and hard—say: "It's almost impossible to wear them out."

One reason for this extra-durability is the corrugated tire-tread sole—made tough and pliable by the same process used in the manufacture of Hood Tires.

The uppers will not stretch or crack—they are of heavy brown duck, like the Government uses for mail bags. An inner lining of lighter duck gives added strength and comfort.

Hood Wurkshus do not draw the feet. This is prevented by specially prepared leather-topped fibre inner soles.

Another feature is the Hood patented Pneumatic Heel—found only on Hood shoes. This heel contains air chambers which receive and eject air at every step. Stand or walk all day and feel fine at night.

Under a heavy pressure of live steam—the "Hood Pressure-Cure Process"—every piece of the shoe is welded together. Hood Wurkshus cannot come apart. They cannot rip or split.

Made on the Munson Army last, Hood Wurkshus fit the feet in a comfortable, easy, restful way. They keep their shape. You can press down the resilient box toe, but it snaps back into place.

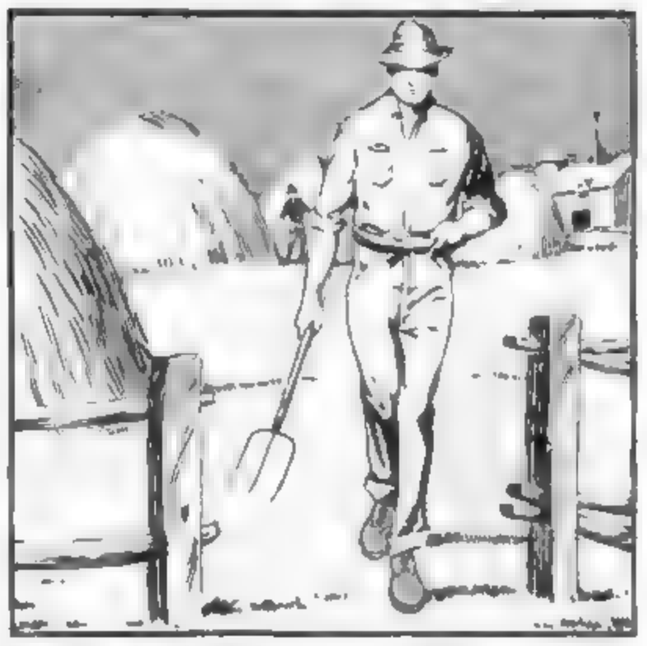
Here are the ideal shoes for every requirement of heavy service. They will keep your feet cool and comfortable. They will give you even longer wear than you expect.

Try a pair of Hood Wurkshus to-day. Your dealer will gladly supply you. Or write us and we will tell you where you can get them.

Free Booklet Mailed on Request

Hood Rubber Company, Watertown, Mass.

Hood Wurkshus make the heaviest labor easier. Cool and comfortable, with springy Pneumatic Heels.



Even in a hayfield the corrugated, tire-tread soles on Hood Wurkshus prevent slipping.

Built to "stand the gaff," Hood Wurkshus solve the boy's footwear problem.

Blucher Pattern
For Men and Boys

$2.50 to $3.00

Made in Regular, Blucher and Scout Patterns for men, boys, youths, women, misses and children.

Hood Wurkshus are Equipped with Hood Patented Pneumatic Heels

Outside View

Inside View

Light and Comfortable—Walk on Air

THERE could be no more exacting test of linoleum than to make it the floor of this handsome and artistic enclosed porch. If it is in good taste here, is it not equally appropriate for a dining-room, living-room, or hall?

Your own eyes tell you that this Armstrong's Inlaid Linoleum Floor is in excellent keeping with the general furnishings and colorings. It blends smartness with the right degree of restraint. And there is something exceedingly attractive in the odd, saw-tooth blue figures, with the soft, olive background.

Not only from the standpoint of attractiveness, but also from every practical consideration, you could hardly choose a more sensible floor than Armstrong's Linoleum. When well laid and rubbed thoroughly with a good floor-wax, you have a beautifully polished floor—durable, comfortable, easy to keep clean, and a splendid base for fabric rugs. The ideal way to lay Inlaid, Jaspé, or Plain Linoleum is to cement it down firmly over a layer of heavy felt paper. This insures a permanent floor, the extra wear value of which more than makes good the cost.

Have the nearest linoleum merchant show you the Armstrong designs he has in stock.

Linoleum is made of powdered cork, wood flour and oxidized linseed oil, pressed on burlap. Genuine linoleum always has a burlap back, is flexible and not easy to tear. Be sure that you get it. Better still, ask for Armstrong's Linoleum by name. The name, Armstrong's Linoleum, with the Circle A trade mark, appears on the back of all genuine goods. There *is* a difference.

Armstrong Bureau of Interior Decoration

In charge of a thoroughly trained decorator, who is prepared to give personal suggestions about the selection of Armstrong's Linoleum to suit any scheme of interior decoration. No fees. Address, Bureau of Interior Decoration.

"The Art of Home Furnishing and Decoration"

By FRANK ALVAH PARSONS

This book, by the president of the New York School of Fine and Applied Art, shows how to apply the modern principles of home furnishing and decoration so as to bring out the most attractive and livable qualities of every room in the house. Sent, together with de luxe color plates of fine home interiors, for twenty cents in stamps.

ARMSTRONG CORK COMPANY *Linoleum Department* LANCASTER, PA.

Armstrong's Linoleum

For Every Room (A) in the House

(Concluded from Page 54)

back into the old ruts or whether we shall make improvements. When the war began, and we didn't realize how big it was and that it was the great trial and test imposed on this generation of men everywhere on the planet, our first selfish instinctive emotion was one of joy that it was three thousand miles away and that we were not involved. Some of us in our blindness never got beyond that stage.

As the face of the battle became plain we came to see more clearly, and under the strain of watching began to break up into groups. Some of these groups wanted Germany to win and, as best they could, tried to help her. Others wanted to keep out of the war and let it run its course without our intervention on either side. The larger number, of course, desired the course we did take; but even many of these are not satisfied now. Their consciences are not easy. They believe with all their hearts that we went in too late and that the world—including ourselves—has paid the penalty for our early inaction. They believe that, had we seen our duty and begun to fight two years earlier than we did, scores of thousands of lives would have been saved, and that we should not be sharing the problems we are now to meet at home and abroad.

We were late getting in, late getting ready once we were in, and we never made our full weight felt. We aren't satisfied with ourselves or what we did; and yet among us are people and elements and groups that are glad our performance did not come up to the best in us. They have other ideals than ours. Though among us, they are not of us. They are making themselves heard. They find us hesitating at a fork of the roads and point the way. They would classify us and separate us into classes—bourgeoisie, proletariat, capitalists.

We have got to look to our melting pot. It has not been doing its job. The function of a melting pot is to melt; and ours is full of lumps. We call these lumps ghettos, Jewries, Bohemian quarters, Syrian quarters, "over the railroad tracks where the Bohunks and Polacks live." The war and the draft made us see these foreign colonies as undissolved lumps in the melting pot; as undigested masses that would have to be broken up and absorbed.

"The war clearly demonstrated that the traditional American melting pot had ceased to function properly," said Secretary Lane. "Every important city has its foreign colony. In these communities conditions are just as foreign as those the aliens left behind when they came to America.

"In the old days incoming foreigners were assimilated into American communities. Now the people in the great cities are too busy to look after the foreigners. The result is that they live their old lives in the new land. They cling to the languages and customs of the Old World."

In one section of New York the Department of the Interior recently discovered a small foreign colony that received its news from a crier, who walked up and down the streets shouting the latest news.

Most persons in these colonies cannot read or write or speak English. Many got an entirely erroneous conception of the purpose of the United States in entering the war. They were forced to rely on interpreters, who in many cases were enemy propagandists.

"Four hundred thousand of the first million of drafted men could not speak English," said Secretary Lane. "They could not even sign the pay roll. At Camp Upton it was necessary to translate military orders into forty different languages."

I choose to introduce two other bits of testimony. The first is from the Provost-Marshal General who had charge of enforcement of the draft law:

"Not the least valuable of the lessons of the draft is its disclosure that to-day there are certain portions of our population which either will not or cannot unite in ideals with the rest. We have welcomed to our shores many who should be forever denied the right of American citizenship. The operation of the draft in respect to aliens is a great object lesson for the American people. Though many declarant aliens completed their citizenship after they had been inducted into the service, and fought loyally under the Stars and Stripes, yet many others refused to do so and were discharged.

"Furthermore, thousands of nondeclarant aliens claimed and received exemption, sought and obtained their discharge from the service after they had been duly inducted. Many of these friendly and neutral aliens who refused to aid their adopted country in time of need had made the United States their home for many years, had acquired a comfortable livelihood, and had enjoyed to the fullest extent the benefits and protection of our country. But though millions of American boys gladly left their homes and all that homes mean to fight for high ideals and the preservation of all that is near and dear to a patriot, these men deliberately refused to make the sacrifice."

The second bit comes from a Federal judge, with experience in cases brought under the espionage law:

"And now the world war has thrown a searchlight on our national life. And what have we discovered? We find all over these United States, in groups, little Germanies, little Italies, little Austrias, little Norways, little Russias.

"These foreign people have thrown a circle about themselves; and, instead of keeping the oath they took that they would try to grow American souls inside of them, they have studiously striven to exclude anything American and to cherish everything foreign.

"There must be an interpretation anew of the oath of allegiance. It has been in the past nothing but a formula of words. From this time on it must be translated into living characters incarnate in the life of every foreigner who has his dwelling place in our midst. If they have been cherishing foreign history, foreign ideals, foreign loyalty, it must be stopped; and they must begin at once, all over again, to cherish American thought, American history, American ideals. That means something which is to be done in their daily life. It does not mean simply that they shall not take up arms against the United States. It goes far deeper than that. It means that they shall live for the United States, and that they shall cherish and grow American souls."

Well, it's this sort of person who is calling us bourgeois and proletarian, and seeking to introduce the divisions of a social order that has proved a lamentable failure. Why shouldn't we teach these people to be and call themselves average citizens if they are to stay here? Better be an average citizen and be proud of it than be a bourgeois and be ashamed of it. Our old ideals and our lack of classes and class distinctions brought us where we are to-day.

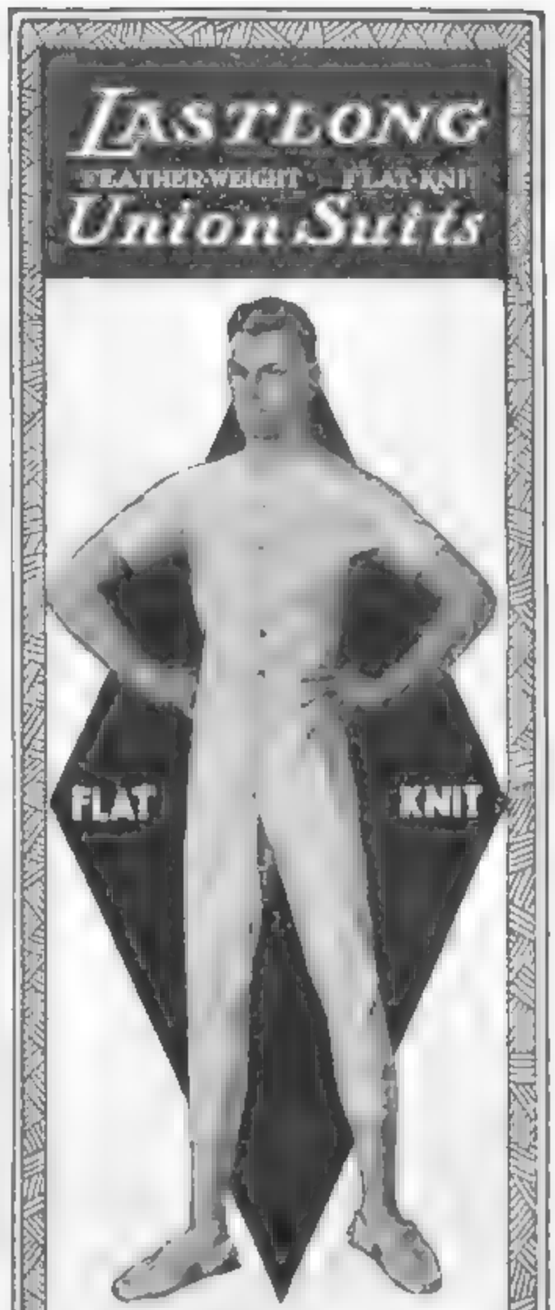
In my part of the country we say of a man we want to praise that he is a good neighbor. We believe that one man is as good as another—even if he isn't. He may be some day. He has always got a chance.

John B. Crozier, a Canadian who has studied us, and a competent authority, says that in the United States "a natural equality of sentiment, springing out of and resting on a broad equality of material and social conditions, has been the heritage of the people from the earliest times. This broad natural equality of sentiment, rooted in equal material opportunities, equal education, equal laws, equal opportunities and equal access to all positions of honor and trust, has just sufficient inequality mixed with it—in the shape of greater or less mental endowments, higher or lower degrees of culture, larger or smaller material possessions, and so on—to keep it sweet and human; though at the same time it is all so gently graded and marked by transitions so easy and natural that no gap was anywhere to be discovered on which to found an order of privilege or caste. . . .

"It is the first successful attempt in recorded history to get a healthy natural equality which should reach down to the foundations of the state and to the great masses of men; and in its results it corresponds to what in other lands—except, perhaps, in luxury alone—has been attained only by the few, the successful and the ruling spirits.

"To lose it, therefore, to barter it or give it away, would be, in the language of Othello, 'such deep damnation that nothing else could match,' and would be an irreparable loss to the world and to civilization."

Hasn't it come to this, that these people who have come over here to escape their own social disorders and conditions must fish or cut bait? They must adopt and believe in our system and not try to graft their own on it. We have long offered asylum to the oppressed of Europe; but, slack as we are in so many things, we never intended to give over the direction of the asylum to the patients. Did we? Apparently that is what some of them are asking.



HAVE you ever really taken time to find the underwear that can give you comfort right through the summer?

Be specific, ask your dealer to show you a Lastlong Flat-knit Union Suit, and have him take your trunk measure. You'll get a non-binding suit that will fit you right, be a real comfort and wear to your satisfaction.

The Lastlong flat-knit, elastic, featherweight fabric absorbs moisture and allows it to evaporate.

This three-quarter length style is one of the most popular Lastlong numbers; covers the knees and doesn't show at the ankles. Made in ankle length and athletic styles, too, for men and boys.

If your dealer hasn't them in stock, send us his name, we'll see that you are supplied.

On request, we will send you a descriptive booklet, also a sample of the fabric.

Lastlong Underwear Co.
349 Broadway, New York
Dept. 1

SENSE AND NONSENSE

The Toy and the Tree

FOR a couple of years the Christmas tree has had a chance for itself. Not even for last Christmas did the schooners or railroad trains bring down their customary loads of Christmas trees from the north woods. Most families got by last Christmas without anything but a secondhand tree; and, though the armistice had been signed, our boys were not yet back home from abroad, and Christmas was not so very merry at home, for a great many reasons.

But Christmas has considerable commerce attached to it after all. Late last summer the buyer for a very large distributing house ran across a forsaken shipload of German toys in the city of New York. He got them all on what is called a close buy; but the purchase was not close enough. To his surprise he found that retailers refused to take these German-made toys. He has them yet.

A couple of days before these lines were written, in a great toy fair held in New York, the market continued to boycott the German product. A news dispatch says: "Buyers of toys in this market declare that under no circumstances will they handle German-made toys again." They seem to be of the belief that American paint is better than American blood on the toys of American children.

Perhaps after a while the simple and kindly German people will realize that they have been at war with pretty much all the world, including Santa Claus and the Christmas tree.

Winding Up the War

ILLUSTRATING the problems of the reconstruction of the fighting area, Maj. Chas. J. Biddle, of Philadelphia, in a recent lecture, after telling how many a machine had got into barbed-wire entanglements, told the story of a colored trooper in the aviation service.

"It was the fashion of everybody to ask everybody else how long the war was going to last, so someone asked a colored trooper what he thought of it. He replied that he placed the duration of hostilities at a hundred years and six months. The interrogator wondered how he could possibly reason it out that way and be so definite.

"'You see, it am dis way, boss,' replied the black trooper. 'Ise kind o' figgered out dat we will lick de Kaiser in six months; and den it'll take one hundred yeahs to wind up all dis bahbed wiah.'"

Hints to Girls

How to be a Failure in Business

GET down late mornings.
Powder your nose when taking dictation.
Draw your salary in advance.
Have your beau telephone at least every half hour.
Wash your white gloves out daily and hang them on the radiator in the boss' private office.
Sass him back!
Make up those paragraphs of business letters you cannot read from your shorthand.
Ask for a raise every Saturday.
Fight with the bookkeeper.
Chew gum.
Forget—never take memorandums.
Do your filing cross-eyed.
Listen on the extension when the boss telephones his wife—or substitutes!

Dennison's

PAPER TOWELS
No more the grimy germy towel. Today it's standard to use Dennison's—soft, safe, sanitary. *One* dries *both* hands.
Write to Dennison, Dept. H
Framingham, Mass., for "Handy Book"
What Next?

POULTRY—RABBITS
MONEY IN BOTH
Poultry Advocate 50c year
Our Great Rabbit Book 25c
Paper one year and book 65c

POULTRY ADVOCATE Dept 5 SYRACUSE, N.Y.

If you cut yourself don't take a chance—
Use New-Skin, the antiseptic preparation for cuts, scrapes and little hurts.
Eighteen years in use.

"Never Neglect a Break in the Skin"

Be sure you get genuine New-Skin, not an inferior substitute.

All Druggists—15 and 30 cents

NEW-SKIN CO.
NEW YORK

$10.00
A SPOTLIGHT ON A REEL

AUTOREELITE is a high grade spotlight attached to windshield yet portable to any part of the car. Extension cord 12 feet long on a reel that winds or unwinds like a curtain roller.

Three Lamps In One

AUTOREELITE is a combined spotlight, trouble light and portable light. Always ready to use. Six-inch, $9, seven-inch, $10. Other models.

Ask your dealer. Write for free illustrated booklet No. S E P 207
ANDERSON ELECTRIC SPECIALTY CO
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MORE THAN A SPOTLIGHT

When you buy paint for floors, porches, walls, wagons or implements—buy the best paint—U S N Deck Paint. It resists severest usage and weather and dries hard in 12 hours. If you don't know who sells it in your town, write us

THE BILLINGS-CHAPIN CO.
Boston Cleveland New York

USN
DECK PAINT
USN
DRIES HARD OVERNIGHT

NEW JOBS FOR OLD

By Frederick S. Bigelow

AN ARMY officer on his way South from Washington the other day encountered in the smoking car a pair of much-battered specimens of the genus doughboy. Both wore wound chevrons and overseas service stripes. The elder, whose stripes indicated that he was a corporal, had lost his right arm; the private had a stiff leg, which he rested on the opposite seat.

It was no hard matter for the colonel to get the boys to talk. They told simply enough how they had enlisted in the same town, passed through a training camp, gone overseas, shifted from sector to sector, seen hard service and had finally been wounded in an engagement on the Meuse. Now they were on their way home. The corporal had been a house painter, the private a telephone lineman.

Yes, they realized they could never go back to their old trades; but as their homes were in a small country town where nobody ever starved they reckoned they could pick up some light work that would keep body and soul together through the summer. As to their future, the outlook was not very bright; but why meet trouble half-way?

The colonel had not mentioned the fact that he was connected with the Federal Board for Vocational Education; but here was his chance to do a little missionary work quite in his own line, and do a real service for two deserving boys.

"Haven't you boys seen The Come-Back?" he began. "Haven't you read what Uncle Sam is doing for crippled soldiers by giving them free training for new occupations that are within their powers?"

"Yes, colonel," replied the corporal. "We've read all about it, but what's the use? It's just bunk. They print that stuff just to make us fellows feel good; but there's nothing to it. There couldn't be. Excuse me, colonel, but you don't mean to tell me that the Government would send us to school, feed us, buy our books and pay our expenses just as a rich father would? It seems plumb ridiculous!"

The colonel was touched on the raw. He was getting mad. Also he was rapidly losing his military dignity.

"You boys make me sick!" he replied. "You are so afraid that someone will slip you a wooden nickel when you aren't looking that when Uncle Sam offers to put you on your feet, give you the best schooling you ever had in your life, pay you—actually pay you for taking it—and enable you to earn a better living than you ever did before, you cry 'Bunk! Nothing to it.'"

The colonel was fairly sputtering.

"Now just listen to me." He dived into his smart pigskin brief case and pulled out a sheaf of typewritten papers. "Just listen to some of these official reports of what our board is doing for you boys."

The colonel's mask was off and two squirming doughboys registered brick-red embarrassment.

Black Presents and Bright Futures

"Now listen to this, and then tell me what you think," pursued the colonel. "Bunk, indeed!" he snorted

"Take the case of Jim W.," he continued, glancing at his notes. "Jim is a son of a widowed mother. When we got into the war his mother told him he ought to go into service, despite the fact that she had three younger children dependent upon her. Jim went into the Navy as a machinist's mate of the second class. He was not a strong boy and before he could be sent to sea the hardships of camp life caused him to break down with tuberculosis.

"They sent him to a naval hospital and after spending some months there he was discharged as an arrested case. Having received his certificate of disability in the line of duty he was a fair prospect for training by our board. Our people had several talks with him and learned from official sources that he had a first-rate record. We found that for some time he had been doing general repair work on motor cars and had a decided knack for machinery. When we asked him what he would like to do he said he wanted to learn to be an expert machinist and fit himself to operate planers, shapers, engine lathes and drill presses.

"We brought Jim's case to the attention of the manager of a large machine shop, who offered to give him a few months of intensive training under his own eye. After we had outfitted him with all the necessary equipment Jim went to work. We are now paying him sixty-five dollars a month and will continue to do so until he is fitted to take a regular job. He tells us that he is making rapid progress and is sure that he will fare very much better than he could possibly do without the special training we provided for him.

"At the battle of Château-Thierry there was a Hun bullet addressed to Corporal S. He got it in the knee, which was so shattered that he will never again have the proper use of it. When we looked into this case we found that Corporal S. was a youngster of unusual intelligence. His father was a clergyman; his uncle was a judge and the boy was possessed of more than a common-school education."

An Embryo Dana

"When we asked Corporal S. what he would like to do he replied that he had become so used to an out-of-door life that he thought of going in for farming. The surgeons advised against our encouraging such a course, for they were sure that the game leg would never improve sufficiently to permit him to succeed as a farmer. In view of his intelligence we proposed that he take a course at a school of journalism. He jumped at the idea and his instructors tell us that he is making rapid progress."

The colonel grinned.

"It is just possible that we made a mistake in his case, for smooth knee action and swift leg work are just as important in a cub reporter as they are in a race horse. But even if he is not swift enough to pursue elusive police stories to their lair he can doubtless sit at a desk and lick them into shape when someone else brings them in.

"Just listen to this letter from Tony M., a young Italian who used to be a bellhop in a Washington hotel:

"'I want to report that I am getting along good in this new job. It is healthier than being a bellboy, and I am learning something every day about the auto because I have to keep several in good running condition. When you all took me in hand I didn't know anything about an auto, and the course you gave me at the auto school taught me how to drive and adjust some part of the motor in a short time. Now this job that you helped me get pays me seventy-five dollars a month, and I get my compensation too. Though I am not as strong as before going in the service I think I am getting better, and the men here are kind and help me along. You are doing a good work for the soldiers and sailors, and I do not know what I could have done better than being a bellboy again if you all had not helped me.'

"Now hear what we did for Henry W., a law student who went into the Navy. Henry enlisted in a Colorado town just after the war began. He served for more than eighteen months as a pharmacist's mate of the second class. At the second battle of the Marne he was with the Navy and Marine bunch that blocked the boches in the nick of time. Near Soissons in July, 1918, he was badly gassed. Shortly afterward his right leg was badly torn by a shell fragment. This occurred while he was assisting the wounded under heavy artillery fire. He told us that he and his comrades had been obliged to take off their Red Cross arm bands because they found the Germans were using them for targets.

"Henry's wounds laid him up in the hospital for a long time but he finally returned to his home and resumed his study of law, which had been interrupted when he entered the service. When we learned the circumstances in his case we could think of nothing better for him to do than to continue his study of law at government expense. We hear that he is doing very well at the law school, where we are paying for his tuition and books. We are also sending him sixty-five dollars a month.

"We are great believers in this method of enabling soldiers to complete studies which were broken off by the war.

"The case of Tony S. is a good illustration of what we do for foreign-born soldiers. Tony came to this country from Italy several years ago and made for the Pacific Coast. He found work in a foundry at Seattle and was employed there when he was drafted.

"Tony had hard luck. During the Battle of Soissons he was badly gassed and very nearly lost the sight of one eye. He was finally discharged from the hospital and mustered out; but he suffered such agonies from his eye and from body burns that he was in no condition to hold a steady job. Here was a case in which we could be of real service.

"In the first place we saw that Tony's family was properly cared for. Next we coddled him back to health. Finding that he was handicapped by his ignorance of English we sent him to school and had him taught so thoroughly that he can now read the baseball pages in the newspapers.

"As foundry work was too heavy for him it was necessary to find him some new occupation. Having a marked mechanical bent we set him to learning the trade of a toolmaker. This work was begun in a schoolroom and is now being continued in a training shop. Meanwhile we are paying for his teaching and supplies and are sending him sixty-five dollars every month.

"Before long he will have completed his course. There is a job waiting for him that will pay him about a dollar an hour as soon as he is fitted for it."

Just the Beginning

"Corporal M. was another eye case. His right eye was entirely blind. Even after his discharge from the hospital he suffered so much pain that he could be of no use to himself or to anyone else. While sleeping in a cheap lodging house most of his clothing and all his money were stolen. Fresh misfortune came with a heavy cold, which caused a bad infection of the injured eye. The War Risk Insurance Bureau, when it learned of his case, took charge of his medical treatment. The infected eye became so much worse that it was necessary to remove it entirely. For a while it seemed as if Corporal M. were looking into a black future but his fondness for outdoor life gave us a clew upon which we are now working. Some time ago we sent him to a state university, where he is now taking a two-year course in forestry at government expense. As soon as he has completed his course there will be a place for him as a forest ranger in the Northwest.

"Before Sergeant K., of New York, went into the Army he was a chauffeur. He was a very bright man and having taken up the study of telegraphy he soon became so proficient that he was sent to the Front with the Signal Corps. While on duty during a violent thunderstorm he was struck by lightning. This resulted in a partial paralysis of his entire right side. Our people devoted a good deal of attention to Sergeant K. before they felt that they could advise him wisely. Finally, however, we learned of his fondness for athletics and suggested to him that he take a special course designed to fit him for the post of physical director of a preparatory school or Y. M. C. A. Despite his handicaps he is doing very well in this course and he seems to feel that his future is secure."

The colonel had consulted only a few pages of his notes when he realized that he was nearing his destination. As he packed up his papers he asked the wide-eyed doughboys if they still thought that Uncle Sam's methods were all bunk. Evidently they had changed their minds, for they begged for the address of the nearest office of the Federal Board and assured the colonel that they would write to it.

The Federal Board for Vocational Education has at least one office in every state. Hitherto it has been doing pioneer work. According to an official statement it had on its books in the middle of March nearly 33,000 active cases. It has already put into jobs without training 3400 men, and has approved for training 3877 other cases.

That the work of the board has only just begun is apparent from the statement that it expects to train for new jobs approximately 20,000 men.

JUVENILE BRANDS

Reduce the Yearly Cost of Your Children's Shoe Bill

The Juvenile Shoe System of shoemaking protects your children's tender feet and the quality of material and workmanship protects your bank account, not because of first cost, but because Juvenile Shoes are long wearing, comfortable footwear and the cost per year is less.

Seven Reasons Why You Should Buy Them

Reason No. 1. The full extension sole prevents the upper leather from becoming scratched or scuffed and protects the tender feet from bruises. *See arrow No. 1.*

Reason No. 2. The sole leather box-toes are made with the smooth side down, and are moulded so they will not break down or curl down after a thorough wetting. *See arrow No. 2.*

Reason No. 3. The inside is perfectly smooth—by the Juvenile process, *not a tack or nail is used in their construction,* heel shoes excepted. Heels are attached with metal fasteners, but top lifts are wood pegged to prevent scratching of polished floors. The absolutely smooth inside makes stockings wear much longer. *See arrow No. 3.*

Reason No. 4. The lining is carefully fitted and is of high grade material, free from wrinkles and seams that might hurt the tender feet. *See arrow No. 4.*

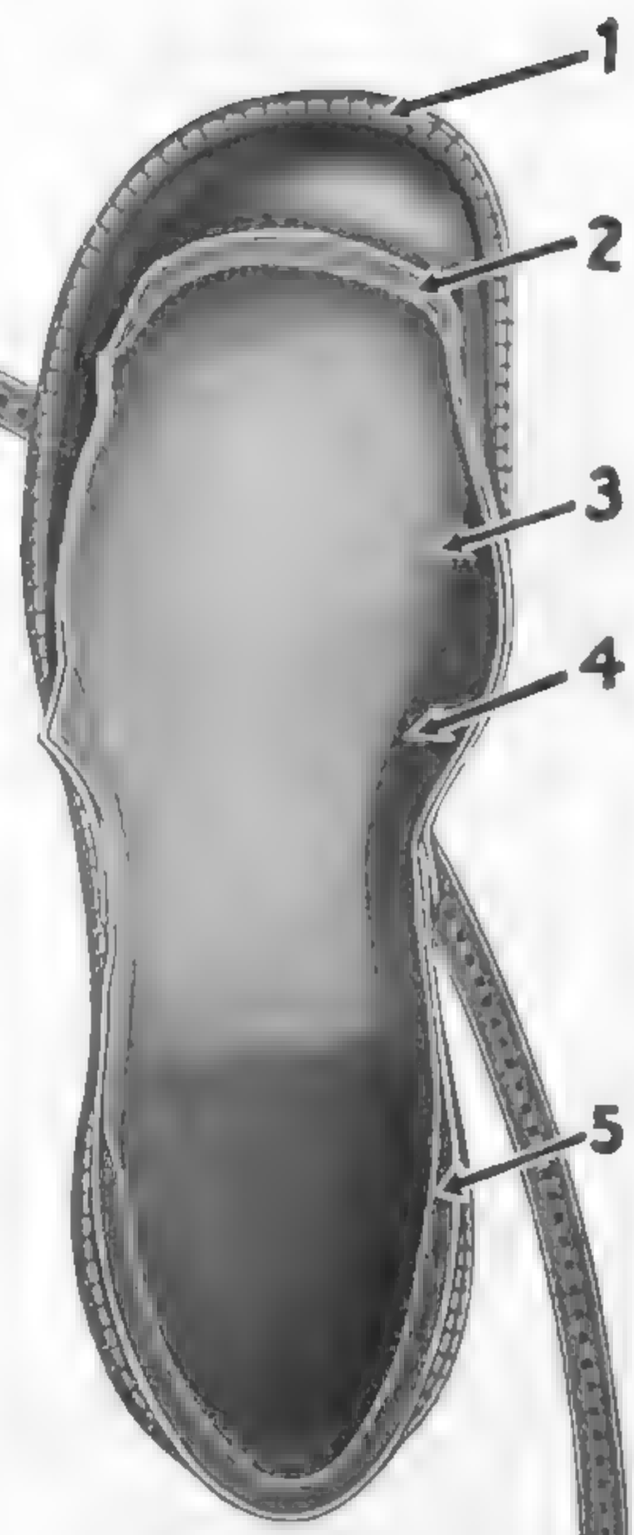
Reason No. 5. The sole leather counter is tough, but soft and pliable. It moulds itself around the heel quickly, hugs tightly and thus prevents blisters. *See arrow No. 5.*

Reason No. 6. Outer soles are overweight flexible oak leather, cut in our own sole leather plant. It is the longest wearing sole leather that money can buy. *See arrow No. 6.*

Reason No. 7. A child's hand can bend them. The extreme flexibility of our sole leather is a special feature of the Juvenile Shoe System. *See arrow No. 7.*

Juvenile Shoes are made in Lace, Button, Straps and Oxfords, in all leathers. The price range is three dollars to six dollars a pair, according to size.

The Quality Is Higher Than The Price



The famous Juvenile Footform last is used in all our Goodyear Stitchdown patterns. The shape of this last gradually changes as the sizes increase—the same as the human foot.

THE JUVENILE SHOE CORPORATION of AMERICA

ST. LOUIS

New York — San Francisco

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This flexible footform style of Juvenile Shoe System Footwear is sold all over the world, under the following registered trade-marks:

Kewpie Twins, Playhouse,
Little Wizard, Fairy Tale,
Little Jack Horner, Punch
& Judy, Dixie Play Shoe.

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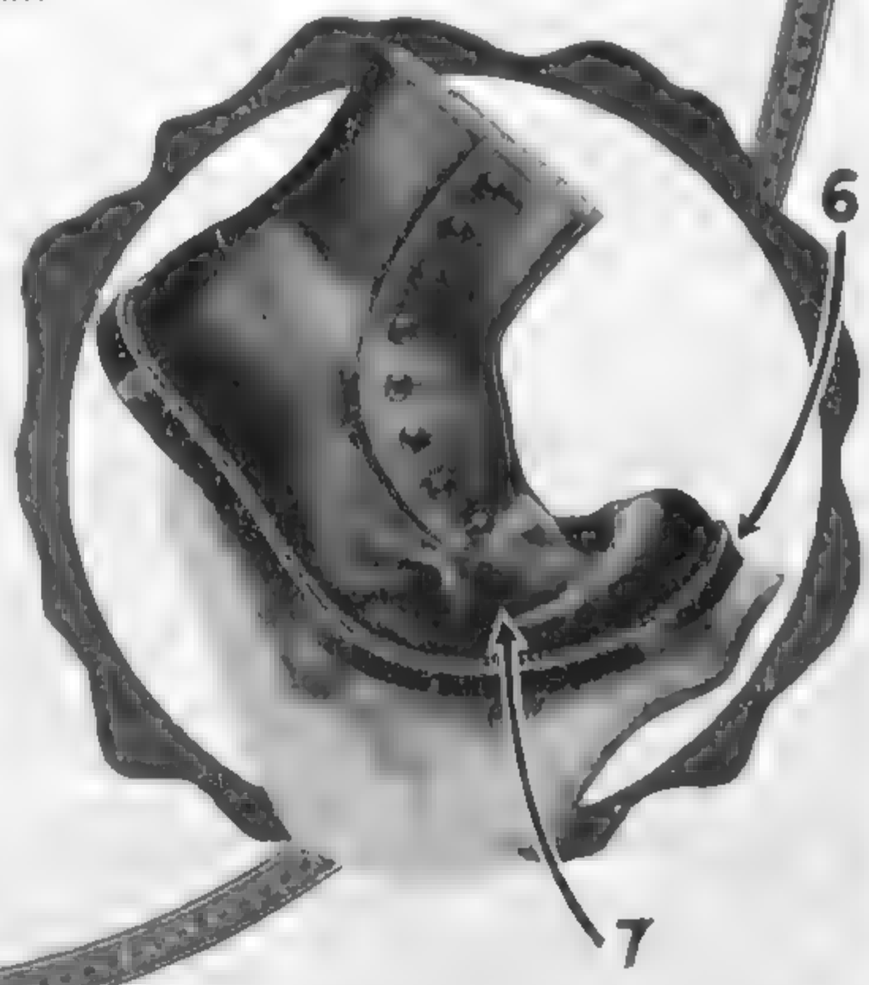
Juvenile Shoe System
Standard of the World



SAHARA IN EXCELSIS

By BERTON BRALEY

With a Few Acknowledgments to Samuel Blythe

I

IN THE Crocus Club grill
Among various fixtures
Is a barkeep whose skill
Is the making of mixtures
Which add to life's bliss, as his nectars in blent array
Course down the length of the tract alimentary.
It was there, in that room, at that shrine alcoholic,
Where millionaire idlers were given to frolic,
There gathered one day
In the lush month of May
Some lushers of wealth, with their miens melancholic,
Holding, in view of a bone-dry to-morrow,
What Samuel Blythe calls a Grand Lodge of Sorrow.
This group of dejection
Embraced a collection
Of middle-aged parties with plethoric paunches,
Rubicund faces and ponderous jowls—
Crinkled, upon this occasion, in scowls.
It also included some scions of wealth,
The kind that a family frequently launches
Forth on a life of unlimited spending,
Which, if we judge by the status of health
Shown by the Crocus Club's shining examples,
Doesn't last long from beginning to ending.

"Why, it's an outrage," quoth one of these samples,
Mortimer Manners, "to cut off our drink;
Put all the joy in our lives on the blink;
Shut off our sunshine
And moonshine as well;
Fix it so one shine
Means days in a cell!
Why, without stimulants physical, mental, man
Can't fill the leisurely rôle of a gentleman."

"Right you are!" snorted
Old Percy Van Blanc,
Visage contorted.
"It's tyranny rank,
All of this Puritan flibbertigibberty,
Limiting gentlemen's personal liberty.
Doubtless the ignorant untutored masses
Must be prevented from drinking too much;
But for us cultured superior classes
It is a crime we're forbidden to touch
After July
Any bourbon or rye,
Applejack, brandy, bacardi, vermuth;
We who, unlike common persons uncouth,
Needn't be kept from the goblets that clink,
Since we undoubtedly know how to drink!"
[One might remark that, to judge by the highballs,
Cocktails and fizzes tucked under their belts,
Most of these parties with crimson-veined eyeballs
Didn't know how to do anything else!]
This tale, however,
Will not endeavor
Here to record all the long divagations,
Wild protestations,
Gloomy forebodings and prognostications
Which were put forth in the Crocus Club grill.
Chiefly the line of discussion was this:
"What'll we do with our time when we miss
All of the mixtures compounded to fill
Hours that are idle with balm and with salve?
What'll we have when there's nothing to have?"
So, with much animus,
They were unanimous,
Wholly one-voiced in their single opinion
Loudly expressed in their angry high didos,
That when the land was a bone-dry dominion
Things would be gone to the Rovers and Fidos.

II

DOWN near the corner of Mott and the Bowery,
Under a chop-suey joint with a flowery
Kind of a name, and right next to a store
Dealing in misfits and secondhand toggery,
There is a gin mill, a regular groggery;
Sawdust and hoboes all over the floor;
One of those places we call a saloon—
French is "café" and the English is "pub."
Friends of John Barleycorn call it a "boon,"
"Refuge of workers" and "poor people's club."
Smart Prohibitionists answer with: "Sure,
It is their club—and it's keeping them poor!"

Anyway, this one particular bar,
Bearing a sign labeled Workingman's Rest,
Also was holding a Grand Lodge of Sorrow;
Yet though this lodge and the Crocus had far
Different members the views they expressed—
Those in regard to a bone-dry to-morrow—
Sounded extremely alike in the main.
"Why," the refrain was, "must drinkers refrain?"

"Say," said a specimen
Who had a nose
Like a red jessamine,
"Listen, you 'boes:
How is a poor an' unfortunate gink
Gonna git on with no licker to drink?
Take me, for instance; no matter what town
I'm in
I got my troubles; but what'll I drown 'em in
When the land's dry
After July?
Soda an' pop,
All of that slop,
Drunk by the gallon, can't do what a drop,
One single drop of the hard stuff will do,
Cheerin' a guy when he's shaky an' blue."

"Sure," said a stevedore,
"All of these drys
Ain't gonna leave a door
Open; us guys
Won't have no place that is cozy an' warm
Where we kin holler 'To hell with reform!'
Rich men got golf links an' autos an' clubs
Which they kin play with, but as for us dubs,
Take the saloon away
Birds of our feather
Can't while the noon away
Drinkin' together;
As for evenin's with nowhere to roam,
What could a guy do but stick around home
Gettin' the blues,
Harkin' to news,
How all the children needs clothin' an' shoes;
Hearin' yer wife—
Tongue like a knife—
Makin' a wail,
Askin' for kale,
Wantin' to take every dollar an' cent
Just for such bunk as the food an' the rent.
This prohibition is rotten, I'll say,
Takin' a workin'man's clubrooms away—
Fill 'em up, barkeep; I just got my pay!"

There was a rush
To get in on this round.
First in the crush
Was an alcohol hound,
Red-eyed and frowsy, unshaven and sodden,
Looking as though in the dirt he'd been trodden.
Grabbing a shot
Of that horrible booze,
This shaky sot
Thus expounded his views,
Speaking in tones of a man educated:
"Gentlemen, those who precede me have stated
Some of my thoughts; but I just want to utter
One or two more in John Barleycorn's praise,
For when he's with you most any old gutter
Seems like a palace. Reformers would raze
All of the beautiful castles I build
When with the spirit of corn I am filled.
They would delete
Visions I meet—
Wondrous pink elephants; purple-hued camels;
Marvelous mythical primitive mammals;
Rob me of all my pet monsters and demons
Roaming in weird and in fanciful scenes.
I claim that personal liberty means
I have my right to delirium tremens.
Here's to John Barleycorn, soon to be reft us!
We're going to miss him a lot when he's left us."

All of them lifted a glass in the toast.
Then they proceeded still further to roast
Those who had made the whole nation go dry;
Swearing that after the first of July
[Just as the Crocus Club members had sworn]
Life would be empty, unhappy, forlorn.
"Ain't it an outrage?" they cried in their powwows.
"Everything gone to the demnition bowwows!"

III

IN THE Crocus Club grill
With its beautiful fixtures
There's a bartender still;
But his various mixtures
Are altered to-day
In this lush month of May—
The year 1920,
Which is just twelve months after the garrulous scene
Hereinbefore pictured in 1919.
You'll doubtless remember the words of that gathering—
Of words they had plenty—
And how they were boiling and seething and lathering,
Foaming and frothing with many a roar,
Just as the water comes down at Lodore!

Now those who met in that Grand Lodge of Sorrow
Over the thought of a bone-dry to-morrow
Once more are here, though to-morrow has come
Which they regarded as empty and glum.
As for the barkeep, he's active and busy
Compounding things that are bubbly and fizzy.
Yet though there's sparkle and vim to each beverage
They lack that ancient and powerful leverage
Which, in the days when the topers made merry,
Seemed to be thought of as quite necessary.

"Pineapple soda," said Mortimer Manners.
"Make mine the same," said old Percy Van Blanc.
[These two, remember, had led all the panners,
One year ago, of the alcohol banners.]
Each of them then was a champion tank;
Which in the Crocus Club crowd of the time
Meant a capacity simply sublime.

"You're looking *svelte*,"
Mortimer noted,
"Lacking that belt
Ballast you toted.
Yes; you seem fitter, but just a bit odd.
What did you do with your sumptuous pod?"

"Lost it," said Percy; "the country went dry.
Hours I had dawdled with bourbon and rye
Lost all their thrill.
Life in the grill
Grew such a bore,
Lacking the tingle of tipples of yore,
That in a spirit of plain desperation
I looked around for some other vocation.
So I went slumming, at least in a sense,
Down in the district that paid me my rents.
Boy, what I found
On my own ground,
Poking through tenements, peering up airways,
Climbing bum stairways,
Taught me that I was a selfish old sinner,
Haunted my dreams, interfered with my dinner.
That, and the labor of making things decent
Down where my tenants lived, briefly explains
Why I have changed in the months that are recent
Till of my corpulence little remains.
As for the barrels
Of wet ammunition,
Bought against perils
Of bleak prohibition,
I was too busy to drink it myself.
Then there's no pleasure in tippling alone.
As for the gang that I'd formerly known,
Who, I imagined, would clear off that shelf,
They too were busy and kept at a distance,
Basely refusing to give me assistance.

So that's my story. Now how about you?
What did you do?
You, who were frail,
Pallid and pale,
Look like a hard-fisted, deep-chested male.
How did you manage it? Slip me the tale."

Mortimer answered: "Without any drink
Loafing around here was put on the blink.
Just as you said;
Therefore I fled
Far from this arid Saharalike spot;
Landed a job—and I like it a lot.
Though I once said that the gentleman's rôle
Couldn't be played without aid from the bowl.
Now I am doing the best that I can—
Changing a gentleman into a man!"

Just as young Mortimer finished his talk
Somebody entered the Crocus Club grill.
Percy and Mortimer noted his walk,
Noted his face and his figure, until
Both of them cried:
"Reginald Hyde!
We thought you'd vanished or just gone and died!
Where have you been? Lord, it's a spell
Since we have seen you!"
Said Reginald, "Well,
Putting it gently, I've been down in hell."

Yes, patient readers who loyally pore
Over these verses, you've seen him before,
Down in the groggery,
Next to the place
Where they sold toggery;
His is the face,
Clear-skinned and shaven, which then was so sodden;
He is our orator once so down-trodden.

"Well," said old Percy, "we're glad you are back.
How did you make it? Come on, now, and spill
All the adventures you met on the track
Down from and up to the Crocus Club grill."

"Booze," began Reginald, "served as the drag,
Wrapping me tight as the noose of a lariat:
Dragging me down to a bum and a jag
Begging for drinks from the poor proletariat.
I was a moocher, a panhandling tramp,
Hanging around where those gentry encamp;
Got so the nearest to home I possessed
Was a tough joint called The Workingman's Rest.

"Then came July;
Country went dry;
Workingman's Rest went ker-flui, and I,
Losing my home on the groggery floor,
Couldn't get handouts of lunch any more.
Hadn't a dime;
Starved for a time.
Then, like the rest of the panhandling mob,
Rather than perish I got me a job.
'Twasn't the first
Job I had had;
Only when thirst
Used to get bad
I'd draw my pay and go off on a spree,
Ending of course with a dose of D. T.
But on this job there was never a chance;
City was simply a bone-dry expanse.
So, being sober
All of the summer,
By last October
I, the ex-bummer,
Had a fat roll and was decently dressed.
Then, boys, I rented The Workingman's Rest.
What did I do with it?
Cleaned up the bar;
When I was through with it,
Filled the cigar
Counter with smokes; bought some cases for candy;
Started a soft-drink bazaar that's a dandy!
Not at all fancy, no mirrors and such;
Looks like the same old saloon pretty much.
There's a free lunch;
Pretzels to munch.
Welcome's extended to all the old bunch,
Giving them just such a place as they crave;
No rules at all, but a sign says: Behave!
True, the joint lacks
Much of excitement
Which ev'ry night meant

(Concluded on Page 75)

Special analysis steel is used in PLUMB hammers, hatchets *and* axes

From start to finish, PLUMB hammers, hatchets and axes are different from all others.

The material is different; the designs of these tools are different; the manner of making them is different, and the way they give service is different.

PLUMB hammers, hatchets and axes differ from others because long ago the PLUMB organization learned that experiment points the way to improvement.

No detail in the manufacture of PLUMB hammers, hatchets and axes is left to guess. At the very outset, is the question of what kind of steel is best for such tools. This important question has been closely studied by the PLUMB designers and metal experts for many years. Hundreds of experiments and tests have been made in the Plumb Metallurgical Laboratory, in workshops, and in logging camps, with the result that a special steel has been developed which has just the right hardness and toughness. It will not mushroom on the head. It takes and holds a keen edge, yet will not buckle at the eye.

The extreme care in selecting steel for PLUMB hammers, axes and other tools, (a precaution based on scientific knowledge) is very essential in keeping up the high standards set for PLUMB products. If the PLUMB requirements for steel were less exacting, the heating, forging, tempering and grinding of PLUMB hammers, hatchets and axes could not be done with such precision.

You can rely on tools that bear the PLUMB brand.

"*They're Worth More*" because the special formula steel from which they are made is the best and never varies in quality.

"*They're Worth More*" because PLUMB methods of manufacture positively prevent the steel from ever becoming OVERheated and spoiled while being forged, tempered and ground.

FAYETTE R. PLUMB, Inc.

PHILADELPHIA U. S. A. ST. LOUIS, MO.

A PLUMB Hammer Makes Work Easy

This PLUMB hammer has balance and striking power. The weight in a chunk close to the striking face gives power behind the stroke. A generous sized head makes it easy to hit the nail every time.

The claws are made with a short split and knife-like edges. Shaped like nippers, they bite and hold anything from a headless brad to the largest nail. The extra bend of the claws gives greater leverage so that nails are out before any pull comes on the hammer head.

Handles shaped to give hand comfort are anchored by a method that prevents head coming off. Price, in handsome, black, handforged, non-rust finish, $1.50.

When you need an axe, get the PLUMB one-piece axe. It lasts twice as long as the old style welded axe.

Your dealer can supply PLUMB hammers, hatchets, axes and sledges. Look for the PLUMB brand.

Blade and Body of the Same Steel

This one-piece hatchet, made of special analysis steel, has a blade tapered for fast cutting. It takes and holds a fine edge. The full grip, Hand Comfort handle of strong, springy second growth hickory, is anchored securely in the head. The hand-forged finish insures it against rust. Price, $1.50.

PLUMB

DOUBLE LIFE

Hammers Hatchets Axes and Sledges

OUT-OF-DOORS

The Promised Land

ONE of the best sporting countries now remaining in the United States lies in parts of the states of Missouri, Arkansas and Oklahoma, with portions of Western Tennessee, middle Mississippi and upper Louisiana. Bear, deer and wild turkey may still be found in certain parts of this region, of course only in limited numbers to-day. Abounding in birds, wild fowl and game fishes this is the best country in America for the all-round sportsman. The South has always, for climatic reasons, furnished good cover and good feed for game. Southerners have not been so avid as Northern sportsmen. Indeed the lessening of game in the once overflowing fields of the South is as much due to the inroads of Northern hunters as to any overshooting on the part of the Southern residents. The game of the South began to lessen when the railroads began to advertise the Southern States as good hunting country. Since then tourists have done a great deal to shoot out regions which once seemed exhaustless in their plenty. For instance, take the quail country of Texas between San Antonio and the coast. The Northern man who goes there now will say he never saw so many birds. Had he gone there twenty-five years ago he would have thought the supply incredible and altogether inexhaustible.

Missouri has extraordinarily good angling for the bait caster or the fly fisherman. Such streams as the Current, the Gasconade, the Niangva and others of the more rapid streams are to be called among the best bass waters of America. In parts of Missouri you might turn out a deer or a turkey even yet. As to wild fowl the state is especially endowed and retains in certain sections some of the best quail country of the Union.

Lower Mississippi twenty years ago was the wildest part of America. Indeed this Southern region above outlined is less known to-day than most of the Rockies or the Sierras, strange as that may seem. In Mississippi the deer have been shot down and the bear have practically disappeared. Duck shooting along the bayous of the lowland streams is good in season. In parts of the state quail shooting remains astonishingly good, but for the most part you will have to hunt for good open quail country to-day in Mississippi rather assiduously. You may get goose shooting along the Mississippi bars when conditions are right.

Quail Shooting

Western Oklahoma is the best quail country in America to-day. In the eastern part of that state the country is rougher and less settled. There deer and turkey still may be found upon occasion, some quail, many ducks; and in this eastern region are many streams little known to anglers which offer fine bass fishing. The Osage country twenty-five years ago was the best chicken country one ever saw. The Creeks, Choctaws, Cherokees and Osages, in the days before their lands were divided in severalty, occupied quite a little empire in which the game was by no means extinct

Of the gulf region of Texas and Louisiana most shooters have heard by reason of its extreme abundance in wild fowl during the winter months, when the great flight has left the colder latitudes. There is some open shooting to be had along the gulf coast and there are many fine wild-fowl waters inland from the coast, both in Texas and Louisiana.

Of the states mentioned Arkansas is perhaps the least known. In Southeastern Arkansas there are still some deer and turkey left in the lower canebrake lands, and once in a while a bear may even yet be found. Farther toward the interior of the state there is as good quail shooting as may be found anywhere. Once the eastern prairie of Arkansas, which was named after Duval's Bluff, swarmed with prairie chickens, but they were long ago practically exterminated and to-day all that country is sown in rice, which in turn serves to feed the visiting hordes of migratory fowl, there being good pickings left after the crop is harvested.

I presume that the St. Francis River and its bayous afford the most remarkable black bass water in America to-day. In the upper portions of the St. Francis the smallmouth bass flourishes. The big-mouth alone is found in the lower portions, but it takes the fly like a gentleman none the less. Southern anglers have not yet turned very extensively to fly fishing—I met but one exclusive fly fisherman in Arkansas during my last visit there—but there are scores of places in Arkansas where one can fish for bass almost under trouting conditions. In Missouri the rainbow trout has been planted with great success, and the same experiment perhaps may later be made by the state of Arkansas in some of the Ozark streams, which ought to be cold enough to carry trout. Such famous bass-fishing places as Lake Chicot—whose great island was once the estate of Austin Corbin—are of themselves enough to make a state famous. Chicot is a beautiful blue clear lake and in a magnificent sporting country.

Along the bayous of the White River, itself a great sporting stream, Arkansas anglers get magnificent bass fishing. That stream may get its back up twenty feet or so every year, which means that the bayous and adjoining lakes are all stocked anew annually with black bass. Thus far the fishing has seemed perennially good.

Where the Oilstones Come From

A look at a topographic map of Arkansas would be a revelation to the average Northern man, for that state is perhaps less know to alien travel than almost any other in the Union. It will be observed that the western part of the state is pretty well filled up with mountains. Out of these mountains comes a series of clear cold streams in many of which there is fine bass fishing with the fly or casting lure. The early settlers of Arkansas, who came in from Kentucky and Tennessee, ran to fur and feathers rather than to fish. There are little farms scattered all through the Ozarks here and there, but it is not, even to-day, what we might call a thickly settled country. Over it hangs still the blue haze of mystery which once enveloped the Indian Nations, as we who hunted there used to call what is now the state of Oklahoma. I presume it fair to say that the hills of Arkansas are less known abroad than any other part of America, even including the Cumberlands of Eastern Kentucky and Western North Carolina. This latter region has been infested by authors. Arkansas relatively has been free.

It is a reticent, far-off land, with a strange peace and self-reliance and self-sufficiency about it. I have stood at sunset on an Ozark peak and looked out over a series of valleys checkered with farms reaching miles and miles away, all lying soft under the smoke and haze of evening, and have thought that never in any country have I seen a more beautiful landscape. The original Arkansas population was not looking for any publicity, but simply hunting a place to live. Afterward came the big syndicates in search of raw resources in land, timber and minerals, and a good deal of the real wealth of Arkansas is owned by nonresidents. Perhaps you did not know that thirty-four per cent of all the aluminum of the world—eighty per cent of all the aluminum of America—comes out of Arkansas shipped from one little town called Bauxite. Perhaps also you did not know that the best oilstones and whetstones in the world come from Arkansas, where they are mined by the ton. This whet rock, as it is sometimes called, once was shipped to Holland in the rough for working into oilstones. It now goes to New Hampshire. It is worth about five cents a pound at the quarry

Perhaps you did not know that a good many of the French diamonds, and that same sort of thing variously called, are made out of crystals found in Arkansas. Locally they are sold as Arkansas diamonds. You can get a fine diamond for fifty cents and unless you are very particular perhaps you could not tell it from the real thing. But the real thing also is found. In Pike County there is a regular mine of real diamonds, the only one, I think, in America. The stones are of the highest quality.

There are foxes, wolves and wildcats here and there in the Ozarks to-day, because there still are rabbits and squirrels. Turkeys are getting scarce. Chiggers seem to flourish in about their original numbers and make one of the most serious drawbacks of sport in the Ozark country. The region itself, however, is so beautiful—just difficult enough to pique one's sporting instinct—that the temptation is to wander out across country just to see where one will turn up. Suppose you did wander up the Ouachita River toward the palisades, near a little village some distance from the railroad. You would find there, so they tell me, such bass fishing as is known to few favored mortals. I have never fished in these interior streams of Arkansas, but can testify from personal wanderings in the hills that the water comes down out of these mountains clean, cold and sweet to drink.

Toward the center of Arkansas, just inside the eastern edge of the Ozarks, is the most patronized of all the national parks of the United States—Hot Springs National Park, the oldest and smallest of all our national playgrounds. Last year, in wartimes, only about seven thousand people visited Yellowstone Park, which is as big as a state, geographically speaking. In good seasons twice that number would be fair for Yellowstone. But last season, during the war, Hot Springs National Park had one hundred and forty thousand visitors—and it is just nine hundred and eleven acres in size. It has not grown a foot since 1832, when it was set up as the first of all our national parks.

The Interior Department at Washington confidently states, on what authority is not known, that old Colonel De Soto was the first white man to discover the hot springs of Arkansas. It may be true. At least he has a mighty good spring of drinking water named after him. But before De Soto came, if he ever did come, the red men knew all about the hot springs of Arkansas, just as they knew about all the rest of undiscovered America. It is said locally, I do not know with what truthfulness, that the Indians used to come from as far south and west as Old Mexico to take baths in the waters of these hot springs.

The Frenchman's Find

The springs themselves run along the edge of the mountains in a crooked little valley. There are forty-six of them in all and they certainly are hot—none less than one hundred and two degrees, and some of them up to one hundred and forty-seven degrees. You can cook an egg in one of these springs, if you want to and will take the time. The virtue of the water seems to be undisputed. The savages found that out perhaps centuries ago. Scientists say that the waters are radioactive, though not everyone seems to know just what that means. That they do a fellow good, however, is true. If it were not true there would not have been one hundred and forty thousand people down there last year.

So far as is known, the first white settlers came into Hot Springs about 1800. Four years later there were some broken-down cabins standing about close to the springs. In 1807 Manuel Prudhomme put up a cabin there and in that same year John Perciful and Isaac Cates were hunting and trapping thereabouts—so the Government tells us. These ebullient waters had a volcano for their father and an earthquake for their mother. The New Madrid earthquake, which made the sunken lands of Arkansas and Western Tennessee in 1811 and 1812, put permanently under water a good many farms of early settlers. Seeing that these farms could not be pushed out again, Congress passed a law allowing these settlers to go and select other farms in lieu of their lost ones, choosing as they liked from the public lands of the nation. In case they made such selections in lands which had not yet been surveyed they were to have their claims surveyed and marked by local metes and bounds.

Came therefore a Frenchman by name of Langroy, a New Madrid hunter, who had traveled in his time, and located a nice lieu-selection homestead which included all of the forty-six hot springs in the crooked little valley. He liked the place. It looked good to him. Langroy had the instincts of a real-estate man. He did not, however, have capital to back his judgment. He sold out his claim to one of the early Hot Springs magnates—the same Colonel Rector who was governor of Arkansas at one time. This latter gentleman found he had bought an elegant lawsuit. Uncle Sam was disposed to renege on the Langroy title. Other persons claimed the same land. Litigation went on for about forty years. Finally your Uncle Samuel settled the matter by taking over the whole tract for his own and in 1832 declared that the drinks were on him and that anybody could drink who liked.

There is not much to do at Hot Springs except to bathe and drink, and there is nothing to drink but water. Sometimes horse races come. Flirting is allowed between two and four on Tuesdays and Thursdays. There are auctions where you can buy acid-treated rugs and Indian moccasins. When these simple pastimes pall on you you can go riding or walking at Hot Springs; there is not a better walking country in America for the man who likes to moon round alone in the hills and look at landscapes all by himself.

An Old Man's Recollections

The Ozarks average a thousand feet to fifteen hundred feet in elevation. There is pine round their feet, oak along the crest and whetstones everywhere. But along the crests of most of these hogback ridges you will find trails, some say built by the white man for tourist purposes, others say originally laid out by the red savages who came from the Western and Southwestern plains before De Soto was a child.

One evening after a ten-mile walk across lots in this broken mountain country—during which walk I had discovered an elegant oilstone quarry and very good indications of a mine of Arkansas diamonds—I came down a steep path to the foot of a mountain on the other side of town opposite that from which I had started. I ran across the cabin of an old, old darky man, a before-the-war type, who with before-the-war negro courtesy asked me to stop and have a drink of water from his well, which he promised me was the best water in the world. He was an old man; he did not know how old except that he was grown at the time of the surrender. Perhaps he was seventy-five or eighty years of age. He told me that when he first built his little cabin there the wild turkeys often came into his dooryard. He insisted that the modern horseback and foot trail over the mountain was laid out originally by the Indians and that it ran down over the point of the ridge to what was known as the old Mudhole. In early times, this man told me, the bathing was done in a series of pools which lay all along the creek.

Matters go in rather more sanitary fashion to-day at Hot Springs. You cannot see the creek at all, the town and the pavement of the street hiding it from sight almost altogether. The waters are controlled by your Uncle Samuel, who tells you what you may do and what you may not do. My old negro man with his stories gave a certain flavor of the old days in Arkansas, which went well with the lazy calm of the sunset and the blue mist which lay across all the hills.

It was as quaint and pleasant an evening as I have often found. And I found it in Arkansas, a state of which most of us know very little indeed.

Now come the days of change, of course. Uncle Samuel is so fond of his Hot Springs business that he is considering plans for a three-million-dollar improvement in the way of boulevards, bridges and other developments. Perhaps one day the little street—half of which is owned by the Government and half of it by the town—may be cleaned out and made a double-faced

(Continued on Page 65)

From the Vineyards *of* Oregon *to* Refresh *the* Nation

Phez

PURE JUICE OF THE LOGANBERRY

These big, luscious Oregon Loganberries could not reach you in the perfect state we receive them were they not made into Phez. They cannot be shipped *fresh* to you in any other form.

So juicy are they when we receive them from the vineyards that Phez is practically the fruit itself.

Phez is a most refreshing and healthful drink, with just enough tartness to quench the thirst. It has twice the strength and consistency of other pure fruit juices, therefore to drink always add two parts water. No sugar.

Phez undiluted makes an exquisitely piquant ice cream sundae or fruit juice sauce for milk puddings.

Let us send you "Ways to Serve Phez"—our complimentary recipe book, by Alice Bradley, principal of Miss Farmer's School of Cookery, Boston.

Your dealer can supply you with Phez by the bottle or case. It is served at hotels, clubs, fountains and on dining cars.

To Drink, always add two parts of water.

The Phez Company, Salem, Oregon

Branches: 6 Harrison St., New York; 19 So. La Salle St., Chicago; 24 California St., San Francisco

We will ship a case of one dozen 8 oz. Phez to any address in the U. S. for $3.60, express prepaid.

For Breakfast

As a change, and because pure fruit juice is good for you, sip a small glass of Phez, pure juice of the loganberry, for your first breakfast course. Serve ice cold. No sugar.

Phez Products

Loju—pure juice of the Loganberry
Appliu—sparkling apple juice
Phez—Jams, Jellies and Preserves

DUPLEX FOUR WHEEL DRIVE TRUCK

They Haul Better And For Less

If you could talk with Duplex owners one by one, they would tell you of Duplex ton-mile savings more convincingly than we can ever hope to do.

They would relate a stirring story of their own gratifying experience with the original 4-wheel drive truck.

Hearing their haulage cost reports of the past eleven years, you would realize why telling just the simple truth about the Duplex *compels* us to say things that sound almost too good to be true.

For Duplex truck users can show you savings of 20 to 60 per cent in their ton-mile costs.

In a score of industries, Duplex trucks have replaced horses, mules and other trucks—and saved money.

In city and country alike—on cobble streets and on almost impassable roads—Duplex ton-miles have *proved* cheaper.

It is a commonplace among Duplex dealers that they are *always sure of winning in a comparative demonstration.*

All four wheels of the Duplex are *driving* wheels. Every ounce of power is used to haul the load.

This means positive, continuous pulling—even where a team would stall.

It means that driving strains are evenly distributed; which, in turn, spells longer life for the truck, and minimized maintenance costs.

It means that extra-wide or dual-tread tires are not needed on the rear wheels, and that all tires give so much greater mileage, that Duplex tire costs average 30 per cent less.

The haulage results of power multiplied four times are almost unbelievable—but that is not what we want you to remember.

The point we want you to remember is that *with* this four-fold pulling power, Duplex ton-miles cost less.

The principle of the Duplex four-wheel drive is no longer a matter for discussion—because its savings are proved.

Reports of these astonishing savings rarely fail to convince business men.

They have only to see the Duplex in a comparative test to realize that it costs less per ton-mile under all conditions, and performs better under the worst conditions.

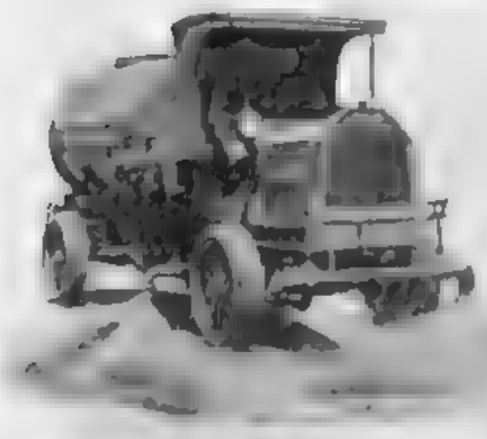
The most we ask is that you give personal study to the records of the Duplex 3½-ton truck, and learn how the original 4-wheel drive can save 20 to 60 per cent in your own hauling costs.

DUPLEX TRUCK COMPANY
LANSING, MICHIGAN

After operating a Duplex truck since November, 1917, I feel that I venture nothing in the statement that it is the truck for heavy hauling.

I have been hauling a distance of 10.6 miles. Part of the road is unusually bad for dirt roads—very heavy grade and poor roadbed, but we have been handling 4,500 feet of green oak lumber, approximating 25,000 pounds per day, at a cost of $3.50 per thousand feet. The same lumber, if hauled by team, would cost $8 per thousand feet.

W. C. BESS
Altavista, Va.



DUPLEX TRUCKS

Cost Less Per Ton-mile

(Continued from Page 62)

boulevard running straight from the railway station to the main hotels, with all the curves wiped out. The National Park directorate this spring planted several thousand bulbs of tulips, hyacinths and the like. Local men began to visualize the wide boulevard with tulips and tourists nicely spaced across the landscape.

At an expenditure of relatively very little money, Hot Springs can be made, and very probably will be made, the most extraordinary health resort in all the world. There are no waters in all of Europe so magical as these. Why should we go to Carlsbad or Marienbad, or any other bad in Europe—which, in a manner of speaking, has simply gone from bad to worse of late—when for less money we can have a better time nearer home and in our own country? There never was a time when the national parks of America were so much in the public mind as they are to-day. Hot Springs is the latest one to sit up and take notice.

Word comes from England that that country is making more preparations for sport this year than it has in twenty years. The people want to forget the war, and their government wants them to forget it. Something of the same state of affairs is predicable for the United States also. It is going to be a great out-of-door year, perhaps the greatest we have had at any time. Our worthy United States Railroad Administration promises reduced rates for vacation travel once more, so that, uncomfortable as American travel has been for some time, at least it will not be quite so expensive this summer. Cottage owners and resort keepers everywhere in the West reported in April that they were booked for the entire season. It looks like a landslide.

Sporting equipment has never been so high in price in America as it is to-day, but sportsmen are buying equipment of the best class in quantities as great as ever. It has been very difficult to get hold of any of the foreign-made sporting articles which we use in America, which mostly came from England—such things as rods, leaders, flies, waders, reels and other angling equipment. The imported supplies have been so scarce that dealers have felt privileged to ask almost anything they liked because they could get almost any price they liked.

Three years ago you paid thirteen dollars for a pair of fine lightweight wading trousers. If you want them to-day you will pay twenty-two dollars and fifty cents at least. An imported fly rod by a crack English maker to-day will cost you seventy-seven dollars—the seven dollars being for Uncle Sam, who has done what he could to keep people from going fishing for some time, but who is going to fail in that this year. A canoe paddle cost one dollar and a half four years ago. To-day you pay two dollars and twenty-five cents for it. Any sort of a canoe will bring forty-five to fifty dollars now, which once would not have cost more than thirty dollars.

A Letter From Beardstown

In a sporting-goods store the other day I saw a good stout pair of light grain-leather shoes built on the American Army last, the same properly known as the Munson last. There was something about them which made me examine them more closely. The salesman told me that they were made in Montreal by a Canadian firm, on the American last, and sold in the American market at ten dollars and fifty cents the pair.

"I presume that is the duty," I said to him, but he said that these shoes came in duty free because of our relations with Canada to-day. On the bottom of these shoes was the stamp "British Made." We never imported much in angling gear or sporting wear from Germany, though many sporting firearms were brought from Germany by Americans. One does not see the old stamp "Made in Germany" very frequently in the sporting-goods stores to-day. Wherever made, however, high-class sporting equipment is up and going up. Of course the outdoor man has to have this equipment. So much the worse for the baby and its shoes.

There is still argument about the subject of the Migratory Wild Fowl Act whenever it comes up. The men of the Middle West are still biting their thumbs over the fact that they are not allowed to shoot in the spring. They feel that they have a regular grievance. Lower Illinois has been the seat of most of this disturbance, but just now there comes to hand a letter from a gentleman in that region which is so intelligent and so courteous that I cannot refrain from offering it practically in full. It was written in part after comment upon an earlier letter from the same writer:

"I do not feel that you have all the facts regarding spring duck shooting and the diminution of duck feeding grounds. I live in Beardstown, Illinois, in the very heart of the Illinois River duck country. In all probability there is more swamp land along the Illinois River now than there was in a state of nature, because the Chicago Sanitary District some years ago turned Lake Michigan into the Illinois River, permanently raising the low-water level four feet or more and flooding thousands of acres of farm lands along the Illinois and tributary rivers. We do not believe that it will be possible to reclaim all the Illinois River swamp lands in this generation, though one firm alone averages 20,000 acres, more or less, a year."

Corporation Ducks

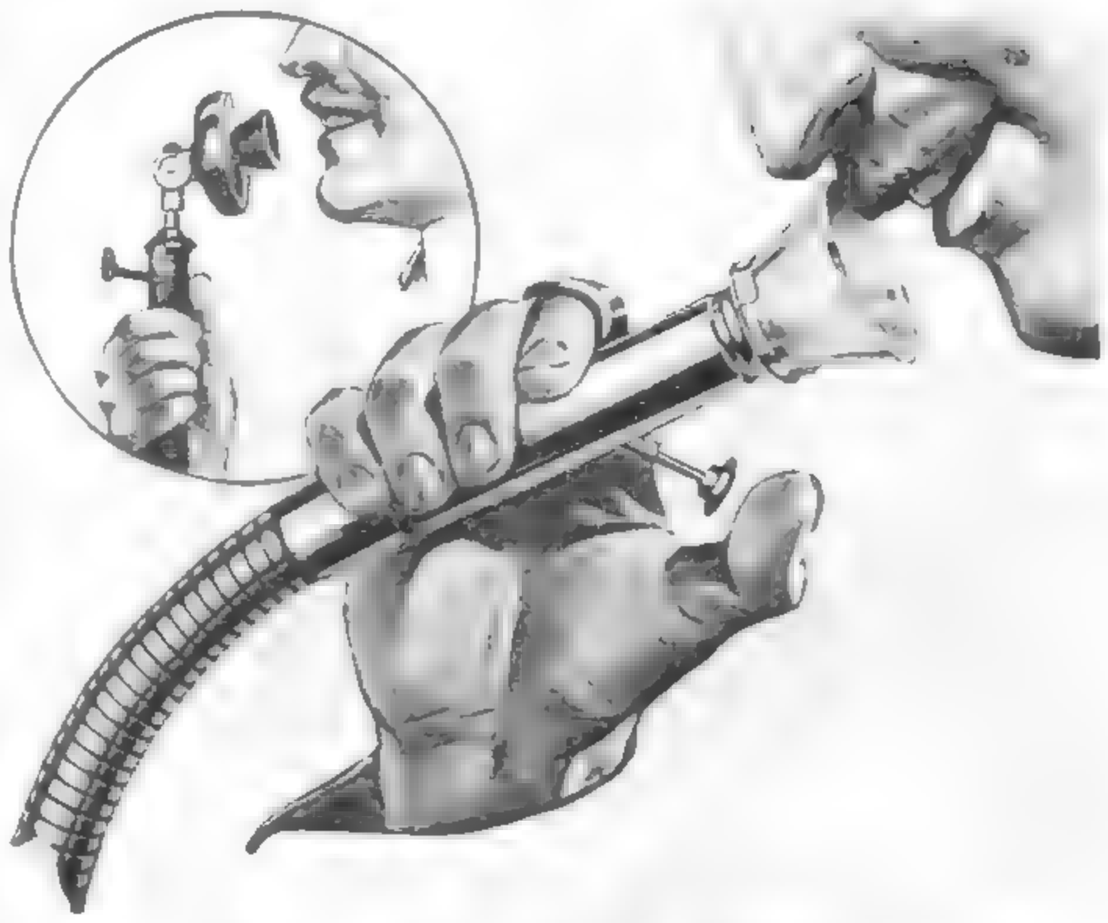
"As to the lower Illinois opposition to cutting out spring duck shooting, the explanation is rather long, but you may find it interesting. As a matter of principle, duck shooters do not approve of spring shooting, but they practice it because it is about the only show a man has who is not a millionaire. Of the large remaining acreage of duck lands nearly all is now owned or under lease to clubs. Duck clubs are corporations, and generally speaking they don't care what it costs per duck to get good shooting; that is what they are after. So they buy corn by the bargeload in the fall, put chicken wire fences round their shooting holes, put live decoys and lots of corn inside the fence and wait for the wild ducks to come in. They get the ducks. In such ideal pothunter shooting the poor man naturally takes to trespassing on their grounds. Eventually he gets to be a nuisance because the state courts, having some sympathy for the under dog, deal leniently with him.

"Now here is where the corporation part comes in. Every well-organized club has at least one stockholder whose legal residence is outside the state. He comes into the Federal Court with a suit against his club on the ground that his interests in Illinois are not being properly conserved—almost any excuse will do. The club pleads guilty to the charge on the ground that its efforts are unavailing with the state authorities in getting rid of trespassers, and humbly prays the court to issue a temporary injunction restraining the public from setting foot on the club's ground. The temporary injunction issues; another trespasser is caught and fined for contempt of the Federal Court; the court finds proper ground for making the injunction permanent because it is evident that the condition complained of is true, and the public is forever enjoined from interfering with that club. Henceforth the club may forever benevolently assimilate all ducks via the feeding pen and live decoy route.

"Last winter I was on one of these preserves. The keeper had spotted two small boys taking muskrats from traps possibly ten feet within the duck-club grounds. He did his duty, hauled the boys before the Federal Court and had them heavily fined, the fine being suspended during good behavior. They were caught again before the winter was over and jailed. Naturally they just love duck clubs.

"In order to oust another club hiding behind the skirts of a Federal injunction, quo warranto proceedings were started, litigated through the Supreme Court, and the club ordered to dissolve. The foreign stockholder stepped in again and petitioned the Federal Court for a receiver, which the court promptly appointed, there being nothing else he could do. The receiver has been receiving ten years now, and being healthy and of a long-lived family, I suspect that that club will be in the hands of a receiver for twenty years more, because the public can't step in and demand that the receivership be wound up, not being a stockholder in the concern; and no stockholder is going to do it as long as the duck shooting is good.

"In another case, where two duck clubs under Federal leading strings were unsuccessfully combating the formation of a drainage district which would include their holdings, the clubs very nearly succeeded



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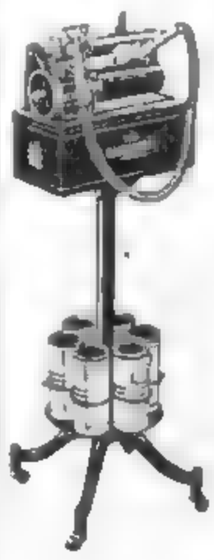

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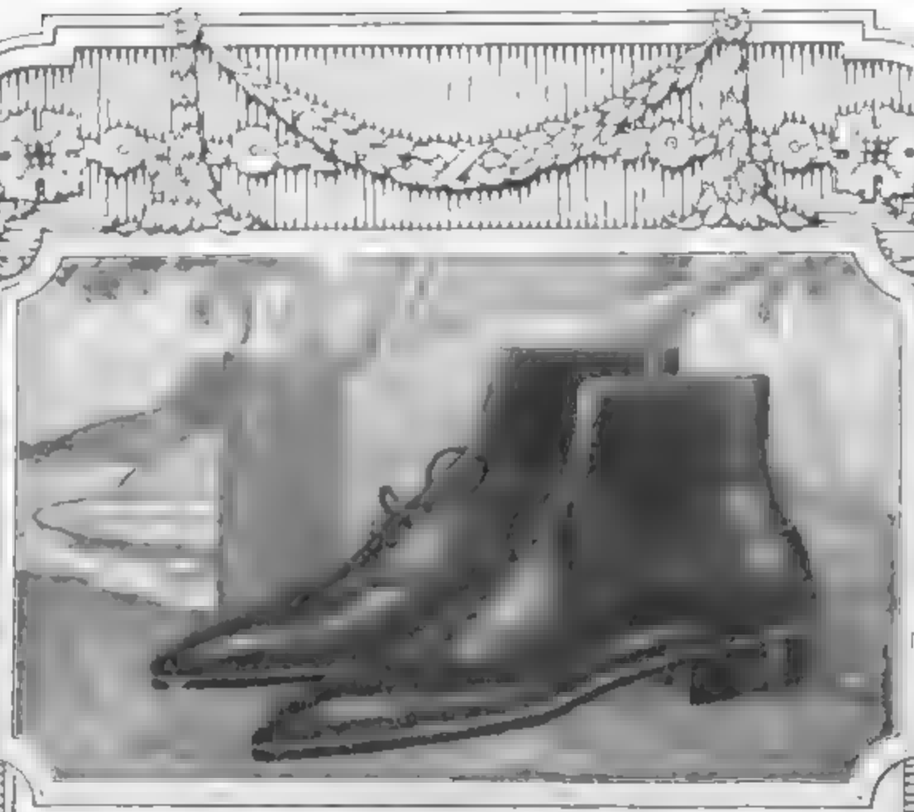

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How will you be sure of quality of leather and workmanship in your spring shoes?

Just as does the discriminating shoe merchant, by selecting a make that has stood the test of time.

Look for the name "CROSSETT" branded on the sole of each shoe.

That name stands for something. It guarantees high grade leather and other materials. It goes only with high grade workmanship. It promises comfort. It delivers wear. It insures correct style.

The CROSSETT trade mark has never been more important to both wearer and dealer. Look for it. *CROSSETT SHOES are made for both men and women.*

Lewis A. Crossett, Inc., Makers
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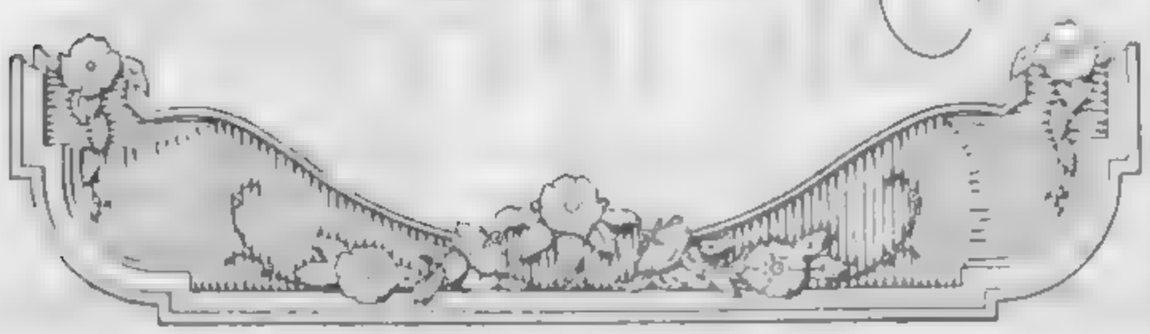
The CROSSETT Shoe

"MAKES LIFE'S WALK EASY"



in getting a bill through the legislature revising the Drainage Act so as to compel two-thirds of the acreage affected and two-thirds of the owners affected to petition the court for drainage improvements, thus throttling forever all reclamation of swamp lands in Illinois, since experience has shown that it is a physical impossibility to get such majorities. Incidentally the two clubs in question got to scrapping a few years ago about where their dividing line was. It happened that the boundary between them ran through their best shooting holes. Each club had a Federal injunction restraining the public from setting foot on the club grounds. So they got in the habit of pinching each other's members for trespass and contempt of the Federal Court. The court finally got tired of such foolishness and ordered the clubs to have a commission survey made of the boundary line between them and each stay off the other's ground; otherwise he would dissolve the injunctions and let them keep trespassers off as best they could.

"Now what makes spring shooting the poor man's only chance is the fact that corn is too high in the spring to bait duck pens with and also because the sloughs, which are dry in the fall, generally have some water in them in the spring. So the ordinary or garden variety of hunter gets a little shooting without running into a Federal injunction, since the birds do some feeding outside the preserves. It is true that he will now be violating a Federal statute, under the Migratory Bird Act. I am frank to say that we are about to use the only remedy left to us, so far as this county is concerned. We are going to tax these duck clubs out of existence. They pay as high as ninety dollars an acre for land to hunt on, and since they are not wise enough to record their deeds so as to read for a consideration of one dollar and other good and valuable consideration, when they raise cain about their taxes we just refer them to the book and page recording the title and let them howl. They have a fat chance in a Federal Court on that score. If the duck clubs were not such hogs there would be no opposition whatever to spring shooting being abolished."

Exceptions Noted

"I do business with trespassers and trespassed alike. This is merely to put you next to the facts in the hope that you will some time come out here, spend a month or two, interview all hands and get the truth before the public. As to being one of those who want to break the law for selfish purposes, I must plead not guilty, since I have not shot a game bird in seventeen years. I saw what was happening to them and concluded to let them alone so far as I personally was concerned. I have merely tried to point out why it is that people in this part of the country resent the Migratory Bird Law, because it is the eternal fact that the wealthy club members do get all the good fall shooting, since they either own or lease all the ground where there is good shooting at that time of year.

"I agree with you thoroughly that some of the most despicable short sports in the world are club members in that country, and in that connection I do not see why they are permitted to bait their shooting holes with corn and then hide behind a Federal injunction. The Migratory Bird Law would do lots more good if it prohibited baiting altogether. As to the statement that 'a lot of you people who want to see spring shooting done would be mighty glad to shoot ducks out of baited blinds if you had the price to get in the clubs where they do it,' I will admit that it is probably true in some cases; there are hogs everywhere, of course. Personally, I have never wanted to see spring shooting done, but as stated in the paragraph next preceding, I have tried to show why it is resented when prohibited.

"As to Paragraph Three of your letter, that boy learned to poach because he saw men of wealth break the law every day; that, I think, is a sufficient answer. Then, too, people do resent Federal injunctions, whether justly issued or otherwise. A man who violates one is a fool no doubt, no matter how it came to be issued.

"As to Paragraph Four, it seems to me that you take in too much territory. We are not all game hogs, but we do not believe in special privilege for some and none for others. Speaking again personally, I have no grouch against the man who has a lot of money; if I had brains enough I would like to have plenty myself. But I don't see why he should have any better shooting than I have; he doesn't breed the wild fowl and he doesn't protect them either, when he baits shooting holes.

"Referring to Paragraph Five of your letter, I can't agree with you altogether, because I have seen in the Lower Mississippi country any number of people deliberately slaughter ducks by the hundred in the winter time—not even bothering to gather them all up—just for the lust of shooting them down. They were not shot in Illinois, that's sure.

"No doubt you personally have obeyed all game laws both in letter and spirit. No doubt also you know a whole lot more about the game situation in this country than almost anybody else, because you have devoted a lifetime to its study; still, you must admit that in game laws as well as all other laws there should be exact equality when it comes to enforcement; that, I take it, is why the sun never sets on the English flag; a lawbreaker is a lawbreaker there. They don't hide behind injunctions.

"Two wrongs can never make a right, as you tersely state; still, why even one wrong? Get after the big fellows and see how fast the little ones will hit the ball.

"In conclusion, let me say that I'm for you strong, only don't get the idea into your head that we are all Pharisees or holier-than-thou people, or that we are all jealous of people who happen to have more money than we have, or that we would all like to be snobs if we had the price. We want to have equal opportunity; that's all, according to my viewpoint at least."

Plain Human Jealousy

What comment can be made on so frank and fair a letter as the foregoing? It seems almost rude to say that the writer of it is simply naïve in his estimates of the obligations of citizenship under the law. He points out the good observance of the English laws, but seems to forget that in English territory the laws are construed by the courts and not by the people. The main trouble with these shooters of Lower Illinois is that they are trying to force on the rest of the country, including the Congress of the United States and the President of the United States, their own interpretation of the law. And that interpretation is based on nothing in the world but human selfishness. I fear that these dwellers in Zone Number One really have been living in the good old human-nature zone right along.

As to the methods of the Illinois clubmen, they have in many instances been altogether unsportsmanlike, as perhaps may have been a matter of earlier comment in these columns. A great many of them have been accustomed to shoot double the legal bag limit, contending that their pushers have killed half the bag, whereas they themselves have killed it all.

All these little quarrels over the Migratory Wild Fowl Law depend on human jealousy—I presume it is fair to say as much as that by way of comment even on our friend's letter. Jealousy, when piqued enough and angered enough, sometimes does violent things, unlawful things. But if I myself had a boy who went out and broke the law of trespass and got into trouble over it, not only once but twice, I would get him into further trouble in the woodshed. I should not want any boy of mine to become a Bolshevist in these days; and the self-construction of the law surely smacks of Bolshevism. We might far better settle down and take our medicine and become good citizens. If we cannot trust our Congress we cannot trust our Government in any of its branches. That means that we have no law and no country at all. The men of these marshes are, therefore, not acting as good citizens but as dangerous citizens when they disregard the law.

This in no wise excuses human greed or human selfishness on the part of wealthy club members. I should think it would be a good thing if some of these clubs would take up this question of injunctions, blind baiting and all that sort of thing calmly and dispassionately before their boards of directors. Why don't they do a little self searching? Why don't they try to get a little closer to a good understanding with the local men who once used to shoot on these grounds in an America which is now no more? Wouldn't it be a good thing to give this matter thought of this kind, and not engage in any race which has as its purpose the killing of the last duck?

Hires

ISN'T it delightful? Isn't it refreshing? Yes—it is that—and more. ***Hires is a real rootbeer. Some so-called rootbeers are artificially-flavored. Hires is made of Nature's own—hence healthful, sparkling, satisfying. Nothing in Hires to create an unnatural craving—nothing to unduly stimulate.***

Roots? Yes—also the juices of barks, berries and herbs—and pure cane sugar. From the shores of Central America—from the cane fields of Dixie and from Sunny Italy—from the forests of the North and the islands of the Indies come the ingredients of Hires. ***Sixteen all told***—and every one put in Hires to make it Hires—the worth-while drink, blended into a drink you can't help liking—a drink you can drink freely without wishing you hadn't. Yet you pay no more than for an artificially-flavored substitute.

To get that Hires goodness, to get that Hires purity, always ask for "Hires." If you've yet to taste it you will know why when you try it.

At all good soda fountains. Also carbonated by licensed bottlers—for sale in bottles so you can have Hires at home

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Hires contains juices of sixteen roots, barks, herbs and berries

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Makers of Stafford's Inks and Writing Fluid, Phasto Liquid Paste, Typewriter Ribbons, Carbon Papers

Stafford's "Commercial" Writing Fluid

THE MOVIE OF THE RHINE

(Continued from Page 42)

car is of about as much use as a stone crusher at a listening post. Up front you have to have your motion-picture equipment in a hand bag, and then the top sergeant will call it an outrage. Only he never uses just one word alone—he always puts in a lot of dashes.

So going up forward with the troop trains we carried a portable storage equipment for showing motion pictures. To see us coming in you would think we were demonstrating a patent soldering outfit or a raisin seeder. It didn't look much like a motion-picture set, but it worked. The pictures wouldn't keep the master electrician at the Strand awake nights, but they moved, and that was what we were there for. Our screen wasn't any twelve by fourteen. It was a bed sheet with one side cleaner than the other, so that it could be rolled up and packed away in a suitcase.

Then as the freight car bumped along toward the unknown we would squeeze into the car among the *40 hommes* and hang up the sheet at the end of the car. The suitcase turned up on end made a pretty good projection booth and then as the train rolled along into the night we cranked the handle, and heaven was in the old horse car.

The pictures were somewhat uncertain—especially at crossings—but as long as they stayed on the screen there was no critic in the audience. Over the rumble and crash of the train the boys would manifest their appreciation, and when the villain did the girl dirt they unconsciously reached for their sidearms. When the film was through and the *40 hommes* had seen their fill we would drop back to the next car and thus work our way through the train. At first there wouldn't seem to be room for another man in the car, but as soon as they found it was a picture show there was room to let. The Allied governments might think that another man couldn't be put in the car, but when a picture machine showed up the sergeant always had room to spare. And thus as the troops rumbled up forward into the great adventure, moving pictures were shown on moving trains; and a greater success they were than any ever seen from the plush.

The Naval-Gun Theater

Huts, dugouts, moving trains, hangars, hillsides with the pure stars above and unplumbed depths of French mud below—anything was a theater. A building with plush, a place to check your hat and a chandelier would have embarrassed the boys. They wouldn't have been able properly to give vent to their feelings when the custard pie attained its unerring mark. But I think the strangest of all was when we converted a naval gun into a *salle d'exhibition*, as we people who have traveled in Europe say. The gun crew didn't have much to amuse them—just whang, whang away until Jerry came over taking pictures and then run out on another spur so as to be out of the way that night in case anything fell. So we fitted up a projection room just back of the breech block, pulled down the curtains and showed to eighty-five on the gun carriage. The men were packed in so that when an enthusiast wanted to raise his hand six men had to move. It was a good show, but there wasn't any cheering—there wasn't a man there who could get his hand above his waist.

But the old days of whang, whang away are done. Those were the days of real sport. You can see it yet in Verdun. The only building in Verdun that wasn't struck by a shell is now the office of the Community Motion Picture Bureau. After four years of it there wasn't a pane of glass left in the city. Glass is simply not to be had in France, but we must cover our windows with something because Verdun is ankle deep in mud, but not from a sprinkling cart. Anybody thinking of coming to Verdun and setting up in the sprinkling-cart business should make stable financial connections before leaving home—and even with the best of connections it would be wise to get a round trip. Anybody thinking of engaging in that line in this territory has Nature to compete with, and in Verdun Nature has found herself. Over the windows we had to have something, so we are now using bendable glass. It is the only bendable glass I ever heard of. It is window screening painted with celluloid. But it does the business. It lets the light in and keeps the rain out, but if you are looking for an uninterrupted view you will have to make other arrangements, as it can't be seen through.

Even if you do look out of the window in Verdun all you can see is a twisted gas pipe, six holes in a wall and a peasant poking among the ruins trying to find which was the spare bedroom. Out of the windows of the houses still standing the German prisoners stare curiously at anyone splashing by, managing to keep hands and feet moving so as to stay the contumely of the guard.

They are supposed to be rebuilding Verdun, but venerable Babylon will be incrusted with ever greater age before they put in the last keystone.

Door Mat or Bridal Suite?

So the work in France goes on—from Brest to Verdun, from Nice to Le Havre—but in Germany motion pictures are a necessity for our boys. In France our soldiers are going home. They are edging over toward the seacoast with the smell of salt water already ahead of them; or they are down at Nice playing tennis or gliding over waxed floors with a Y. M. C. A. girl; but in Germany they have nothing to look forward to. They are stuck there—goodness and Newton Baker alone know for how long—with nothing to look forward to but slum. It is not a school for optimism. Optimists in Germany are about as few and far between as eggs in Paris; and an egg hasn't been seen in Paris since Hector was a pup. Sometimes butter makes its appearance before an astonished diner, but all enthusiasm for the war has passed from the hens. They don't care if the country is put up and knocked down to the highest bidder—they continue their cold and unproductive way just the same. The cows are fired by a nobler ambition. They do sometimes surprise one by giving a little milk, but the hens go on in their selfish confederation, content to go to bed with a guilty conscience and an empty digestive tract.

In Germany the future seems to the boys to have shut the door in their faces and retired for the night. They are well taken care of—well rationed and better billeted than in France, but the Rhine will never be the Suwanee. In France they slept in a cow stable with their heads in a draft and their feet in a manure pile, while in Germany they are quartered in the villages with the German families, where instead of flopping on the floor they take off their pants and go to bed like gentlemen—and can get up and put on their shirts without having to beat them over a foot rail. It is luxury.

They have moved from the cow stable to the spare bedroom, but they are not happy. They want to go home. They'd rather sleep on a door mat in Chattanooga than in a bridal suite in Coblenz. Everybody else is getting to go home first—and they're the ones who put the job over. Their positions will be gone when they return, and their girls will be wearing rings they never saw before. It isn't conducive to happiness, and the boys doing outpost duty in the woods have plenty of time to think it over. So to them we are hastening our motion pictures. It's their language—it's the nearest approach to home.

We are now putting on two hundred and twenty shows a week for the American soldiers in Germany. This we are enabled to do only with the coöperation of the Army.

We furnish the machines and the experience, and they furnish the men and the transportation. And as one of our cinema cars comes rolling along a village street the men send up a cheer—that night there'll be a movie.

The parlous days of marching into Germany when a sidehill was an amphitheater and a barnyard a picture palace are over. We now have the best theaters in Germany—only we didn't get them without a struggle. The Germans didn't give them up without many fond glances. The Army would go in and requisition them and then we would operate them. It was *très bon*. Only sometimes the Germans had to be given a little dose of persuasion. Though they were to be paid for the use of their property by the German Government they had to have a little homeopathic treatment.

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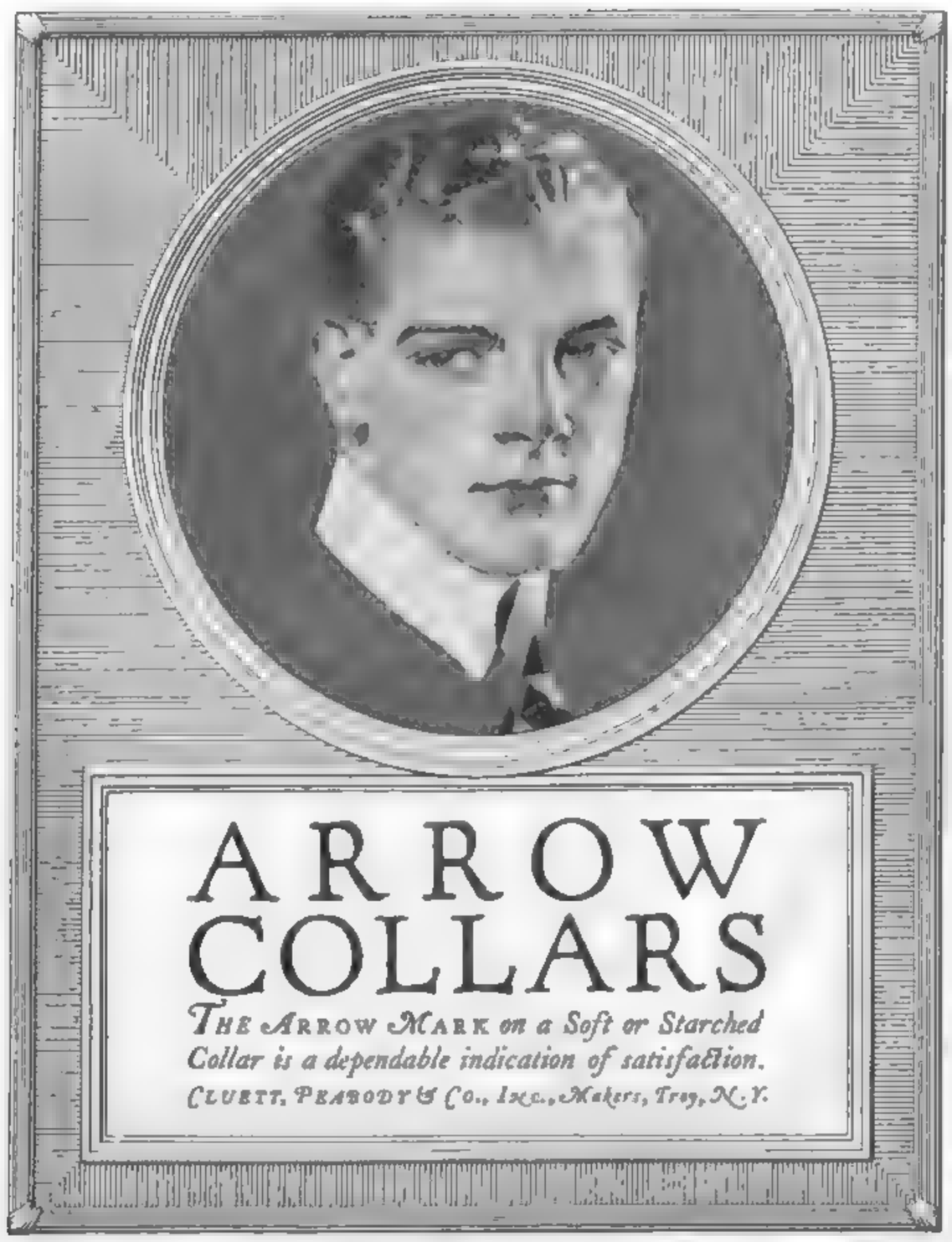
Icy Hot Bottles Are Cushioned

to prevent breakage. The glass bottle inside the protecting metal case rests on a shock-absorbing cushion which prevents breakage from jolts and jars. With ordinary care Icy-Hot will last a lifetime.

Icy-Hot Lunch Kit Keeps lunch moist, while Icy-Hot Bottle in Kit provides steaming hot tea or coffee or fresh, cold milk.

Ask Your Dealer for Icy Hots, leaders for ten years. Look for trade-mark Icy Hot on bottom. Send Now for our new catalog showing Icy Hots from $2.25 up.

The Icy-Hot Bottle Company
125 W. Second St., Cincinnati, Ohio



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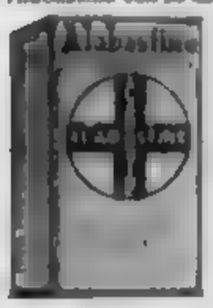
Immediately becomes more inviting, more restful, more dignified when its walls are treated with the soft, warm velvet tones of Alabastine.

Alabastine is so inexpensive, so economical, so easy to apply that there is no excuse for winter-begrimed, unhealthful church interiors. Kills disease germs and vermin.

Alabastine

Instead of Kalsomine or Wallpaper

is the accepted treatment for churches, schools, public buildings, as well as homes. Alabastine can be used on any interior wall surface—over plaster, wall board, canvas, sound painted walls, burlap—even over old paper that is firm on the walls and has no raised figures or aniline dyes.



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The Red Cross and Circle on each package protects you

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Write Our Art Department for Free Advice as to new color schemes. Interchangeable color chart free.

THE ALABASTINE COMPANY

334 Grandville Ave., Grand Rapids, Mich.

Your Local Dealer is Entitled to Your Trade

There was the case in Henneigen, Germany. The motion-picture theater in the town was requisitioned, but when we came to take possession the proprietor was carrying a gun.

He had banded his men together and was not going to let us in. Eight guards had to be placed outside the door to allow our men to enter, and then one of them was struck from behind. That was where he made his mistake. The Rhine was not very far from there and the Rhine is no place for a person dressed in an ordinary business suit to spend an evening. It may be exhilarating in summer, but in January it leaves one with certain well-defined yearnings.

On closer inspection of the theater a machine gun was found secreted on top of the projection booth, and eight Mausers in the basement. The proprietor is now doing six months, with plenty of time for meditation as to a better course of conduct for the future.

Theater after theater has been taken over in Germany, the proprietor standing round with his hands in his pockets and a pipe in his mouth, while inside a doughboy twists a projection crank. At this writing we have fourteen German projection machines working in the Third Army, but these are coming out as fast as we can replace them, for a German projector was never meant for finished work. With the worn gears and unstable intermittent action the picture will scarcely stay on the screen. It jumps and contorts as if inspired by an idea that if it tries hard enough it will find some way of getting out on the street. With the taking over of a theater the name comes down and an American-made one goes up in its place. At Neuwied, Germany, the Hohenzollern Theater, which once housed Teutonic admirers, is now Uncle Sam's Theater with an audience whose knowledge of German is limited to "*Das ist gut.*"

The Great Humanizer

To Coblenz the men come on their leave, and to the motion-picture theaters they head. After being on outpost duty when the sight of a cow rouses them to brotherly enthusiasm a motion-picture theater seems like heaven. The men can go in and sit and look and laugh and smoke and do all the things that bring joy to an expatriated heart. Coblenz has three motion-picture shows, and in them eight thousand and three hundred men are entertained a day. One is a continuous, with two projecting machines—the first and only continuous in the A. E. F. It begins at one-thirty and runs till nine-thirty with the pictures theoretically never off the screen—but in practice it can't be done. The windows simply have to be opened once in a while and the air changed. Take six hundred men smoking six hundred kinds of tobacco, and the simplest way is to sacrifice a few feet of film.

Motion pictures are the great humanizer. An army can't run to autocracy when the principal source of entertainment is motion pictures. It's amusing to see the officers begin to grow uneasy and to look at their watches about the time the show is to open. It isn't dignified to go to a renovated cow stable and sit with the bucks, but for days they haven't had anything except mud and mulligatawny. They are as excited as if a circus had come to town, but they won't admit it. But as the minutes move along they get up from the officers' mess, look yawningly round—and then get there just as the house lights are turned out. A buck private who hasn't had an all over since the armistice sits jammed up against a colonel who has to have them every morning in his little folding tub.

Thus are motion pictures being shown to the boys on the Rhine. They are their stable product—with stable having a strong and reminiscent significance. In meeting places from barns to châteaux they are enjoying them—and looking forward to the day in a clime far removed when they can go and take a friend.

Comedies and tragedies—they like them all, but the best of all is when they see a bit of news from homeland. The World Today, with its news from America, goes best. Mary Miles Minter is all right and good to look at, but she doesn't lift them out of their seats the way Pottawatomie does. To catch a glimpse of the old place makes them happy for a week.

Home on the Screen

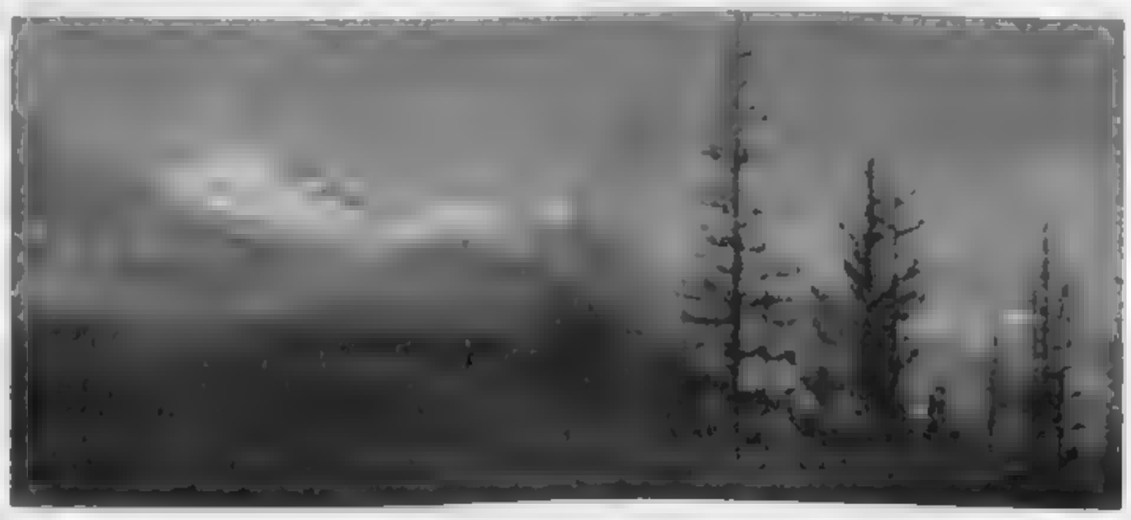
The boy who has a picture from his home town appear on the screen becomes the hero of the regiment. He always has been loud and long in praise of the place, and now when it flashes on the screen the M. P.'s have to nail him. He may get a week in the guardhouse, but that glimpse of Main Street is worth it. He has told the other fellows about Pottawatomie a thousand times. He has described it in the dugouts, he has described it in the trenches, but no one else ever heard of the place before. To hear him talk you would get an idea that it was a sort of Paris, Venice and Coney Island all rolled into one, with the objectionables sent away so that only a few angels, baseball players and millionaires trod its streets.

But all of a sudden it flashes on the screen: "The Train Bearing the United Pretzel Benders on their Way to Washington to Present their Views on the League of Nations to the President Stops for a Moment at a Wayside Station"—bingo, there's the depot! By Jacks, there's a new girl in town! I sure got to get back!

William Hart is the favorite. He is outdoors and has a shooting eye. When he draws down on a man you just naturally know he's got him. There's some fun in watching a fellow like that. But no tea dancer or teacher's favorite. A fellow's got to know how to take care of himself away from home.

The man's got to be outdoors and the girl healthy to go over over here. The vampire business in the A. E. F. is poor. Vampires are a drug on the market. The boys don't get to see many girls and when they do they want them with a clear complexion and an unclouded past. The boys don't want to see a girl with a dagger in her hair and a hump in her backbone. They want to see a girl in a cooking apron. They want to see the kind of girl they are going home to. That girl is a wonderful creature—she is beautiful, she is wise, she is witty, and doesn't wear her shoes out very fast. She is a sort of combination Florence Nightingale, Joan of Arc and Mrs. Vernon Castle. There isn't anything that that girl can't do. She is sweet, she is noble, she is pure and can drive a flivver. She'd be a saint if she was over here where they have them. A girl in Pottawatomie hasn't a chance. And you ought to see her cook—um!—especially fudge. That's the kind of girl they want—one with freckles on her nose and a good return stroke. They'd rather have her than all the vampires in Hollywood.

And thus we are taking motion pictures to the boys on the Rhine. It's a busy, strenuous task, but when one of them comes round after the show, presses our hand, suddenly becomes friendly and mumbles something inarticulate about it's the biggest night he's had in a long time we pack up our equipment and go on with a pretty good feeling.



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Send for the free book, which fully describes all the styles and finishes.

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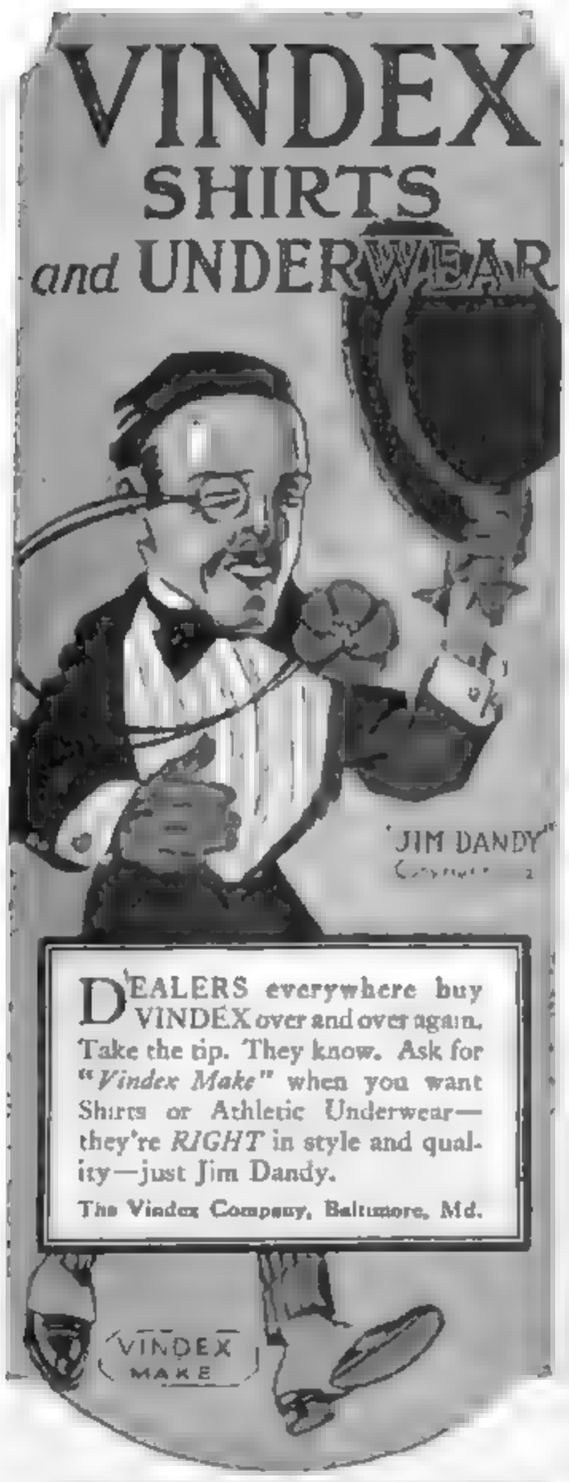
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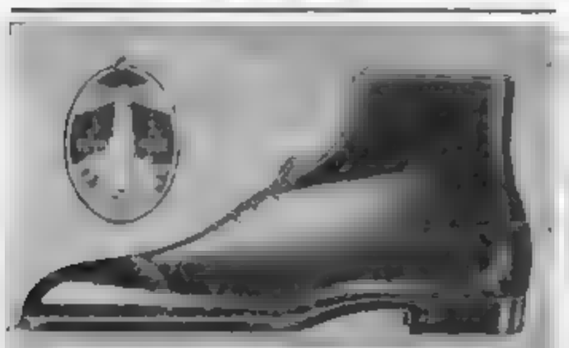

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Write today. Give me the name of the State you want information about; say what line of farm activity you wish to follow, and the number of acres you will need, and let me know what kind of terms you desire. The more particulars you can send regarding your requirements, the better I can serve you.

Nothing to Sell.
Only Information to Give.

J. L. EDWARDS, Manager.
Agricultural Section U. S. Railroad Administration, Room 158, Washington, D. C.

THE WATCHER ACROSS THE ROAD

(Continued from Page 7)

telescopes get out of the train from Lacarose. They saw carloads of pig iron. They saw smoke coming from the beautiful but hitherto purely decorative chimneys of the factory. They heard a crashing from the forge house.

Doctor Verity muttered: "Klopot is actually going to make tractors! He isn't going to run away! He's done the one vile trick that I didn't think any consistent crook was capable of! He's turned honest! Alec, you and I will have to leave town!"

III

FOR more than six months the Klopot Tractor Company had been manufacturing tractors. It is true that they weren't much like the original models that had been displayed. But Klopot explained in advertisements that he was "conducting epoch-making experimentation in increase of tractive impulse with decrease of fuel-consuming factors." It is true that, where actually used by misguided persons for prosaic tasks like harrowing or running a silage cutter, the new machines showed sullen natures, and a tendency to strike in the middle of the morning. But it must be said that Klopot kept repair men ready to rush out and give free service. It is true, according to Alec Parsons' analysis of the financial statements of the company, that, allowing for overhead, each tractor was selling at about ten dollars less than cost.

And Klopot was making no effort to sell stock. It could be bought, but he had dismissed his salesmen, closed his branch offices, turned all his interest to manufacturing.

Only Verity and Parsons held out against him, and after six months of edifying industry at the factory Parsons said to Doctor Verity: "We must give him credit. Perhaps he really has turned honest. Perhaps he will put the shop on a paying basis."

"Nope," the doctor insisted. "People don't turn honest; not overnight, anyway. They either are honest or they aren't. And yesterday I noticed that a couple of the stock salesmen are back in town. He'll have a new campaign, and it'll be a terror. Why, Alec, there won't be any money left in town for me to win at cribbage; and then what will I do with my evenings? He's taking plenty of time, and when he does start—it will be the end. No one will listen to our Greenland Diamond joke, now that he's been manufacturing. I do want to be just to Klopot. If the town really were prospering in manufacturing I'd just cuss and move out to my farm, but the junction delays on this crooked branch line would kill all transportation, to say nothing of costs. No, what would be a good use of his plant—the only one—would be to turn the buildings into a technical school, beginning of a college. Tafford would make an excellent college town. Come, let's get started mischief-making before Klopot does, Alec."

The doctor went to New York the next day. He was vague in his information to the Banner reporter regarding his reason for going.

In New York he called on a national association of advertisers and advertising agents, an organization that had fought as hard for the exclusion of fraudulent advertising as for the extension of honest advertising. Yes, the secretary said, they had noticed the activities of Mr. Klopot. No agency would handle his account.

Doctor Verity offered out of his much-nibbled fortune to pay the cost of having Klopot's earlier record dug up. The secretary refused. The association would be glad to do that work, he said. In fact —— He called a stenographer and dictated telegrams to certain advertising men and credit men in points as distant as St. Louis and San Diego, Seattle and Jacksonville.

Twelve days after Doctor Verity had returned home he received the biography of Mr. Edgar Klopot. Mr. Klopot had never been in jail. He had apparently never used an alias—except possibly in 1902, for which year his activities had not been discovered. He had always been adjudged not guilty. Yet as Doctor Verity read he whistled between his teeth, and admired: "The man is a wonder!"

IV

KLOPOT was enjoying himself. The Tafford County grand jury had refused to bring an indictment against him. The agents of the post office and of the state securities commission had said ugly things, but they had not been able to touch him. He had shut up that meddling fool, Doctor Verity. And for the first time in years he was pausing before the final clean-up to play at being a solid manufacturer, a person of importance.

He was popular. Klopot stock had paid two big dividends. Of course it would never pay any more of them. Already Klopot was reassembling the stock-selling crew for the fireworks—after which, he thought, he would try the Isle of Pines. But meantime he was beloved by the widows and orphans and viewed with awe by the business men. His car was always waiting. When he rushed to the station, into the hotel restaurant, people muttered "That's Klopot." Telegrams and long-distance calls were always coming to his office. Even his stenographer took him seriously, and she was unusually pretty. She wore his roses to dances.

It was that stenographer whom he heard outside his private room arguing with a man: "Job? Factory work? Then you see the employment manager; next building, second door on the right. You mustn't bother Mr. Klopot."

"Oh, Klopot will want to see me. He's an old friend of mine. He'll give me a job. I'll wait. I just love waiting," a man's voice answered the stenographer.

Klopot prickled. That voice was familiar. He darted to the glass partition and peeped out. He knew the man—a narrow-headed person with a long jaw. He had been Klopot's associate in the flotation of worthless notes through a chain of country banks controlled by a trust company. For Klopot he had gone to jail. He was decidedly not a man to take a job as laborer. And he was not a man to wait willingly. What was the fellow's game? Why was he so leeringly good-natured?

Klopot sat crumpled, trying to make out the trick. He could not endure it. He rushed out, pushing his stenographer aside and faced the narrow-headed man. The man did not rise from the bench in the outside office. He sat and smiled, and his smile made Klopot more uneasy than shouted abuse.

"This is Mr. Klopot, isn't it?" purred the narrow-headed one.

As though he didn't know! As though he hadn't sat with Klopot in a hotel bedroom till four and five in the morning smoking many cigars, drinking many sharp nips of whisky, planning ways of capturing honest small-town banks for their chain. What the deuce did he mean by the question?

"Yes, yes! What can I do for you?" Klopot fenced.

"I just want a nice little job; nice honest one—pushing a wheelbarrow or tending a machine or something."

And he wore spats, and was recently manicured!

"Cut it out, Pete! What do you want? If you think you can make me come across ——"

"How you do misjudge me, Edgardus! I want honest labor. Sweat-of-the-brow idea. My, how I admire the art of manufacturing! And I adore dear li'l Tafford. I want to stay here all my life. It's one swell distributive center."

The narrow-headed man smiled like an oversentimental woman; nor would he drop his pose. He insisted on getting work as common laborer—and he got it. With a contentment that was sinister he showed up in the yard, in overalls, to help load tractors on flat cars. He betrayed the fact that he was not broke by staying not at a workmen's boarding house but at the best hotel in town. When he encountered Klopot in the lobby the clumsy idiot pretended not to know him. From the window of his private office Klopot watched him for four days, watched him glance up grinning.

And at each grin Klopot repeated: "Now what is the game? I can't figure it out. He didn't try to sting me, and he didn't hit me for a white-collar job. Only thing I can see—he must have turned stool pigeon. Now what can he get on me?"

Every time his stenographer entered the room these days Klopot looked up, twitching, heart pounding. He put his private books away with extra care each evening, and jumpily as a man weakened by overwork he returned from his car to make sure the safe was locked. All the way home he tried to convince himself that the safe was in no danger. The narrow-headed man was an admirable forger, but no yegg. When he reached home every tiny crackling noise in the big rococo house made him rigid with dread.

After a week he was keeping himself only by force from rushing down into the factory yard to ask the spy what he would take to get out of this.

Klopot was getting a little comfort out of ordering an English mutton chop at the Tafford Hotel when he realized that the waiter was new to the place; that he had seen the waiter before; finally that this was the waiter who had been a club servant in San Antone when he had been planning the oil-field deal. The fellow had listened to Klopot's conferences at lunch at the club, there, and had later testified against him at the trial. Only by a technicality had Klopot escaped jail that time. How the deuce had the waiter got here? What was his game? He was pretending not to know his victim. When Klopot shakily gave his order the waiter said nothing but "Yes sir; mutton chop, potatoes O'Brien," before he trotted off.

Three minutes later Klopot cautiously turned and looked back at the service door. The waiter was standing by it, gazing at him and smiling.

The recently returned captain of the stock-selling crew dropped in to whisper to Klopot about working the racket of exchanging stock for Liberty Bonds. Klopot twisted about. The treacherous waiter was edging toward the table.

"Shut up, you fool!" Klopot snapped at the salesman.

"Why? What's the idea?"

"Will you close your trap!"

Klopot jumped up, leaving a two-dollar bill on the table. He glanced back from the door. The waiter had picked up the two-dollar bill. He was grinning—a contemptuous grin, of exposed teeth and creased brow and deep cheek wrinkles.

Late that afternoon glancing into the outer office Klopot saw his trusted private stenographer whispering to the narrow-headed leader of flat cars—ex-forger, ex-passer of the queer, ex-discounter of fraudulent notes. As Klopot watched them his hands trembled so that he had to grasp the door to keep them still.

When the man had gone Klopot called in the stenographer, but he was afraid to ask what he longed to ask. He couldn't seem to put words together. It was not till after half an hour of agonizing attempt to be brusque and casual about dictating letters that he managed to fling out: "What did that workman want—fellow that was in here little while ago?"

"He? The fresh thing! He wanted me to get the cashier to let him have a two-dollar advance, and then he tried to jolly me. He was kind of funny though," said the stenographer, brightly, innocently—much too brightly, much too innocently.

Was she in it too? And what was it? Why, why, why did they take so cruelly long in springing it? He could have stood off a demand for blackmail a week ago, but now he felt weak, confused. And was it just blackmail? They were all laughing at him!

When the stenographer was gone there slunk in on him a feeling that someone was there, hidden in his private room. He rushed to the wardrobe, looked behind the files. No one. He dashed out to his car for a drive and fresh air.

A man was standing across the road from the factory. Klopot only half noticed the man, but as he drove on his subconscious mind kept worrying over some half memory. He simply had to return to the factory to look again at the loiterer. Why should anyone stand there, with nothing to see but the walls of the office building on one side of the road and a swamp on the other?

"Uh, Jim!" he called to his chauffeur.

Jim turned round. He looked as though he was trying to keep from smiling. What did he mean by grimacing that way? Klopot stared at him helplessly. Jim too?

"Yes sir?" demanded the driver, slowing down.

"Oh, nothing. Go on," stammered Klopot.

He did not sleep well that night. From four of the following morning till eight, lying restlessly in the vast ugly bed of brass and painted iron, he waited till it should be

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WESTCOTT

The Car with a Longer Life

EVEN the looks last longer! Westcott is not a car that travels on its color scheme or its lines. It has good looks enough for the boulevards, but the reason its owners stay with it is a better one than that. *It lasts!* It has stamina of quite a remarkable sort. It performs in the hands of the demonstrator—and then it keeps on performing for (literally) *years afterward* in the hands of its owner-drivers. Everything about the Westcott, from its carburetor to its cushions and from its luxuries to its looks, is made right to stay right. It's not only the car with a longer life, but the car with less trouble and more solid comfort during *every year* of that long life!

THE LIGHTER SIX

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Three-Passenger Roadster
(Straight Seat)
Three-Passenger Cabriolet-Coupe
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Five-Passenger Sedan

THE LARGER SIX

For Five Years the Car that Has Proved Itself "The Car with a Longer Life"

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Five-Passenger Sedan

THE WESTCOTT MOTOR CAR COMPANY
Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A.

As cream with cereals and fruits

CARNATION Milk is pure and wholesome. It is of the consistency of cream and with its appetizing flavor makes your dish of breakfast cereals complete. Carnation as a milk supply is just as convenient as corn flakes, shredded wheat, or other ready-to-eat cereals—always ready on the pantry shelf.

Fill your cream pitcher with Carnation and try it with corn flakes, shredded wheat biscuits, oatmeal, puffed grains and all other prepared or cooked breakfast cereals.

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If you are not already familiar with the advantages of Carnation Milk, send us a postal request for a free copy of our special booklet of a hundred choice, tested recipes. Address Carnation Milk Products Co., 1532 Consumers Bldg., Chicago.

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Use Carnation with cereals

Carnation Milk

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time to rise and hurry to the factory, to find out about that unplaced man who had been waiting across the road from his office. It is one of the minor mysteries of living that after being agonizingly unable to sleep at a time when you should sleep you should doze off just at the time when you ought to get up. From eight till nine Klopot napped tranquilly, and after a mighty breakfast instantly served by the cowed maid and the plumply timid Mrs. Klopot he felt so rested that he was certain that his fancy about the watcher across the road had been silly nervousness.

He was merry as a hound pup when he climbed into his car. What a fool he had been to distrust his driver! No one could have said "Good morning" more normally than did Jim. The bulk of the factory buildings thrilled Klopot. He had done a big thing! Almost a shame that he'd soon be making the clean-up and skipping off with a million or so. Almost like to go on being honest. Cut it, now! No sappy sentiment! Isle of Pines—Costa Rica ——

Down the road ahead loitering by the scum-filled marsh across from the factory was standing the man whom he had half noticed on the evening before.

Klopot crawled from the car like an old man. He most carefully did not look at the watcher across the road. He stumbled up to his office.

The windows of his private room faced the factory yard. From them while he was yanking off his light topcoat he saw the narrow-headed loader of flat cars glance up derisively.

The windows of the outer office gave on the highroad. Klopot crept out and looked down at the watcher by the swamp. After a moment he recognized the fellow. Klopot had seen him only once before, but that had been an interesting once. The watcher was the detective who had arrested him in Tacoma in the chain-store swindle. The detective stood down there, idling, then paced three steps to the right, three to the left—and at each turn he peeped up at the office windows.

Once he crossed the road and for a moment talked with Klopot's driver, loafing on a box in the sun.

Suddenly, without apparent connection, Klopot recalled having heard a motorcycle following his car the evening before. His mind seemed to boil over with intolerable hot fear.

He yelped at his stenographer: "Called to Lacarose! Just time to catch the ten-five train." He darted into his private room, flung his coat over his shoulder, put his hat on askew, banged downstairs, crazily beckoned to his chauffeur, and shouted loud enough for the watcher across the road to hear: "Hustle, Jim! Give her the juice! Called to Lacarose. Got to catch Number Four."

Behind his car he heard a motorcycle. He looked back. It was the watcher.

He peered out from the parlor car on Number Four and saw the watcher on the station platform. Apparently the fellow was not taking the train. He was writing something on a sheet of yellow paper rested on a window ledge. Klopot could see that the yellow paper was a telegraph blank.

Klopot left the train two stations down the line, hired a motor, went cross-country to a junction, took a western express, left it after four stations, took a train for Buffalo, arrived there in the early morning, very cold, sleeplessly tired.

He was not quite sure, but he thought that a heavy, meaty man, a detectivelike man, stared at him rather hard in the Buffalo station.

He went to a hotel. He undressed wearily. He could scarce undo buttons; and to untie his cravat was thumb-pinching agony, during which he closed his eyes and swayed on his feet. But the moment he was in bed he was shaken into wakefulness. He could hear a rustling. He could not endure lying defenseless. He got out of bed, shivering bitterly in the late-night chill, and in the darkness sat hunched up on the edge of his bed.

He drew nearer to him the small water carafe on the bedside table. It was a sort of weapon.

He was sure that he heard the knob of the hall door turning. He dared not rush to open the door, look out. His shaky fingers crept toward the bedside lamp.

When the room flared out in light and was revealed as commonplace and solid and unmysterious and seemingly warmer he felt safe. But he could not go back to bed. He slowly dressed and went downstairs. The night clerks stared at him—this man who had come in at four A. M. and now at five was up again. One of them whispered to the other.

What, Klopot wondered, had he whispered? Why had the other smiled?

Though he was burning-eyed and staggering he walked, walked, walked. Every policeman glowered at him—and at last one of them started to speak to him.

Klopot was glad.

Thank the Lord, the horrible waiting was over! But the policeman said only, "Kind of chilly."

At six Klopot crept into a cheap lunch room for breakfast. A man came in just afterward and ordered wheat cakes rather ostentatiously. He had a mustache, but otherwise he was curiously like the detective who had stared so hard in the Buffalo station. And the mustache was ridiculously black and trim. Wasn't it false? In the midst of his breakfast Klopot gave it up. He was beaten. There was no use in trying to escape. He would go back home and take what was coming to him.

He arrived in Tafford at eleven that night. The fact that he had stopped struggling had let him relax and nap through all that day's ride, careless of possible watchers and spies. He felt rested, and after a snarly good night to his wife he went coolly to bed.

In the morning he had a new reserve of strength. Let 'em follow him! Let 'em arrest him! A crack lawyer had gone over the articles of incorporation of the tractor company, and all stock-selling methods. No one could touch him till after the clean-up—and then he'd be abroad.

He was almost polite to his wife as they dressed in that huge bedroom, with its gilded vases, its toilet articles of ivory decorated with violets, its chintzes of huge red birds perched on blazing emerald roses. She was moved to mention her domestic business.

"I've had such a time since you went away!" she groaned.

"What's trouble?"

"Lizzie left us, and I thought she would stay with us, she was such a good maid. But oh, I was so lucky. I got another maid right away—Miranda. She's even better than Lizzie. Doctor Verity sent her to me."

"He did? Don't know's I want any hired girl that that old grouch would send us!"

"Oh, but you'll like Miranda. She's the best cook! My, you just wait and see what a nice breakfast you'll have!"

Klopot felt safe, content. As he reached the breakfast table the paragon Miranda was bringing in the coffee urn. And he knew Miranda. And she was not Miranda. And she was not a cook.

She bobbed to him as though she had never seen him before. She went silently out to the butler's pantry. But Miranda was named Mary Deakins, and she was the daughter of a man whom Klopot had—well, a fellow whom he had rather neatly done out of half partnership in an aviation engine company, in K. C.

The fury of fear stiffened him. He wouldn't stand this sneaking pursuit! He'd fight! He sat straight and ate breakfast as though he were devouring his enemies. After it he stalked out to the pantry. Miranda was washing dishes. She looked at him mildly.

"Well?" he snarled.

"Yes sir?"—politely.

Oh, he couldn't stand this silly make-believe!. She was going to pretend that he was mistaken in recognizing her. He was too tired to play at games.

"Just—just want a glass of water," he said.

"I'll get it, sir," she said, much too obediently. While she brought the bottle of spring water he tried to find something to say. There was nothing.

As he rode down to the factory he heard a motorcycle behind his car and saw that on it was the man who had been watching the factory from across the road.

The salesman who was to head the new drive on stock was waiting for Klopot at the office; and he gushed: "Tried to get you all day yesterday, chief. We better start the slaughter right away. What's the use of holding off?"

"Don't bother me. I can't think about it this morning," said Klopot, peeping out of a window of his private room.

The narrow-headed man was not in sight, though a flat car was being loaded. His absence bothered Klopot more than his grinning presence had.

The salesman was insisting: "We got to think about it, chief. I have plans for——"

"You and your plans go to hell! You get out of here!" bawled Klopot feebly.

He was frightened to find how trembly he was as he crawled to his desk chair, supporting himself by the edge of the desk. His hands rattled on the chair arms, his jaw shook loosely, his spine seemed to creak in his quivering back. He got hold of himself, but he could not work. He was waiting—and he did not know what he was waiting for.

In the middle of the morning his stenographer breathed at the door: "Man to see the telephone."

She was followed by a person whom despite his ridiculous disguise of overalls and cap pulled low Klopot knew as the detective that had been watching across the road. The fellow pretended to be testing the telephone. He tapped the base of the desk instrument with his pliers, and looked at the end of the receiver in the most sheepish way. Evidently he knew nothing about phones. And he kept glancing about the room, noting files, safe, desk drawers, windows.

"Love of Mike, do they think I'll fall for as old a trick as this? It had whiskers on forty thousand years ago!" Klopot raged. He sprang up, shook his fist, demanded: "Cut out the melodrama stuff, you boob! What do you want? Spring it! Any papers I can get you? Don't mind me, old chap!"

"What do you mean 'what do I want'? I'm from the telephone company. Something the matter with your line."

"Cut it! Cut it! Who are you shadowing for? Let's get down to cases!"

"Say, boss, do you get these brain storms often? You better see Doc Verity," growled the detective as he gathered his tools and swaggered out.

Doctor Verity! It was Verity who had sent the bogus Miranda to spy on him at home; Verity who had started the Greenland Diamond joke. The detective certainly had given Verity's game away!

Klopot locked the door, and for hours he brooded, till Doctor Verity's good nature had in his imagination turned to devilish cleverness.

It was late that evening when Klopot rang at Doctor Verity's door. The doctor admitted him, led him down a dingy hall to a room of shabby wall paper, an ancient black-walnut escritoire, a table with a hand of solitaire laid out. Klopot fancied that the doctor had smiled at the door. He was desperately warning himself: "Now be careful, boy. Don't give yourself away, 'case the old fiend isn't really in on this." But he knew that he was too nerve-twitching to be careful.

"What is it, Mr. Klopot?" condescended the doctor.

"I've had enough."

"Enough of what?"

"You know."

"I really don't understand."

"Look here, doc!" Klopot was panting, begging, his hands out. "What do you want? What have you got?"

"I have rye, and Scotch, and I guess I could dig up a little apricot brandy; though since prohibition I don't ——"

"Oh, please! Why do you want to torture me? Where did you find Miranda?"

"Miranda? Who is she?"

"Look here, doc; if I liquidate right now, and somebody, say, in Lacarose, takes over my machinery and raw materials and finished tractors, and the buildings bring anything like a fair price, the stockholders won't lose hardly more than ten cents on the dollar. I'm ready to be good. I'll talk fair if you will. What've you got up your sleeve? Who was the dick in the station at Buffalo?"

The doctor seemed to be relenting; to be admitting his knowledge of the pursuit. He smiled and settled in a big chair. Klopot sat down. If he could only win over this man ——

"Who do you think the Buffalo man was? Mean to say you didn't recognize him?" chuckled the doctor.

"No, I didn't. I could make the others all right; but not him. Was he in the Oregon chemical case? Look here! They cleared me absolutely on that!"

His inner self kept shouting "Oh, be careful!" but he did not listen. If he could only win the doctor, make those eyes under the heavy brows smile again!

"No," yawned the doctor. "He wasn't in the Oregon case. You had a good line of defense there. But have you forgotten about the one year when you were so clever and managed to keep out of sight? That was pretty smart, what you put over then! How about the year 1902? Say 'long about April of that year! Let's see now: What was the name you used that year?"

"That's my business, doc!"

"Oh, all right. Good night, Mr. Klopot. By the way, are you going up by the depot? I want to get Jim—mean to say, I'd like to have your chauffeur send a little message for me, to—uh—to Buffalo."

"Quit! I'll be good. But don't think for one minute you can kid me into believing you know one darn thing about the Newfoundland fisheries deal or that you can show I was John Jefferson. Might just as well drop that. Now what do you want? What are you going to get out of this? Don't spring the love-of-the-dear-community stuff on me!

"I'll make it worth your while to work with me instead of against me. And I don't mean just ten thousand or so. I mean hundreds of ——"

Klopot stopped, staring. From the adjoining room a respectable-looking man in a black derby was emerging. He held a pair of handcuffs. He was the man who had been watching from across the road.

He was droning: "That'll do it, doc. That's what we needed—what he was up to the year we lost track of him. So he's John Jefferson! Friend Jefferson is still wanted in Canada. We can put this bird away for five years!"

Klopot opened his mouth several times before he said feebly to the doctor: "You think you're a smart little sleuth hound, don't you?"

Doctor Verity smiled. "You do me too much honor. What you had after you was all of the big advertisers of America. And, Klopot, do you want to know who the detective in the Buffalo station was? Your conscience! We haven't had a single agent outside of Tafford! We let you create your own shadows. And you'll be delighted to know we didn't have one single definite thing on you till this moment, Mr. Jefferson! Don't you think it would be a good joke to name one of the buildings Jefferson Hall when we turn your factory into a technical school? Take him away, please. I want to finish this solitaire before I go to bed."

SAHARA IN EXCELSIS

(Concluded from Page 60)

When the booze flowed;
Sudden attacks,
Rows that were swirling,
Bums going whirling
Out in the road.
Still, though no longer that spirit survives,
Maybe it's well, for the beating of wives,
Starving of children as well as their matrons,
Ceases to serve as the sport of my patrons.
Since prohibition
Changed this condition,
Mostly the bums who were constantly broke
Now once again,
Earning the yen,
Come to my place for a soda and smoke.
Fact is, my joint is a sort of a hub
Like the saloon was—a poor people's club.
As for the money, no wealthy munitionist
Makes any more than R Hyde, Prohibitionist!
So, here's a toast; lift your soda glass high:
Here's to a country excessively dry!
Here's to the grasses on Barleycorn's grave!
Long may they grow there and long may they wave!"
Thereupon those in the Crocus Club grill
Filled up their beakers and drank with a will;
They who had once held a Grand Lodge of Sorrow
Drank to a bone-dry to-day—and to-morrow.

Moral

Take it from me, all you misty-eyed topers,
Weeping to see old John Barleycorn beat it,
Gloomy-faced prophets, calamity dopers,
You won't find dryness so bad when —— you meet it.
One year from now you'll be ready to shout:
"What in the deuce were we kicking about?"
Just because folks for a long time have stood for you,
That doesn't prove that you know what is good for you!

"Sleeve-Valve, the Motor that Improves with Use"

Why does the enthusiasm of Willys-Knight owners grow in proportion to the length of their experience with the sleeve-valve motor? Owner explanations are more interesting than the technical analysis of engineers:

THE fewer parts and simpler operation of the Willys-Knight sleeve-valve motor mean freedom from friction, wear and complications that cause trouble and deterioration. Instead of the noise and vibration of clashing poppet valves, there is the velvety action of sleeves gently sliding in a film of oil. The result is a sweet running, powerful type of motor that *stays* quiet and *always runs.* It is the one type of motor *that improves with use.* It requires no adjustments—no grinding of valves. Owners do not lay up their motors for shop repairs. These *efficiency* and *economy* advantages have inspired the expression, "Once a Willys-Knight owner, always a Willys-Knight owner."

Willys Knight

Sleeve-Valve Motor

WILLYS-OVERLAND, INC., *Toledo, Ohio*

Willys-Knight Touring—Four, $1725—Eight, $2750; Seven Passenger Sedan—Four, $2750—Eight, $3475. Prices f. o. b. Toledo.

CANADIAN FACTORY WEST TORONTO, CANADA

THE FIGHT THAT FAILED

(Continued from Page 38)

What he did not know was that, at that very moment, Boston Marble was sadly and conscientiously making two transfers in his ledger. According to his record as agent, Cleophus had bet seventy-two dollars and fifty cents that Cupid would win; and Cupid had bet sixty-five dollars net that Cleophus would be returned victor. Only seven dollars and a half—the difference between the principal placed with him by Cleophus, the amount bet, and the commission due—remained to be laid.

Downtown Cleophus swelled through the throng waiting to board the two special cars for Blue Lake Park and boasted of his own pugilistic prowess.

"Does you really think you is gwine lick Cupid Baldon, Cleophus?"

"Huh! Whippin' men like him ain't nothin' on'y mawnin' excercise fo' me, boy. I is thutty poun's heavier an' th'ee times stronger as him, an' when I an' he finishes up they'ain't gwine be nothin' lef' of that Cupid 'ceptin' on'y one feather on his off wing. I is steered clear of trouble with him's long as I could, but when sweet cha'ity says I is got to fight I is gwine do it; an' Cupid Baldon is goin' to be the s'prisedes' an' sorries' man what is."

In due time the free boasting of Cleophus—who was seeking to hypnotize others into belief in his prowess, so they would bet on him and cover the money he had placed to be bet against himself—reached the ears of Cupid Baldon.

That perturbed colored gentleman, almost as afraid of Cleophus' additional thirty pounds of brawn and muscle as he was of the scientific and hard-hitting Knockout Dixie, streaked down to the dingy den occupied by Boston Marble.

"Is you placed that sixty-five dollars of mine yet, Brother Marble?"

"Reckon so."

"How?"

"The bet jes' says you is gwine lose."

Cupid chuckled shamelessly: "Brother Marble, that is the safes' an' sures' bet what ever was laid. G'by!"

The picnic was in full swing when Boston Marble put in his appearance at Blue Lake Park. The center of attraction was a baseball game, then swinging to an exciting finish. Cleophus spied his betting agent and cornered that wall-eyed gentleman.

"Did you bet my sevumty-five dollars, Brother Marble?"

"Uh-huh!"

"All of it?"

"All 'ceptin' two-fifty, which is my c'mission."

"Elegant!" enthused Cleophus. "That is 'bout the sures' bet what ever was."

"Reckon so," retorted Boston Marble, without a flicker of interest.

He even failed to add that he had weighed the matter carefully and had decided that the ability of a professional fighter to lose if he so willed it was worthy of implicit confidence; and that personally he had assumed the remaining seven-fifty of Cleophus' money. The picnic was a howling delirious success. The noon hour was made historical by a surpassing barbecue. Reverend Plato Tubb circulated fussily through the crowd and talked frequently and passionately with the elated treasurer of the First African M. E. Church, who gave glowing reports of the everswelling receipts.

The atmosphere was surcharged with tense expectancy. The crowd had divided into two factions—one clustering about Cupid Baldon, the other round Cleophus White. Both warriors boasted tirelessly of the lethal qualities of their favorite blows. Would-be bettors shook their heads and refused to wager; they didn't quite understand how the money would be paid out when both fighters had been exterminated. The fight had long since assumed the aspect of a grudge battle, and the crowd—male and female—was on edge.

"Ain't nobody know how long this heah fight gwine las'," chuckled Dr. Brutus Herring; "but while it does they's gwine be steam aplenty roun' that ring."

Wagers were conspicuous by their absence. The gambling gentry could not bet on Cleophus and dared not bet against him. Even Florian Slappey and Dr. Brutus Herring, loudest in praise of the home-made warrior, were too canny to back their confidence with cash.

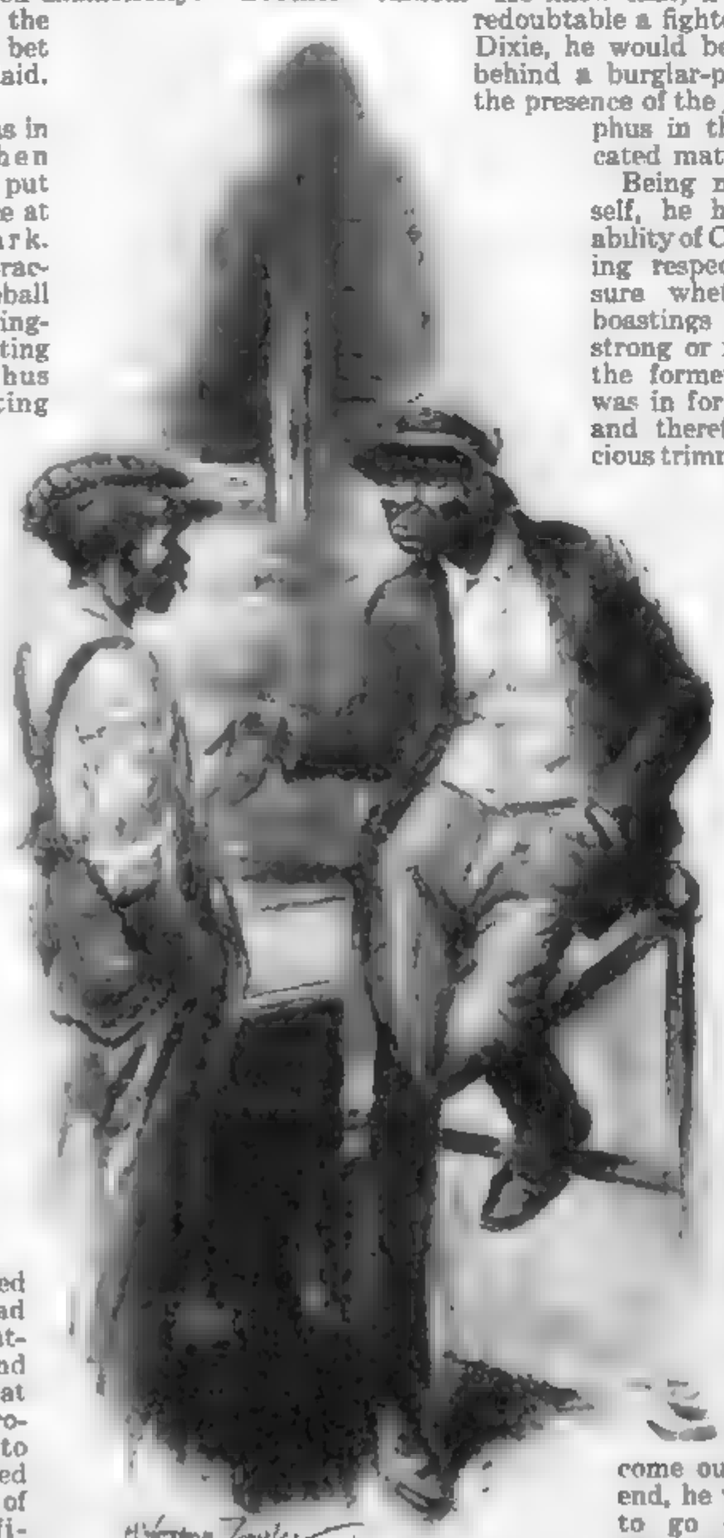
As for Cleophus, he was frightened to a pale green. He tried to concentrate on the seventy-two dollars and fifty cents reward and met with but poor success. He prayed that the fight should be short and painless. His spine turned to marrow and his heart to lead

Cupid Baldon proved the better actor. He made considerable hay while the sun was shining. He rambled where the crowd was thickest, Maldonia on his arm, his stentorian voice rising above the din of hilarity. Inwardly he was excessively perturbed. He knew that, if whipped by so redoubtable a fighter as Knockout Dixie, he would be safely hidden behind a burglar-proof alibi; but the presence of the jelly-fishy Cleophus in the lists complicated matters.

Being no fighter himself, he held the latent ability of Cleophus in abiding respect. He wasn't sure whether Cleophus' boastings camouflaged a strong or faint heart. If the former, he knew he was in for an unscientific and therefore doubly vicious trimming. If the latter, he realized there was much truth in the adage anent the cornered rat.

Cleophus was thirty pounds heavier; and thirty pounds on the executive end of a five-ounce boxing glove makes considerable difference.

Cupid intended to lose, but he was wary enough to lay his plans with meticulous care. He knew of Cleophus' threats and became sadly convinced that, however much Cleophus might expect to come out on the short end, he was determined to go down fighting. Mr. Baldon anticipated a very unpleasant few minutes. He knew just



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enough about the mitt game to stave off Cleophus' rushes for a round or two; so he planned to flop the minute Cleophus became unduly rough.

And by doing so he knew his prestige would be irretrievably lost. Defeated by Cleophus, the city would be decidedly too small for him. Therefore he planned to collect his defeat winnings from Boston Marble with the utmost dispatch and silently depart for another city—the more silently, the better. He was too wise in the ways of women to fancy for a split second that Maldonia would continue to lavish her affection upon him. He had even suspected for a considerable time that she was growing a wee bit tired of his eternal use of the personal pronoun and was casting hungry glances at the now aloof Cleophus.

At three o'clock in the afternoon the crowd surged through the narrow gates of the grand stand. Eager hands had long since constructed a rude but serviceable twenty-foot ring just in front of the home plate. Chairs had been placed in opposite corners; and beside each were large battered buckets containing water, and several obviously secondhand towels. By three-thirty the crowd grew fidgety and commenced howling for action.

Bud Peaglar, proprietor of the justly famous Barbecue Lunch Room and Billiard Parlor, and by virtue of that eminence selected as third man in the ring, crawled under the ropes and silenced the crowd with a Delsartean gesture. He then announced sonorously the principals in the impending friendly boxing exhibition were at that moment preparing to enter the arena.

The raucous bellowings of the crowd were hushed. Only the womenfolks chattered. The masculine members of the gathering grinned gleefully at one another in anticipation of the gore that was destined to flow in the very immediate future. And in the front row on the grand stand, infinitely proud of the fact that all eyes were focused upon her, was Maldonia Rouse, beloved of the two fighters.

For the first time in her young and sheltered life, Miss Maldonia Rouse was experiencing sheer unalloyed ecstasy. She sat in the full glare of the limelight, bedecked in her finest, and wearing her crown of laurel as modestly as a poet guest of the Ladies' Thursday Afternoon Literary Society.

An urchin in the bleachers turned loose a wild shrill yodel. The people on the grand stand craned their necks and then took it up. It became a roar that swept the field. Across the diamond, toward the ring, stalked the enormous figure of Cleophus White, enveloped in a heavy overcoat.

The home-grown warrior had never been quite so acutely miserable in the whole of his heretofore pacific existence. He wriggled through the ropes and sank limply on the rickety chair provided by the pompous master of ceremonies. His face suggested that he had recently mistaken tabasco sauce for tomato ketchup and was trying to get away with it.

Pliny Driver, a doleful employee of the City Ice Company, followed Cleophus into the ring and stood mournfully gazing over the heads of the crowd, paying no heed whatever to his principal.

And then Cupid Baldon appeared! Appearing was about the best thing Cupid did, and this particular appearance did nothing to lessen the terror that was gripping Cleophus' vitals.

Cupid was a study in futurist art. His bathrobe made Joseph's coat look like a shy and shrinking violet. He was followed by a retinue of seven grinning self-important negroes, each bearing aloft a bit of battle paraphernalia—a box of powdered resin, towels, sponge, a new bucket, a bottle of ammonia, smelling salts, tire tape. For a few brief moments Cupid relaxed to the full enjoyment of the adulation commonly accorded a champion in his home town.

He placed his left hand on the corner post and vaulted lightly over the ropes. The crowd yowled. Cupid grinned, bowed, waved to a few particular friends, and boldly threw a kiss to Maldonia, much to that damsel's delighted embarrassment. Then he turned and crossed to Cleophus, hand extended.

Cleophus, knowing nothing of prize-ring procedure, and fancying that this might be the commencement of hostilities, cowered and covered. Then he realized that Cupid merely meant to shake hands, and he extended a limp and fishy paw.

Four of Cupid's seconds collaborated in the selection of the two best gloves. Pliny sadly took the remaining pair. Five minutes later Bud Peaglar called the men to the center of the ring, imparted verbose instructions and sent them to their corners.

Cleophus stood alone in his corner, staring with fascinated horror at Cupid's strictly professional antics. Larger than his opponent by a score and a half of pounds, he felt like a mere pygmy before this mountain of confidence. And Cupid made the most of his flickering fading glory.

He ostentatiously rubbed his shoes in the powdered resin. Then he shadow-sparred for a few seconds—"Jes' to git these heah muscles limbered up a li'l' bit." After which he placed both gloves on the ropes and pushed and pulled valiantly to make sure that they were strong and springy. Finally he turned.

"Ise ready, Mistuh Referee."

Bud Peaglar nodded and turned to Cleophus.

"Is you ready, too, Brother White?"

Cleophus gulped. As well ask a condemned man, already strapped in the electric chair, whether he is prepared for the lethal current. In a hollow sepulchral tone Cleophus delivered his pugilistic valedictory:

"I is."

The gong sounded. The two warriors—each of whom had bet upon himself to lose—dashed to the center of the ring, paused abruptly and faced each other.

Cleophus, knees trembling visibly, jaw sagging weakly, stood with both muscular arms rigidly extended. He half closed his eyes, patiently awaiting the anæsthetic punch.

But Cupid Baldon had planned otherwise for Cleophus. He slouched into a pose made famous by one James J. Jeffries. His face grew deadly serious, arms traveling like twin pistons, feet tap-tapping like those of a dancing master.

His gloves, described marvelous parabolas in the air. He swished and swerved and slipped about the petrified Cleophus, who stood motionless, staring in hypnotic horror, arms still rigidly extended.

Cupid intended to lose; but he realized that if he went down and out in the very first round he would stand but a slim chance of getting away from Blue Lake Park with a whole skin. So he planned to let the fight rock safely along through a couple of rounds, then to rush with simulated savagery, landing soft taps upon the body of his opponent. After which he would take a quiet shove and go down for the count. Perhaps that would satisfy the fans.

As for the onlookers, they stood up on their seats and roared with delight at Cupid's display of pugilistic pyrotechnics. The gentlemen in the crowd howled for blood, a plea that added limpness to Cleophus' already watery spinal column.

After half a minute it became patent to Cupid that Cleophus had no intention whatever of hitting him. With that cheerful knowledge, the supposed professional fighter became emboldened. He danced gracefully in, reached out a glove, and implanted a light and tentative tap on Mr. Cleophus White's nasal organ.

Whereupon Mr. Cleophus White dropped limply to the floor of the ring!

More—after landing carefully in a reclining posture, he turned over on his back, stretched his arms wide, and rolled his eyes in token of unconditional surrender.

The spectators roared profuse disapproval. The prostrate warrior did not move. Bud Peaglar, referee, leaned over the fallen man and counted:

"One—two—th'ee—fo' ——"

Cupid Baldon paused. Things were happening too swiftly for his brain to cope adequately with them. He stared in horrified amazement at the body of his antagonist. Into his mind there leaped a picture of the diamond ring he had borrowed from Maldonia Rouse, converted into cash, and bet upon himself to lose. He joined the referee in pleading with Cleophus:

"Git up!" he howled. "Git up, nigger! I ain't on'y hit you easy."

"I Ise licked!" returned Cleophus positively.

"—— Five—six ——" droned the referee inexorably.

Cupid's air castles were crumbling. He was about to win the fight when the last thing in the world he desired was to be the victor. His whole worldly capital was bet

(Concluded on Page 81)

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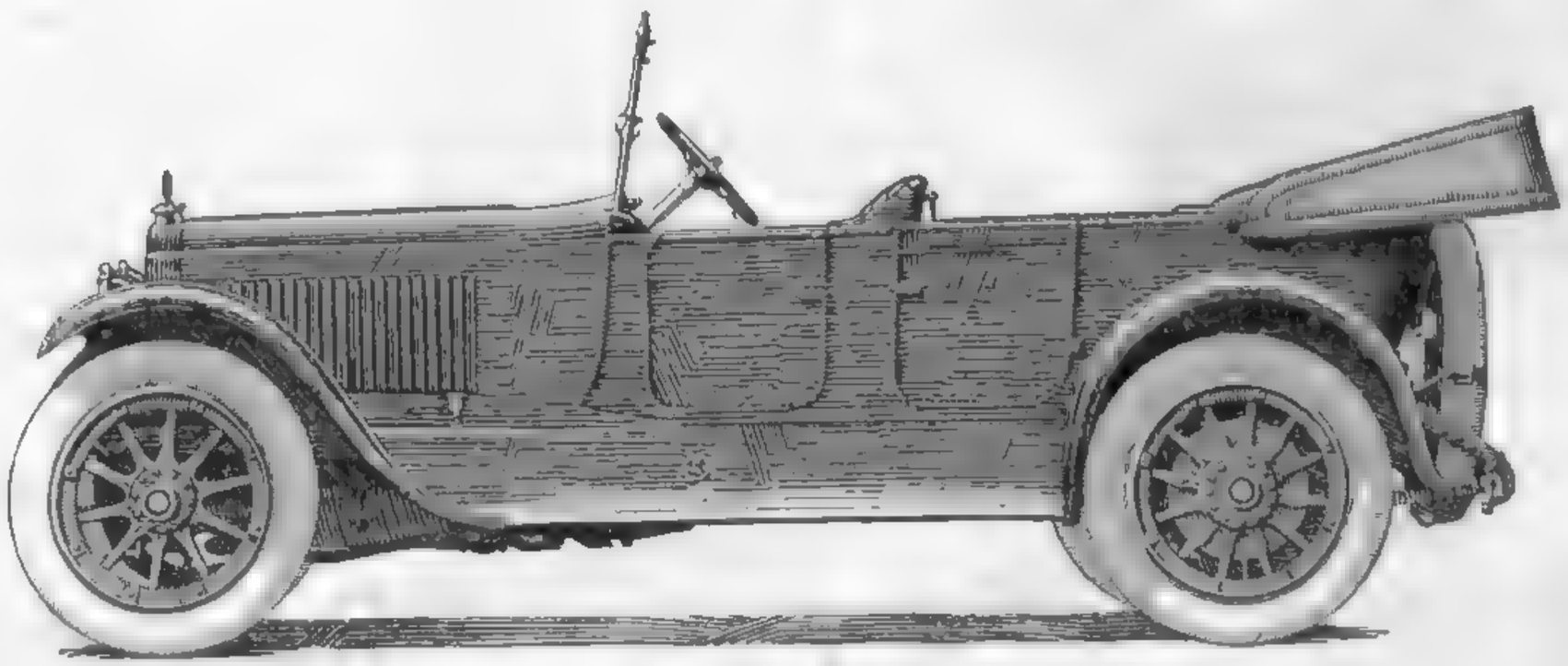

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United States Rubber Company

"Usco" Rubber Heels are Good Heels

(Concluded from Page 78)

the other way. And if Cleophus succeeded in being knocked out there would be nothing for Cupid to do but hit the crossties for parts entirely unknown—penniless and friendless.

"—— Seven ——"

Cupid acted. He leaned over Cleophus and slipped his gloves under the arms of the fallen man. He tugged, grunted, and tugged again. He lifted Cleophus to a sitting posture.

"Git up, Cleophus!" he wailed. "Git up—please!"

"—— Eight ——"

"Lemme 'lone!" snapped Cleophus peevishly. "Cain't you see I is knocked out?"

"You ain't knocked out. You cain't be! Git up, heah!"

Cupid made one last frantic tug as the voice of Bud Peaglar intoned:

"—— Nine! ——"

Then his hands slipped and Mr. Cleophus White slid back happily to the floor, where he reclined in luxurious safety while the referee announced the fatal:

"—— Ten—an' out!"

Somehow Cleophus White managed to get away from Blue Lake Park and to his room without being manhandled. Sitting on his bed he found the melancholy Boston Marble, who wordlessly extended to him one hundred and forty-five dollars. It was the first ray of sunshine to creep into Cleophus' foggy cosmos.

"You win 'cause'n you los'," drawled Boston, a bit ill over the fact that personally he had contributed a small portion of the fund he was handing over.

"Yeh—I won! But—but who was fool 'nough to bet I'd lick that they prize fighter?"

"Him." The ghost of a smile creased Boston's lips.

"Who?"

"Cupid Baldon."

"Huh! My Lawd! Brother Marble, is you sittin' they tellin' me Cupid Baldon was bettin' he was gwine lose?"

"Uh-huh! An' that's the money which you wins from him."

Cleophus passed a limp hand across a perspiring forehead.

"Where Cupid is at?"

"The las' time he was saw," answered Boston Marble, "he was hitchin' hisse'f onto a freight train which was headed no'th an' travelin' fast."

Investigation disclosed the truth of Boston's statement. Cupid had vanished with commendable thoroughness. The news spread rapidly. No one quite understood it, but all knew that something was radically wrong.

And gradually a smile usurped the gloom plastered all over Cleophus' face; and that night at eight o'clock he presented himself at the Rouse homestead.

He found a huddled, sobby Maldonia, who flung herself wildly into his arms, loudly protesting her love. And then, between ardent and audible kisses, she told him of her perfidy in the matter of his engagement ring and of the defection of the unscrupulous Cupid Baldon; of his winning with her money and departing with all of it.

Cleophus had recently become adept in quick and decisive thought. Almost before she finished speaking he pressed into her not unwilling hands seven ten-dollar bills and one crisp new five.

"Buy yo'se'f a new 'gagement ring, honey!" he ordered proudly. She burst into a fresh paroxysm of sobbing.

"You is too good, Cleophus; you is onti'ly too good. Where you git all this heah money?"

"From offen Cupid Baldon!"

"Eh! How come that?"

Cleophus puffed.

"I is a terrible misundumstood man, da'lin'. Yestiddy I learned that Cupid was bettin' he was gwine lose the fight. An' somehow—nev' min' astin' me how, 'cause'n it's a dead confumdential secret—I heard of him pawnin' my 'gagement ring to git that money he bet he was gwine lose. I made up my min' to beat him to it; so I went skallyhootin' to Boston Marble, which he was layin' his money with, an' bet my money 'gainst his money that I was gwine be the loser."

"Honey!"

"Yeh, Maldonia; tha's jes' prezac'ly what I done. An' tha's how come I to make a spectickle outen myse'f this afternoon, sweetness—jes' 'count'n I loves you so much. An' I is won back the money fo' the 'gagement ring. An' mebbe we c'n git ma'ied soon huh?"

"Whenever you says the wo'd, Cleophus; jes' whenever you wan's." She snuggled close.

Ensued a few minutes of ardent silence. And finally he sighed deeply.

"They is on'y one thing I regrets, Maldonia."

"On'y one thing?"

"Jes' on'y one."

"Tha's which?"

"I is always gwine be sorry Cupid Baldon di'n't go bet on hisse'f to win; 'cause'n if he had I'd shuah knocked him into the middle of nex' summer. Hones', it was all I could do to keep from hurtin' that nigger bad when I had him at my mercy in that they ring!"

"Yeh," agreed Maldonia adoringly; "I could tell that from the way you fit."

THE WOODEN HAND

(Continued from Page 16)

Instead of entering the hotel, he went up Maiden Lane to the top of the hill. There, beside the Capitol, he got into a waiting flivver. Without instructions, the machine started down State Street, to turn north into Broadway and make for Troy.

About four o'clock in the morning, when well into the foothills of the Berkshires, Myron's car met the Boynton Boy coming down in his automobile from his farm. They changed cars. With Boynton as a passenger, the man who had brought Myron thus far faced about on the return journey to Troy. There he would drop Boynton and put the machine into a garage for repairs to a manifold, which he would smash with a hammer. That was safer than deserting the car on the road, while he proceeded to disappear. To do that would provoke the tracing of the number. It would be weeks before the garage people would begin to wonder why he did not reclaim his property.

And Myron—Myron continued over the twenty miles to Boynton's place among the back paths of the rugged country over the Massachusetts line. Daylight was an hour distant when he arrived. None heard his coming, for Boynton's battered auto could run with a noiseless engine when desired. None saw him; for, though the mystery of this man, who grubbed like an imbecile on infertile ground and went motoring by night in his rickety chariot, was still unsolved, the coming of chilly weather had stopped altogether the intermittent practice of spying on him after dark.

In the house Myron found the old misshapen clothing his predecessor had worn. He put it on and bundled up his own. That could be disposed of later with the bag which now was bulging with currency.

Also, he would get rid of the wooden hand! That had served its turn well! He took it off—a glove with a fine steel lining, jointed at the knuckles, and the leather socket that had covered the forearm as with a genuinely artificial member! He grinned at the fraud; it had cost him money to have it made by a specialist in tempered burglars' tools. There wasn't a soul in Campden who would—or could!—forget that Myron, the man the police would seek pretty soon, had a wooden hand.

Briefly he was tempted to commit an error, on the side of pride, by retaining the hand as a souvenir. The calculating shrewdness that, so far, had enabled him to beat the law warned against that. The contents of the bag constituted souvenir enough to last his lifetime! Come night again and the hand, with his discarded clothing, weighted with stones, went into the flooded mine working, eight hundred feet deep. The bag followed, after the money had been stowed into two oil cans, which he soldered hermetically and buried remotely. He had no fear they would be found on a hillside so pitted by the holes Boynton had made that fresh-turned earth would court no attention.

During the first day he stayed indoors and completed the transformation into the character of Boynton. He rubbed dirt into his hands and arms—rubbed till they hurt

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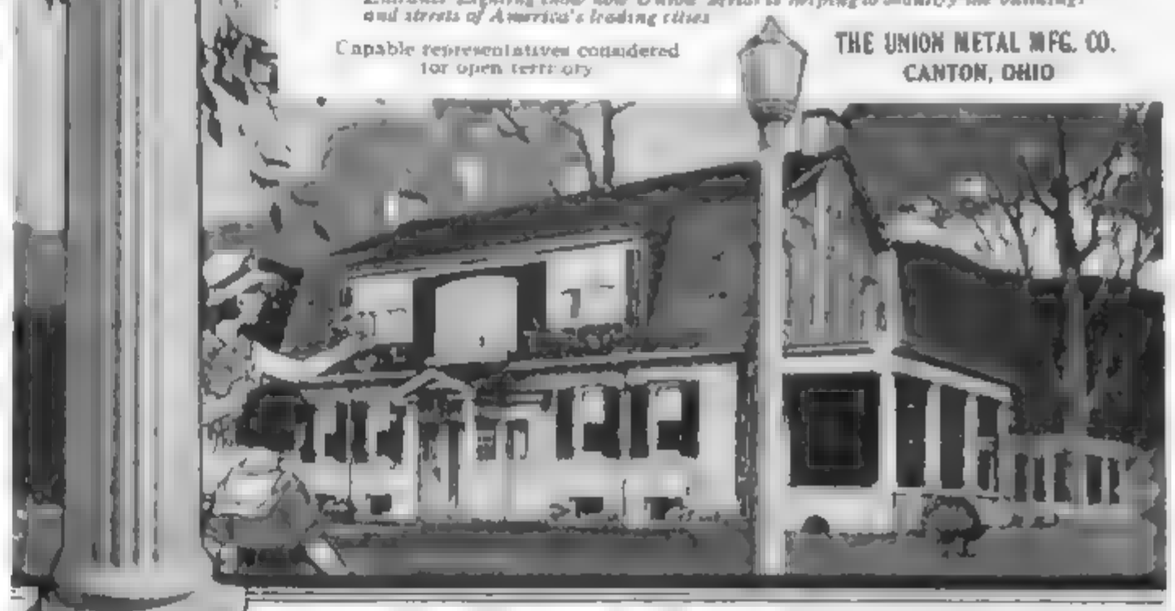

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and the joints in their griminess seemed large. His face he coarsened in the same way, though not so severely; and often he plied his eyes with water, till they were inflamed and red-rimmed. With peroxide he altered his hair from black to a mottled shadelessness—not blond, not brown, not anything; then trimmed it crudely with shears and left it tousled.

On his monthly visit—for it was here he had come when Campden believed him to be in New York—he had doctored his face and hands similarly; but never with such completeness as now. Then it had been but temporary, to stand half an hour's scrutiny while in the village for supplies and for the one registered letter that came regularly from Campden.

When the call came the folk hereabout would recognize him all right, for the real occupant of the farm never had gone among them. They never had seen him close at hand. His rôle, after Myron had established himself on the farm and was ready to take up his part in Campden, had been but to affect the gait Myron had made familiar to these mountain people. Facially there was not enough resemblance for him to have passed as Myron. No one ever had been allowed, therefore, to get too near him. Even had there been a telling likeness, it never could have been enough to fit Myron's exacting requirement. His whole scheme rested upon his identification by disinterested and honest persons as the man who for almost nine months had been constantly on this farm in the Berkshires.

Yes; his preparations were very complete. In his grimy untidy clothes, with his body hunched, his eyes bleary, his mouth set in a leer, there was little to suggest the immaculate and smiling Myron.

The second morning he went into the village and commanded the usual scowling antagonism. In the square, bold, left-handed writing known as Boynton's he signed for the letter that had been awaiting his coming four days. From it he took money, as he had done before, while others looked on.

The rest of that day he chopped wood—a normal enough occupation with winter coming on, and one that served the further purpose of toughening his hands and muscles. Before a week had passed he had become calloused by work with the ax, and grubby from pottering in the earth with rod and pick and shovel. He was ready for inspection, even by those who had known him as Myron; and he awaited it confidently. He saw no chance of a slip-up.

Less than an hour after the train had carried Myron out of Campden it was known that something was wrong at the bank. Failure of the watchman to pull the box within a reasonable time showed that. But nearly another hour was lost in rooting out officials to give entrance; which was as Myron had anticipated when he threw away the keys and set the time lock. Time could have been saved had inquiry been made immediately at the homes of the cashier and his assistant, but the police neglected to note that this was pay-roll night and assumed that the watchman had been alone. When they found the bank securely locked they inferred also that it was merely a case of the watchman having been stricken by illness.

Consequently it was after midnight when the crime was revealed. Instantly the wires began to spread a lookout warning over the countryside. Near and far every road was covered by the surrounding municipalities. State constabulary and automobiles with armed officers deployed throughout the night, halting whatever vehicles came along. Posses made ready to beat the woods and scour across country with the break of day.

Here it was that a circumstance entered on the side of the fugitive: The cashier's wife said she had spoken with him on the phone after ten o'clock—about ten-thirty, she thought. But for that error of twenty minutes on the part of this woman, Myron might have had to face the ordeal of examination on pulling into Albany. The police did not bother about the ten-thirty-five train; if the crime had been committed after ten-twenty-five the criminal could not have gotten aboard it. Besides, none but Myron and two traveling men who were well known had taken that train.

The police favored the belief that the escape had been made by freight train or automobile. They concentrated on these means of flight—especially the latter, since the job was so clean-cut.

Not till the sixth day did mention of Myron creep in. Considering the extent of the crime, the police had pinned it upon professionals and had not given a thought to their reputable fellow citizens. They had not, in fact, in the frantic casting about for some straw at which to snatch, observed particularly that Myron was out of town. In the general excitement and horror nobody else had given much attention to that either.

Myron's name cropped up accidentally among a group of his former associates gathered at luncheon. It was not mentioned directly in connection with the robbery and murder; it came simply as an innocuous comment in the process of making conversation. The crime was losing its edge as a topic.

"Myron's making a long stay this time," remarked someone idly.

"Uh-huh!"

"Must be something breaking for him in the Big City. Been away 'most a week, hasn't he?"

"Getting tired of rusticating," opined another. "Been away—six days now?"

The man who had first spoken placed the time:

"Since the night of the murder."

"Since the night of the murder!" echoed another.

As though a spark had been touched each man looked at his companions silently. Their tones unconsciously were hushed. They began rehearsing what actually was known about Myron; and they found that in analysis their knowledge of the man was spare.

Vincent, the president of the Chamber, came along. They called him.

"When's Myron coming back, Vincent?"

Something in their seriousness made the fussy little man guard his reply:

"What's that? Why?"

"Oh, nothing—nothing." No one was willing to create in words a dangerous and, according to all logic, unjust situation. They balked at directing suspicion upon any man without good ground in such a monstrous crime.

There was an awkward pause. Finally the man who had brought up Myron's name felt the others looking to him for explanation.

Within him awoke a vision of the fame that would cling to the person who produced a clew. What did they know of Myron, anyhow, he asked himself? If Myron was innocent he should be able to prove it easily enough.

"Nothing," he repeated, and added argumentatively: "But you sort of sponsored him, Vincent—took him under your wing, and all that."

Vincent stared round the group in amazement. An uneasiness stole over him. Suddenly he was uncomfortable.

"What in the name of heaven are you getting at?" he burst out testily.

"Well"—his interrogator put it slowly—"you know Myron went away the night the bank was robbed!"

Vincent grew wabbly as the appalling insinuation struck him full force. His pompousness fell from him like a garment.

Popeyed, he reached for a chair and sank into it. "But," he protested feebly, "he went on that train before—before the ——"

"That isn't known for sure," interjected someone, with a flash of excited intelligence; "I mean, what time the murder took place. Mrs. Grimsby only thinks it was ten-thirty when she phoned Jim. Maybe her clock was fast—if she looked at it at all."

Vincent shook his head pathetically.

"It isn't possible!" His voice was a husky shadow of its usual boom. He shuddered and sweated at the very suggestion that he had consorted with a man capable of such a crime. "He told me he'd be gone only a couple of days. I had a letter from him—the day after he left—from New York—about a deal we were in. He wouldn't have written that if he'd had anything to do with—it." He looked round him, pleading mutely for support in his contention. "Why would he have had me send that check to Chicago the day after he left?"

Gripped by the possibility that they had picked up the line the police were vainly striving for, they rejected Vincent's appeal. Bad news and suspicion are like that—they take root fast.

"Let's go and see the chief," it was proposed grimly. "There may be something in this."

Shortly it began to look as though there was. On the scant information Vincent possessed of Myron's supposed affiliations in New York City they went to work. The police inquiry gleaned something more specific than had Vincent's when he had dipped into Myron's financial standing; but not a great deal more—only that he had traded occasionally at one or two brokerage houses. They entered Myron's suite at the hotel and found that a clean sweep had been made of all papers; that every article had been carefully dusted of finger prints. So, too, was it at the modest office where he had played at being in real estate. The check he had had Vincent send to Chicago turned out to be but another prop to the mask of reputability that he had established to delay suspicion.

Nevertheless, the police took on new heart. Now they had a tangible basis to go on. No longer was this a blind hunt for some unknown man or men. Theorizing, which had borne no result, was unnecessary. It had become a plain case of getting Myron.

They shrugged. A question of time. Myron was too well marked to get away indefinitely. In the reaction they laughed at his impudence in imagining that he could.

Before night a description of Myron was on the desk of every police station in the country; was being stamped into the memory of every policeman. It was a good description, and it emphasized that the man wanted had an artificial left hand.

From the post office they got the next pointer. A clerk recalled that every month Myron had sent a heavy envelope, registered, to one Philip Boynton, at Mintern, Massachusetts. By telephone the Campden police ascertained that Boynton had a place in the hills. They started immediately to learn his connection with the fugitive wanted for murder and robbery.

At Lebanon Springs, New York, the two detectives left the railroad. By automobile they sped northeast across the Massachusetts border.

Most of the countryside was assembled to meet them when they reached Mintern. The postmaster, to whom the telephonic query had been put, had passed the news that at last the police were looking for Boynton. They were not ordinarily vindictive, these sullen-natured farmers; but as they congregated with astonishing rapidity, they rubbed their hands at the thought that Boynton was in the toils. They pictured Boynton paraded as what he really was, and the mystery with which he had cloaked himself and aggravated them as being swept away.

Stopping at the one store—which also was the post office, and with half a dozen dwellings made up the hamlet proper—the detectives glanced over the score or more of farmers. The postmaster pushed his way to the side of the car, the others ranging expectantly behind him.

"Why"—the detectives again surveyed the assemblage—"why the reception committee?"

"Well, sir"—a rustling among the eager listeners caused the postmaster to speed his speech lest some of the others should get ahead of him—"this Boynton Boy's been behavin' mighty funny; an' we thought—we thought ——"

The sleuths leaned forward, interested.

"Never mind what you thought. How has he been behaving funny?"

"Well, sir; well ——" The spokesman cocked an eye; he paused and scratched his chin.

Challenged to make the statement, he was surprised to find that Boynton had done nothing except mind his own business. He wished another would take from his shoulders the burden of imparting this startling information. The others abruptly had come to the same realization as the postmaster, and no help came from them. Pressed by the detectives, he went on with what, under the light, assuredly was a shallow indictment:

"That Boynton Boy ain't done a thing since he come here 'cept loaf an' dig holes in land 'at ain't worth'n a dollar; an'—an' ——"

The detectives' interest waned.

"That sure is mighty curious!" they agreed, with disgusted sarcasm. "We're police officers. Where is Boynton now?"

"Up there." The postmaster waved toward the hills. "About four 'r five miles." He voiced the question that had them all itching: "What d'ye aim t' take him for?"

"Mebbe for loafing and digging in 'land 'at ain't worth'n a dollar,'" drawled a sleuth. "You the postmaster?" he queried briskly. "What was in the registered letters he got?"

A chorus furnished the intelligence that the letters had contained money; the postmaster got the last word by declaring that Boynton had received no others. A request by the detectives for what was known of Boynton's antecedents started everybody talking. Impatiently cutting short the spurt of garrulity, they learned the history of the family in these parts—how the two boys had been taken away when their parents died; how this one of them had returned the previous spring and had held himself aloof, mean and unfriendly.

Taking the postmaster into their machine, they started for the Boynton place. Negative as was the information they had gained, it, at any rate, gave an idea of the man they were about to quiz. They reckoned upon bringing pressure to bear through the fact that undoubtedly he had been close to Myron; otherwise he would not have had money from him regularly.

On their heels trailed a motley assortment of buggies and antiquated motors bearing the natives, who went with the high expectation of the hunter long denied but at length in at the death

Out chopping wood at the side of his house, Myron saw the procession coming up the road that touched the lower boundary of his land. Until the leading automobile, bearing the detectives and the postmaster, turned into the wagon track that led to his door, however, he gave no sign. Then he retired to the house.

When the detectives pounded for admission he answered as Boynton had done—with curses. When they announced that they were policemen he retorted that they were liars. When they threatened to force an entrance he dared them—said he would shoot and, in turn, threatened to have the law on them. Judging, from what they had been told, that he was the manner of man who would shoot, they did not break in, but continued the parley. After a while they convinced him that they were no less than they represented themselves to be, and he let them in.

There had been nothing reminiscent of Myron in the sight they had had of the slouching, uncouth figure while they were coming up the hill. They perceived no resemblance when they entered the dingy room, illuminated only by what light came through the narrow doorway and two unwashed windows. Apparently this was the only room he occupied, for it contained both a bed and a kitchen stove, the latter littered with kettles and empty food tins. A rough table, a cheap oil lamp and two chairs completed the furnishings, except that in a corner was a rude structure of boxes containing provisions and a number of liquor bottles.

The detectives hit straight at the point, intending to convey that they knew all about the relationship between Myron, in Campden, and Boynton, in the Berkshire Hills.

"Where is Myron?"

Myron's inflamed eyes were crinkled to slits. His mouth twisted to the side. He glanced at the natives, who crowded on the threshold; then back at the detectives.

"What y' botherin' me for?" he growled insolently, with an oath. "He's in Campden."

The ready admission took the detectives aback. They had expected this man to stall—perhaps deny that he knew Myron.

"Why did he send you money?"

"Because he had it and I hadn't."

Myron looked at his inquisitors aggressively. He still stood in the shadow. One of the detectives took him by the arm.

"Why?" He thrust his face close to Myron's.

"Because"—Myron drew away; his eyes, now piggy and red from a week's constant splashing with water, flickered—"because he's my brother; and he ——"

"Your brother!"

The detective dragged him into the light. He pulled off Myron's battered hat. With his fellow officer, he stared hard at Myron, who did not flinch, but sneered.

Slowly the detectives turned to regard each other. Both knew the fugitive well. Despite the loose mouth of this man in contrast with the Myron they had known; despite the reddened eyes, which seemed to be explained largely by the liquor bottles;

(Concluded on Page 87)

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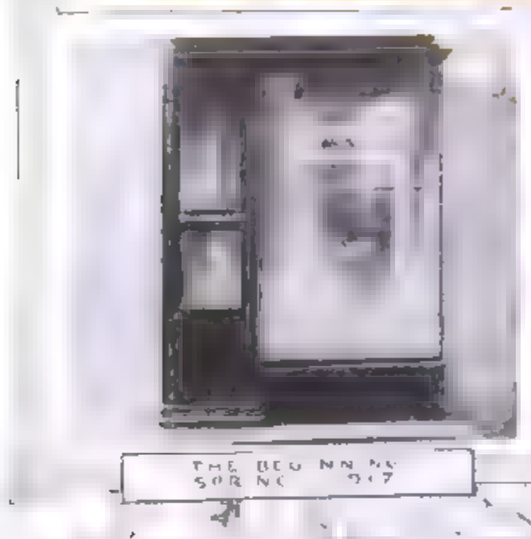

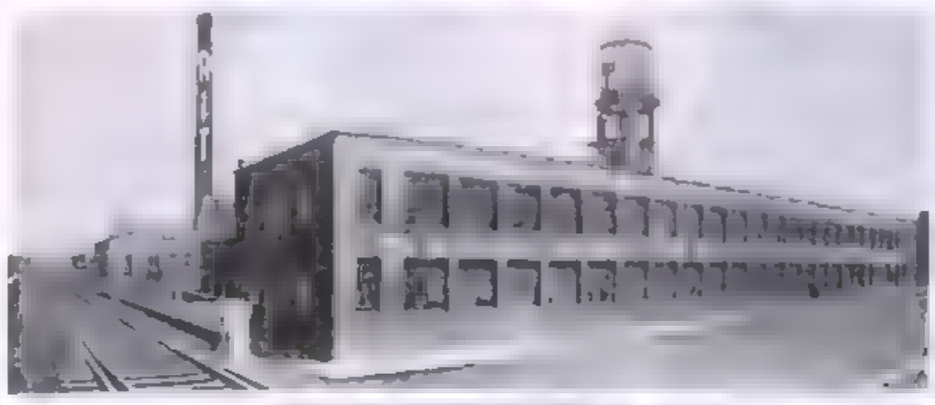

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TISK TIRES

Civilize Savage Trails

Wives of Doctors
Don't Have Corns

Doctors All Know Blue-jay

It is made by a surgical dressing house whose products doctors use. Doctors' wives use Blue-jay when a corn appears. And they end it at once and forever. Millions of others now use the same method. In a moment they apply a Blue-jay plaster. The wrapping makes it snug and comfortable, and they forget the corn.

In 48 hours they remove the Blue-jay and the corn is ended. Only a few of the toughest corns need a second application.

The pain is stopped instantly. The corn is ended—and completely—in two days.

Blue-jay has done that for millions of corns. Your corns are not different. It will do it for your corns.

If you have corns and don't prove this you do yourself an injustice.

B&B Blue-jay

The Scientific Corn Ender

Stops Pain Instantly—Ends Corns Completely
25 Cents—At Druggists'

How Blue-jay Acts

A is a thin, soft, protecting ring which stops the pain by relieving the pressure

B is the B & B wax centered on the corn to gently undermine it

C is rubber adhesive. It wraps around the toe and makes the plaster snug and comfortable.

Corns Are Out-of-Date

In the old days corns were common. Nearly everybody had them. People pared them, padded them, coddled them and kept them. Nowadays, most people never suffer corns. Yet tight, dainty shoes are more common than ever.

Consider that fact. The reason lies in this scientific Blue-jay.

One user told another, until millions now employ it.

Quit Old Methods

Paring is unsafe and temporary. Padding is unsightly. Old, harsh, mussy treatments have been discredited. These are scientific days.

Try Blue-jay on one corn. Learn that the pain does end. Learn that the corn does disappear.

Learn that these results come in an easy, gentle way.

When you do, your corn troubles are over—all of them, forever.

Try it tonight.

BAUER & BLACK Chicago, New York, Toronto

Makers of Sterile Surgical Dressings and Allied Products

(098)

(Concluded from Page 82)

despite the ragged, mottled-brown nondescript hair—they saw a likeness.

As though on the same pivot, their brightening eyes jumped to Boynton's left hand. The momentary hope that had welled within them was dispelled. It had been a stupid thought, anyway, they reminded themselves; Myron must have known that the registered letters he had sent would be looked up. That thought likewise reflected the improbability that Boynton had been in Myron's confidence. They questioned him on that; questioned him long and viciously.

After leaving the institution in which they had spent their youth, he related, he and his brother had separated. He had wandered from place to place until a year ago, when they had met by accident. His brother, evidently prosperous and going under the name of Myron—he did not know why, and never asked—had offered to provide for him. He had accepted and chosen to come back to the old place, because he liked the wild.

It was plausible, and Myron chortled mentally as he watched the frowning detectives. Truly his preparations had been well made! They would look up the records of the institution; and they would find that Philip Boynton had a long scar across his back, received in childhood. He had that scar. He was Philip Boynton! He had built skillfully, to the ultimate detail. And he had the pursuit in wildest confusion, combing the country for a man with a wooden hand!

Rather hopelessly they taxed him on where he had gone on his nocturnal motor jaunts. Nowhere in particular, he replied; just round the hills. Why? Because he liked to ride at night. Reluctantly the natives had to corroborate that he never had been away more than a few hours; that they had seen him on his land every day.

Asked what was the object of his digging, he snarled that it was nobody's business. Called upon for a sample of his handwriting, he wrote in steady sturdy characters with his left hand. And the postmaster confirmed that was how he had always signed for his letters; it was the fist in which he always had turned in his orders for supplies.

"Did your brother ever come here?" It was a last, almost listless query.

Myron hesitated, to squint over his assembled neighbors. He saw them bending forward, their eyes lighting, then lips parting as though they were about to make answer. And he read the forming words. They gave him the cue that on some of his visits he might have been seen arriving or departing with the accomplice who had been known as Boynton.

"Yes," he answered; "he came a couple of times."

The nods which greeted the admission apprised him that he had guessed right. The babel of confirmation that burst out saved him from a possibly dangerous situation. In their eagerness to have a part in this affair they blurted out that a visitor had been there once, and had remained two days.

"He was here twice," scowled Myron; his attitude was that he had been contradicted and resented it.

Inwardly he was laughing. Had he not amply proved his theory that the mystery should not lie round the crime, but away from it—in some seemingly extraneous and dissociated event? By creating mystery here in the Berkshires, two hundred miles from Campden, he had established an alibi, with twoscore and more admittedly hostile witnesses to make it good.

Nevertheless, the detectives consulted and finally one of them went off to swear out a warrant for the arrest of Philip Boynton on a charge of suspected complicity in murder and robbery.

It was late afternoon when he returned with it. The prisoner refused to get into the machine with the New York detectives. He foresaw aright their intention to rush him across the state line and avoid an extradition fight; for he had declared at once that he would fight. They had to give in and let him go in a car in custody of the sheriff and a constable.

Taken to Pittsfield, Myron hired a lawyer without delay. He spent the night in jail. On his arraignment a delay was granted on request of the New York police to permit them to produce evidence. Before Myron left the courtroom his lawyer was on the way to sue out a writ of habeas corpus. That afternoon it was argued; and, compelled to concede that they had no tithe or tittle of evidence against him other than that he was a brother of the fugitive, the detectives had to see him go free.

Consulting his lawyer, Myron professed a misgiving that another attempt would be made to deprive him of freedom; and he decided to stay in town until the situation settled. So did the detectives. Reporting to their chief by telephone, they were instructed to remain on the ground, because there was a chance that the fugitive might communicate with Boynton.

Myron grinned when he saw they were sticking to him. He reviewed his every move. All had come out as he had mapped it. The police had taken the route he had prescribed—would continue to follow it. Their efforts were centered upon locating a man whose left hand was artificial. Ergo, he was safe; though he would be dogged and bothered for a long time.

It would be a year or more, he reckoned, before he should reap the harvest of his labor. Meantime he would remain on the farm. Six hundred thousand dollars was a fair price for two years of his life! He was supremely content to wait, though he did thank heaven that the setting-in of winter would save him from keeping up the farce of digging meaningless holes in the ground.

Yes; a year should be enough to discourage the police; to convince them that he was an unprofitable avenue toward the capture of the murderer. Once he was sure they had relaxed their surveillance, he would quietly disappear with the contents of the two oil cans that lay safely buried.

The whole scheme was airtight. The man who had substituted as Boynton would never reënter the picture—nor the man who had carried Myron out of Albany. Though he did not know it, the police had not yet learned exactly where he left the train. Later he expected to be questioned about where he—that is, Boynton—had been on the night of the murder; and in case he had been seen or heard abroad that night he would admit having motored. They could attach no significance to that, since it was his habit.

That evening Myron wandered round town. The detectives did not try to keep in the background, but were frankly at his side. They ate at the same table with him in a restaurant. And it was then that Myron found habit interfering with preparation!

Twice he checked himself in the act of using his right hand to bend the fingers of his left about a fork. With a muffled curse and a startled glance at the detectives, who eyed him continually, he essayed to cover these slips. He decided to refrain from eating in public until he had eradicated that motion, which had become very natural; to practice how to forget it as he had practiced long in private to acquire it before descending upon Campden.

In a picture show the detectives were only a seat away. In a saloon afterward they lounged on the bar within reach of him. And there Myron experienced the first slight shock of uncertainty. Subconsciously he felt that they had become more keenly interested in him. They seemed to be fascinated by his left hand; so he caught himself glancing covertly but irresistibly at it.

He strained to hear their low-voiced conversation; but could not. His left hand grew uncomfortable under their concentration. He stuck it into his coat pocket. With a start, he withdrew it hurriedly. The putting of it into the pocket where he had been accustomed to stuffing the wooden hand had reacted through his whole body; automatically he had begun to straighten his shoulders in the way he had carried them in Campden.

He put the hand into his trousers pocket, but brought it out again and rested it defiantly on the bar. The concealment would have appeared guilty to him, had he been watching; these men, trained to suspect everything, might well regard it that way.

Myron ordered another drink and took the opportunity to examine both hands as they came together—the left placing the money on the bar, the right closing on the glass. By an effort of self-control he stopped the tightening of his lips. Earth-stained though they were, his hands were not precisely mates. The left was whiter, more delicate, and fragile looking! He had not noticed before that the difference in the texture of the skin was so great; that the hand so long confined and gloved was of a satiny shininess, which even the dirt and lack of care during the last week could not altogether hide. And there was a crampedness about the fingers—another relic of their long imprisonment.

He gulped the drink and started from the place. All desire to stay round and make sport of the detectives evaporated.

They, too, turned away from the bar. They were between him and the door; but they let him pass. His bleary eyes surveyed them as he slouched by. Came a quick step behind him, and his wrists were seized and drawn backward!

"See, Ed?" The holder exhibited Myron's hands to his companion before their owner could exert himself to wrench away. "There is a difference!"

With a lurch of his body, Myron tore the left hand loose. Instead of striking while still he twisted to free the other hand, he in a moment of uncontrollable panic jammed it into his coat pocket! It was the mistake of an instant, at once rectified as he punched at his captor. But it was the second mistake of the kind in ten minutes—the fourth of the evening. He fought; but the other detective closed in, and they held him.

"You may be Boynton," softly said the detective who first had grabbed him, "but I'm laying a bet you're Myron!"

He jerked up the captive's sleeve, and halfway to the elbow the left arm was whiter and smooth and silky when compared with the right.

Myron's nerve was iron again. His mouth curled. He ceased struggling.

"You're a nut!" he rasped. "Let me go!"

"I'm nut enough to lock you up."

Myron laughed in the speaker's face.

"You did that once, and ——"

"And I'm going to do it again!" The detective looked at the men who had gathered round. "Somebody call a cop," he requested. "This guy held me up down the street to-night. He ran when my partner, here, came up. Call a cop!"

The lie amused Myron. He didn't see how it could be made to stand up any more than how they could make out that he was minus a left hand or that he ever had been in Campden. In turn, he appealed to the bystanders.

"I'm Boynton," he explained, assuming that they would recognize the name from the newspaper accounts of his case that day. "These men are the New York detectives who had me arrested. They tried to kidnap me into New York State before that. This is another frame-up."

The detective who was doing the talking smiled at the onlookers. Undecided which side to take, they waited, though their sympathies inclined to Boynton, in whose favor their own court had ruled against these alien policemen.

"That's partly true," he said easily—"the arrest part. It was to get even for that he stuck me up. He was going to shoot me, he said. Then my partner showed up, and ——" He shrugged. "Come on, Ed! Let's take him."

They were pushing a way to the door when a man interfered.

"Strong-arm stuff may be all right in New York," he orated, "but it doesn't go here. As a citizen"—it sounded melodramatic and Myron's captors grinned—"I protest against your taking this man without due process of law."

A muttering of approval from the others made the detectives pause.

"Very well," they agreed; "we won't. Get a cop, and I'll make the charge and have it all regular."

They called a policeman; and, over Myron's loud protestation that he was being framed, he was locked up. The detective made the arrest as a citizen—which any citizen would have had the right to do—and the police could not refuse to take the prisoner. His partner swore that he had been a witness. There was no alternative for the police; they had to hold Myron.

Earnestly Myron argued against it. He was as cold as ice. Through his brain hammered ceaselessly the reminder that they never could put the murder on him! His preparations had been too thorough, too well executed. He sent for his lawyer and sought bail.

The detectives called on the state's attorney to help them. While they awaited his coming to the police station they made a flying trip to the cheap hotel at which Myron was stopping. When they got back the prosecutor was in the station house and already had heard the story of Myron's arrest. He led the detectives into the captain's room and shut the door.

"I take it"—he frowned; the proceeding was raw—"that you men realize you're in danger of going to state's prison yourselves?"

"Surest thing!" they responded cheerfully. "But we won't!"

The prosecutor moved impatiently.

"We can't refuse this man bail if he can put up enough. You know that. What do you gain? Nothing. On the contrary, you both stand in a fair way to go up for perjury. How are you ——"

"Yes; you can refuse him bail!" The interruption was emphatic. "You can hold him on charges of murder and robbery. That's Myron! Look at his left hand! The wooden one was a fake!"

The prosecutor considered them tolerantly, regretfully. He could not show any enthusiasm. The accusation was ridiculous.

"That was all threshed out when the writ was argued this afternoon," he said. "These neighbors of Boynton swear he has been on the farm since spring and that he always had both hands. The people who knew Myron in Campden swear he had an artificial hand! Don't you see?" He shook his head. "The court would have to charge the jury that the prisoner must be given the benefit of the doubt."

"But"—the detective who first had seen the difference in the prisoner's hands was confidently persistent—"but we can get expert medical advice that his left hand has been kept wrapped up—the skin is shiny and tender from lack of contact with the air. I recognized the condition because my own arm looked like that after it had been tied up in splints for weeks. We can get doctors ——"

"Even so!" The prosecutor was no whit convinced; he pointed out the glaring flaw: "Don't you see it would be hopeless to produce a man with two hands when the man who committed the crime had only one hand? You never could convict ——"

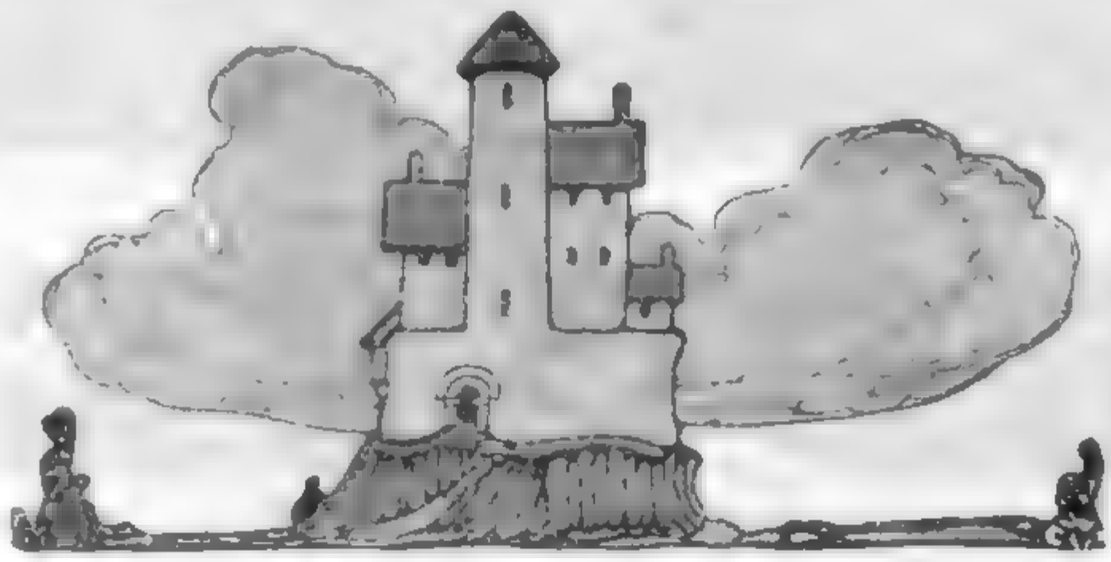
"But what if the man with two hands got them mixed?" purred the detective; and he nodded gleefully as the state's attorney sat up to take notice. "Myron Boynton, if you like—got his mixed to-day when he signed the hotel register with his right hand! And the writing is Myron's!"

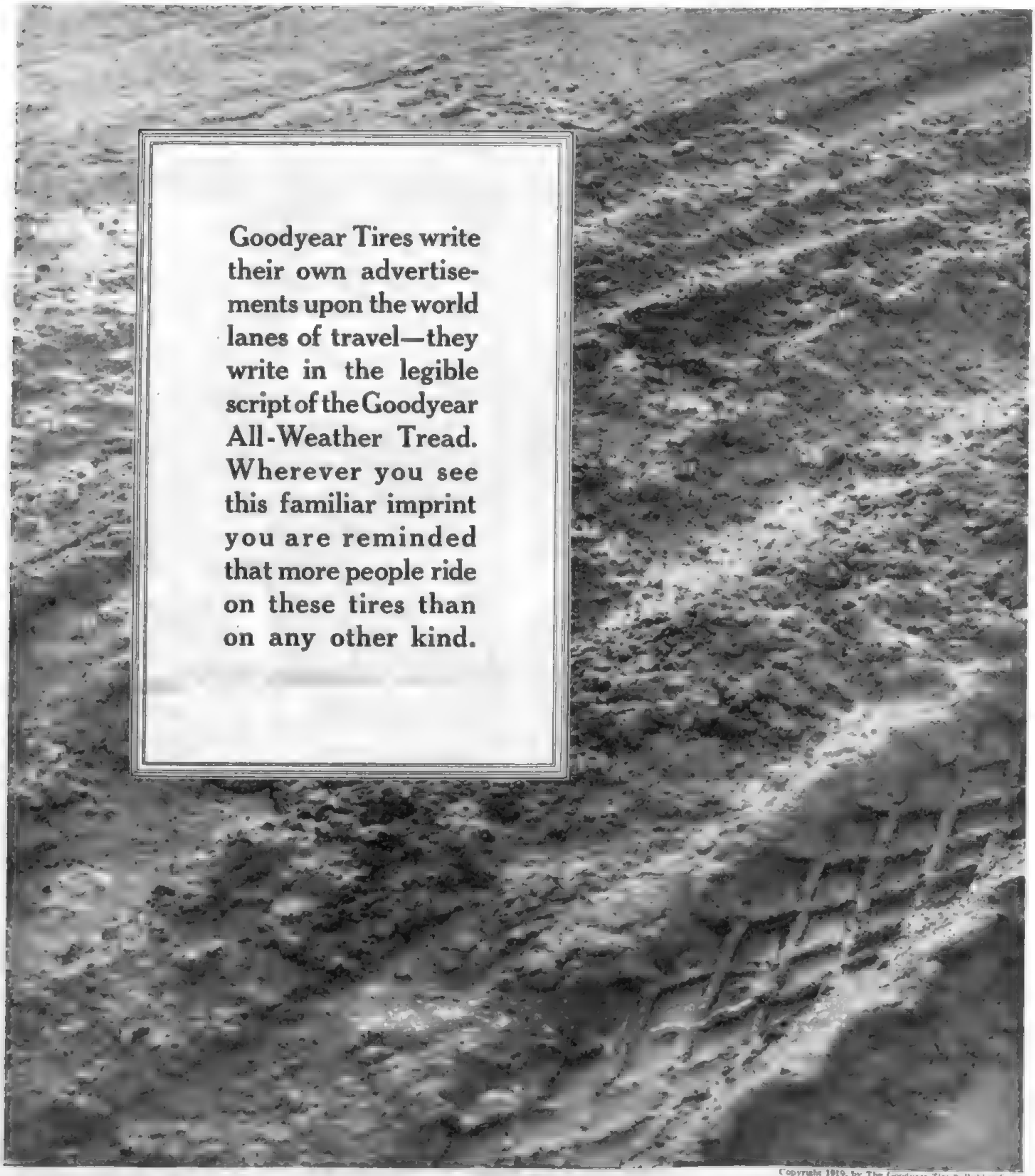
Quietly he produced a page torn from the register and placed it before the prosecutor. "Philip Boynton" was there, in a flowing style.

"Does he get bail?"

With a grimace, the prosecutor countered:

"You'll withdraw that hold-up charge now, I suppose?" He moved toward the door. "I'll change the blotter. You can wire for extradition papers."

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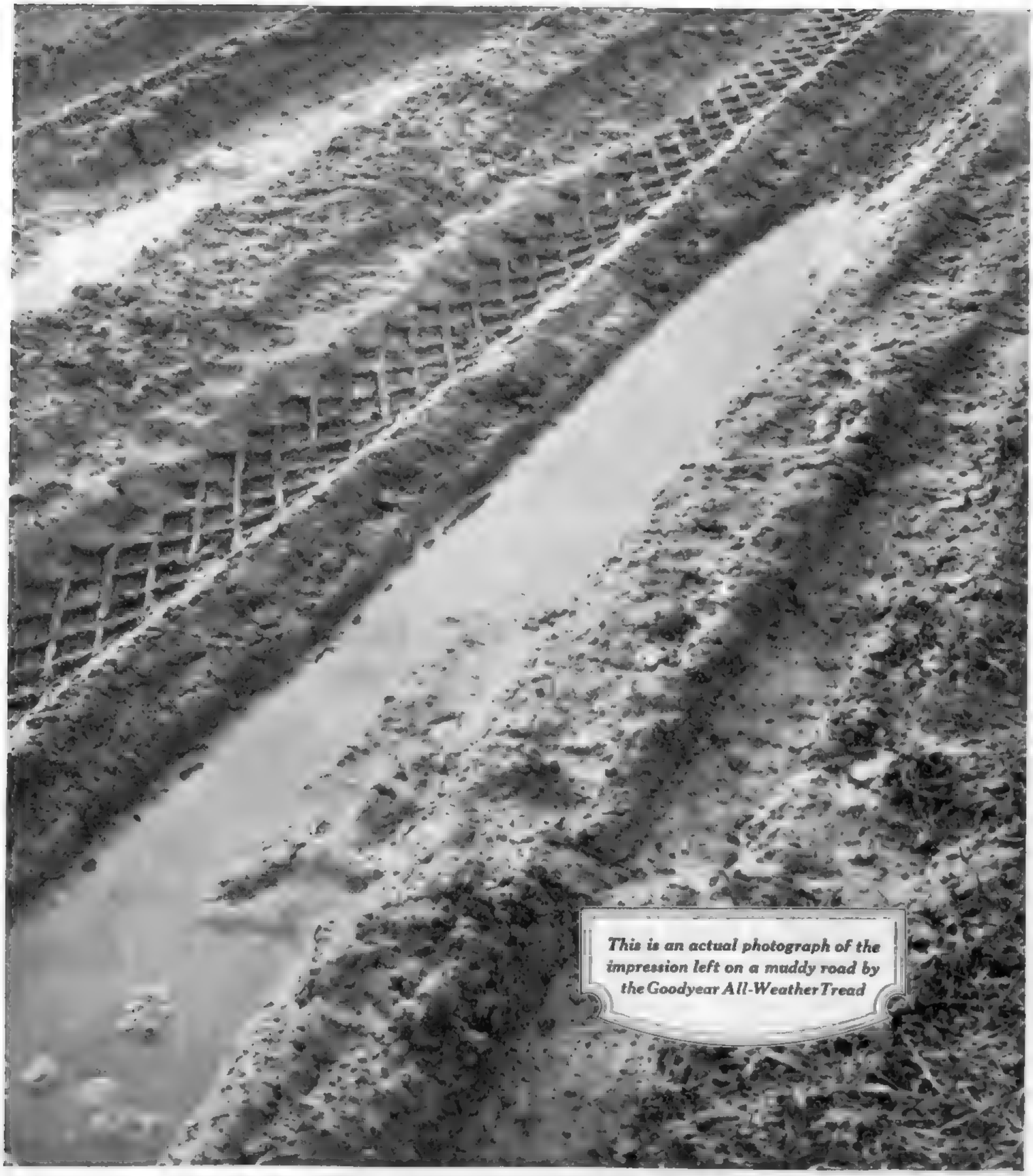
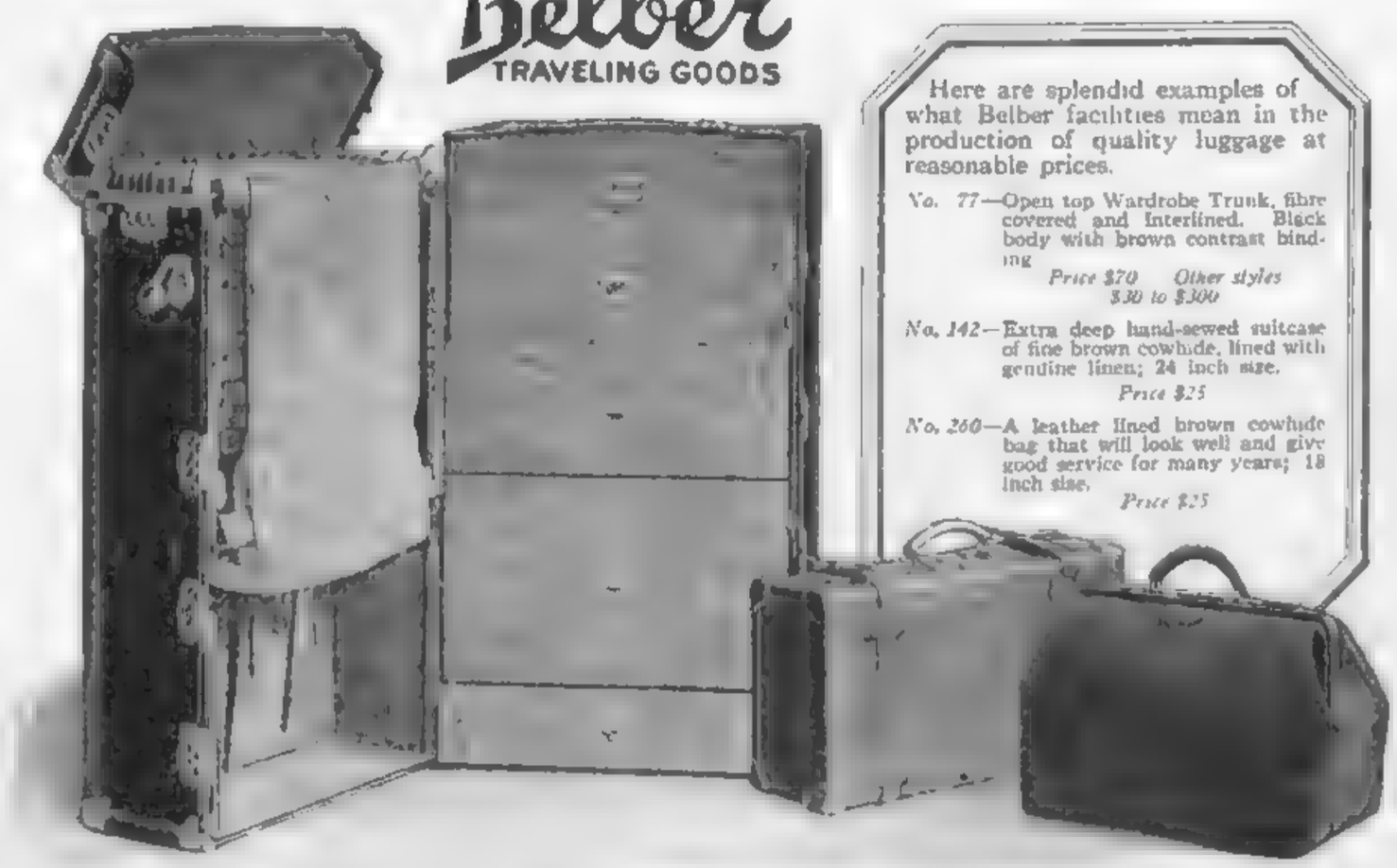
AKRON



This is an actual photograph of the impression left on a muddy road by the Goodyear All-Weather Tread

CORD TIRES

Belber
TRAVELING GOODS



Here are splendid examples of what Belber facilities mean in the production of quality luggage at reasonable prices.

No. 77—Open top Wardrobe Trunk, fibre covered and interlined. Black body with brown contrast binding

Price $70 Other styles $30 to $300

No. 142—Extra deep hand-sewed suitcase of fine brown cowhide, lined with genuine linen; 24 inch size.

Price $25

No. 260—A leather lined brown cowhide bag that will look well and give good service for many years; 18 inch size.

Price $25

Some inside facts about the luggage business

PROBABLY you have never thought much about luggage. Few people do.

Luggage is apt to be a casual purchase—though there is every reason why both you and your dealer should be interested in getting together on the basis of *known quality*.

He is interested because the luggage situation today defeats every effort he makes to raise the plane of his business.

You are certainly interested in getting values fixed—so that when you buy a cowhide bag, for instance, you are sure to get solid cowhide and not "buffing" or "skiver."

* * *

Most likely, nobody is wholly to blame for the lack of quality standards in the trade. Nearly every line of merchandise struggled for years with the same problems.

Then some manufacturer took hold of the situation—established advanced standards—took his standardized product to forward-looking merchants—and *revolutionized the business*.

The manufacturer who is slowly but surely turning the luggage business of this country to the *quality basis* is the Belber Company.

And we want to say right here that the progressive element in the retail trade is right with us and has been from the start.

There is hardly a live centre of population in America but has one or more merchants who can show a representative stock of Belber Bags, Suit Cases and Trunks. Men able and glad to tell you the inside quality facts and to show you the Belber Trade Mark as your guarantee of value.

A Belber Bag or Trunk costs little if any more than one of unknown make.

THE BELBER TRUNK & BAG COMPANY

The Largest Manufacturers of Wardrobe Trunks, Trunks, Bags and Suit Cases in the World

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Sales Offices

New York Philadelphia Chicago
Pittsburgh Minneapolis San Francisco

Factories

New York Philadelphia Chicago
Woodbury, N. J. Oshkosh, Wis.

FR.

WARTIME SUBSTITUTES IN GERMANY

(Concluded from Page 21)

commercial and military explosives. Glycerin was also scarce with the Allies, but merely as an expression of the scarcity of tonnage.

Toluol, so much employed in the manufacture of special explosives during this war, the Germans possessed in large amounts. It is a by-product of the distillation of coal, and since the German cokeries were efficiently equipped for the recovery of by-products toluol was relatively more plentiful with the Germans than with the Allies. Alcohol, acetone and acetic acid became scarce in Germany in 1917. Alcohol could, of course, always be produced by fermentation of potatoes and grain, but this constituted a direct loss of foodstuffs. Still scarcer were acetone and acetic acid. Latterly Germany succeeded in perfecting methods for the manufacture of these three substances from calcium carbide. The costs of operation under normal conditions are not known. It is improbable that commercial alcohol could be produced in this way in peacetime, but it is probable that acetone and strong acetic acid can thus be commercially manufactured in peacetime.

The Soap Famine

Not only had the Germans prepared cellulose from wood for the manufacture of explosives; they also produced a molasses for use as a fodder. The methods are applicable to any soft wood, to the refuse of paper-pulp mills and to straw. The product, which may be described as a dextrin, is relished and well utilized by animals, and is comparable to blackjack, except that it is higher in caloric value but lower in albuminous matter. Whether it would be practicable in peacetime to make a cattle fodder in this way seems, however, more than doubtful, except under conditions where straw is very plentiful and hay scarce. An albuminous cattle fodder manufactured by raising immense quantities of yeast and then drying this to a powder was interesting technically as a food for both animals and man; but it has no practical meaning in peacetime on account of the cost.

Germany produced many food substitutes during the war. These were substitutes for the purpose of increasing the bulk of the ration, aiding the preparation of food, masking the abnormal taste of the war diet or simulating foodstuffs that were lacking. Thus, a dessert cream was made of a suspension of silicates resembling a thin tooth paste, colored strawberry red, flavored with artificial vanilla and sweetened with saccharin, all made from coal tar! All sorts of grasses, buds, leaves and woods—from birch to bulrush—were used to stretch flour in the making of bread. The so-called coffee of the past two years was prepared from grain; the so-called teas were dried leaves of various kinds. All these sophistications were frauds upon the taste, the stomach or the nutrition, or all three; none will survive, and the first prayer of every German is for the day when it will be again possible to enjoy an honest diet.

Two interesting agricultural substitutions were practiced. One was to apply to fields of sugar beet and potato excessive amounts of potash, in the hope of overcoming the results of lack of nitrogen and phosphate—without avail. The second was the use of empty cars returning from Poland. These were loaded with topsoil to enrich the German sandy tracts!

The Germans have lacked soap since the spring of 1916. Now the lack of soap was a more serious deficiency than might appear from superficial recollection of Teutonic habits, because the durability of many articles depends upon cleanliness. For example, harness must be kept clean if rotting of the leather is to be prevented. The scarcity of soap was due to the lack of fatty acid, both as a direct and an indirect result of the blockade. The pre-war consumption of soap was somewhere in the neighborhood of twenty-two pounds a person a year. During 1918 this had fallen to less than four pounds.

When soap is scarce the difficulty is met in part by stretching, in part by restriction of certain uses. The different grades of soap on the market contain different amounts of fatty acid, some few toilet soaps being, apart from the water content, practically pure fatty acid with the combined alkali. Laundry soaps contain admixtures of other substances, like rosin, and have, for example, seventy-five per cent of fatty acid combined with alkali. Still coarser soaps have only fifty per cent, and so on down to washing preparations that contain still less. The German authorities stretched their fatty acids by using more and more supplementary materials, like rosin, that have cleansing qualities.

A great deal of soft soap, and still more soap powder, was used. The public of course had to be educated to the saving of soap, and there was in addition strict regulation of use and also ration cards controlling the purchase of soap. The use of soap in certain acts of cleansing was prohibited; for example, soap could not be used for doorsteps. A soap cleans the skin partly by dissolving the fatty secretions by which the dirt is held, partly by taking up the dirt as fine particles through physical absorption by the soap bubbles. In the substitution of soaps both processes are aimed at. A great many soap substitutes were developed. Some were based upon the action of fine particles in cleansing through physical absorption of dirt; a familiar illustration is the cleansing action of almond flour. Some of the soap substitutes were merely diluted solutions of lye or ammonia, in various dissolving agents. Thus a very cleansing mixture was compounded of alcohol, turpentine and ammonia in proper proportions. But as time went on most of the dissolving substances became scarce, so that the substitutes became more and more pastes and powders that owed their effect largely to their physical properties. They had emulsions of talcum that did fairly well as hand cleansers, but the methods of preparation were expensive and the results unsatisfactory. The scarcity of soap has been a serious burden upon the German people. Not only did the skin feel and look dirty but scarcity of soap was unquestionably responsible for the wide prevalence of eruptive and suppurative diseases of the skin. One can to-day exchange a bar of soap for a truckload of soap substitutes in Germany. Indeed there is scarcely anything that one cannot purchase with soap.

The Lack of Tin Cans

Several of the critical difficulties experienced by Germany during the war resulted from scarcity of metals. The Central Powers produced only about ten per cent of the normal consumption of copper. They were able to double this production; but since their uses of copper were expanded, for practical purposes all of the copper mined, plus the copper drawn from the reserves of the trade and also from private possessions, went into indispensable uses of a military nature.

Germany had no tin or nickel. These metals had several important uses. The first familiar use is plating. Many platings are mixtures of copper, tin and nickel, in the form of brasses and bronzes; and of course straight plating with tin and nickel. For many purposes these platings were replaced by new alloys, composed of mixtures of aluminum and zinc. The substitute platings were satisfactory where there was no heat, friction, acid, alkali or salt; but of course these limitations restricted their use. It is believed that alloys of aluminum and zinc have a future in the manufacture of automobile radiators. Tin was of especial importance, since a nation at war has enormous use for tin cans in the subsistence of the army. The Germans devised a substitute for tin plating for conservation of foods, a black enamel of coal-tar origin, applied to sheet steel. The containers had a revolting appearance, but apparently were quite effective for either fruits, vegetables or fish.

Instead of copper, tin and nickel for the manufacture of friction metal Germany had only aluminum, zinc and lead. Friction metals prepared from these three stood friction and heat badly and did not lubricate well. The result was that machinery deteriorated rapidly. For example, railway cars suffered inordinately from hot journals. Copper had been very much used on the railway system, since the Germans built their fire boxes of copper. When copper was no longer available they built the fire boxes of iron. These did not stand up well and the engines were often laid up awaiting replacement of fire boxes.

The lack of copper, tin, nickel, asbestos, rubber and cotton made very difficult the manufacture of serviceable gaskets, washers and material for making joints tight. The Germans had soft metal washers of aluminum, zinc and lead, but these did not stand up. These deficiencies involved both stationary engines and locomotives, and during the past two years locomotives were frequently laid up for days merely because connections could not be made water-tight or steam-tight. None of the substitutes devised have any merits to carry them into peacetime employment. Owing to scarcity of bauxite Germany was compelled to devise new methods for extracting aluminum from clay; it is not believed that the new methods will be commercially practicable in competition with established procedures.

The scarcity of nickel, tungsten and chrome affected seriously the manufacture of alloy steel. The Germans had available uranium and molybdenum, and their steel plants developed and greatly improved the manufacture of alloy steels containing these hardening agents. But it is more than doubtful whether the steels thus produced are as good as alloy steels containing nickel, chrome or tungsten, or can be produced under conditions of commercial competition.

The scarcity of chrome had another evil influence. Germany was short of hides, especially of heavy hides. It was imperative that leather should be of the best grade, particularly since the army used enormous amounts of leather. The Germans lacked not only chrome but also quebracho. The latter they replaced, unsatisfactorily, by extracts of oak, horse-chestnut and other native barks; chrome could not be replaced. Some of the coal-tar sulpho-acids were found to possess good tanning qualities and have been widely used; but the leather has a bad odor that persists for a long time. In any event none of the leathers produced by any of the newer methods equaled those to be obtained with the use of quebracho and chrome. One of the factors in making good leather is time. The Germans had to rush the tanning processes, so that possibly the new methods are better than the results appeared to be. The German leather trade does not to-day believe that the new methods will be retained after the import of the accustomed tanning materials is restored.

The Replacement of Fibers

A rigid blockade was imposed on rubber from the summer of 1915. Rubber lends itself to smuggling, and the amounts that entered Germany up to the very day of the armistice were surprising, though of course very small when compared to the pre-war importation. There were urgent military uses for rubber, to say nothing of the need for automobile tires. For surgical gloves, nursing nipples, rubber adhesives and a dozen and one articles where elasticity and impenetrability are required, rubber is indispensable. The Germans easily dispensed with all forms of hard rubber, but their substitutes are no better than the hard-rubber substitutes to which we are accustomed.

Rubber had been synthesized in the chemical laboratories before the war, and during the war the methods were perfected; but the product was so enormously expensive and the yield so small that the results were nil. The Germans perfected notably the reclamation of rubber from old vulcanized rubber. The writer has seen very good automobile tubes made of rubber reclaimed from casings. Some of the products are so good as to suggest that the perfected methods of reclamation almost amount to reversion of the reaction of vulcanization. But the more perfect the reclamation the more expensive the processes; and it is not to be expected that these will continue to be used when native rubber is available.

An important group of substitutes concerned the replacement of fibers. The Central Empires produced a certain amount of wool. From Bulgaria, Rumania and Serbia additional amounts were secured. Curiously enough very little was obtained from Russia or the Orient. The blockade on cotton was very effective during the past three years. There was considerable production of linen in the Central Powers and in the areas available to them. Linen was of great importance in the aëroplane, but could be dispensed with in clothing. There was a notable importation of silk. Silk lends itself rather readily to smuggling, and the silk introduced came from Italy and France, as well as from Eastern Asia, across Russia.

The lack of cotton was a very serious deprivation, entirely apart from its use in explosives. The clothing supply of a nation can be husbanded successfully for about two years; during the third year the scarcity becomes distressing; in the fourth year the depletion of raiment becomes a serious menace to the health of the people.

The Germans undertook upon a very large scale the invention and manufacture of cotton substitutes. These are of three kinds.

Papers prepared in special ways were formed into yarn, which was then employed as cotton yarn would be in the manufacture of cloth.

Wood fiber was isolated and freed of cement substance, yielding fine fibers from a half inch to one inch in length, which could be spun into yarn, just as cotton fibers of the same length. The fiber is friable, stiff, does not cling, and may only with difficulty be fashioned into a useful and durable yarn.

Many natural fibers were isolated and tried out. The best one is thistledown. Thistledown used instead of cotton or shoddy in the manufacture of low-grade woolen cloth proved satisfactory; but of course the amount was limited unless large cultivation was undertaken; and the collection was expensive.

Much Ado About Nothing

The cloths produced from paper and wood fiber have definite defects. They are little resistant to hot water and especially are sensitive to soap and alkali; they do not dye well except with great precautions; they do not wear well; and they are very cool cloths. Month by month the Germans improved these fabrics, and to-day they are amazingly good, all things considered. They are, however, very expensive. Certain of the new cloths appear well adapted to curtains, decorations and other uses in furnishings; since they hold dust lightly they are cleanly. But for use as human clothing they are an absolute failure, great as has been the technical achievement in their manufacture.

Taken as a whole the results represent an enormous disappointment to the German people. It was indeed "much ado about nothing." Few things in the whole list of substitutes were successful at the time of need; still fewer will survive. Nevertheless, several represent permanent contributions to the industry and production of the world. In the economic sense the substitutions represent a huge economic and technical loss. During the four years when German industries were spending time, material, talent and money inventing ephemeral and unsatisfying substitutes the Allied nations were creating new industrial plants of the highest type of efficiency. With all raw materials at their disposal these new plants were built not for war uses alone but as permanent contributions to the equipments of the nations concerned. The result is that Germany enters upon peace with an industrial equipment definitely lower than in 1914; lower because of natural depreciation, and lower also because materials, machines and resources have been dissipated in the production of substitutes that are now of no value. *Ersatz* means inferiority to the German people. Certainly industries devoted for four years largely to the production of substitutes find themselves—apart from all other considerations—in a position of inferiority to the industries of nations that have been developed from the viewpoint of correct practice in efficient manufacture. Makeshifting during wartime represents retrogression for peacetime.

German industrial plants are now engaged in salvage operations that are confessedly unprofitable in money and materials, done largely to occupy labor. War goods and implements are being built back into commodities for civilian use. Some fifteen per cent of industrial capacities are thus engaged. As illustrations may be cited the conversion of explosives into fertilizer, ammunition carts into farm wagons.

Who created the keys to modern business?

Until 1874 business was lashed to a pen point.

Then what happened?

The first practical typewriter was built at Ilion, N. Y. It was a Remington. Tongue-tied business became articulate.

The first printing press presaged the fall of serfdom. The first typewriter marked the sunrise of business progress as we know it.

Fathered by Remington, new industries were born.

The linotype, father to the modern newspaper, borrowed generously from the typewriter. Adding machines! Filing systems! Duplicating machines! Accounting systems! Cash registers! Check protectors! They all look to Remington as their ancestor—who pioneered the time-saving idea in business.

Like giants springing up over night, new indus-

tries grew and prospered—children of the typewriter and the U. S. Mail.

Imagine 1919 business deprived of typewriters.

Later causes for saying "Thanks, Remington!"

Before Remington came, *business* education was not generally taught in schools. Today, in the United States about 6,000 schools teach stenography and typewriting. In foreign countries the leading commercial schools are Remington schools—founded and conducted by the Remington Company.

Remington thus opened to women the doors of business life. In America 2,000,000 women have thanked Remington for paying positions—for the means to better living.

Modern business may well thank Remington for bringing to its service these now indispensable forces.

How can the Remington Salesman help you today?

In 177 American cities a telephone call will bring the Remington Salesman to your door. He will come equipped with the knowledge to solve any typing situation. Behind him stand machines for every possible typing need. Your problem may be an important small one—ribbons or carbon. It may be an important big one—a new system of mechanical bookkeeping. Experienced advice on office problems is valuable. Let the Remington Salesman prove his counsel worth while.

Unless a Remington Salesman has explained to you Remington machines, you may be missing *real* savings of business time and business money. For example:

(1) **The Remington Self-Starter,** which takes 12 halts out of the average business letter and puts a steady stream of "go" into typed correspondence. The Remington Salesman will demonstrate time-savings which you probably now consider impossible.

(2) **The Remington Key-Set Tabulator,** which makes the machine instantly adjustable to *any* kind of tabulating work. The Remington Salesman will show you how express speed is supplanting stage-coach methods in all typing of business forms.

(3) **The Remington Accounting Machine**—Wahl Mechanism—which makes mechanical bookkeeping in all of its departments an accomplished fact. The Remington Salesman will explain how this machine may save more than double its cost in one year—how it makes accounting error-proof.

YOUR business and world business are gathering headway for a new forward sweep. The new typewriting needs of your business and world business will continue to be met and anticipated—by Remington. The Remington Salesman will continue to bring to you the forward thought in business typing.

REMINGTON TYPEWRITER COMPANY · INCORPORATED
374 Broadway, New York *(Branches Everywhere)*

THE BATTLE OF TEXAS

(Continued from Page 13)

"You and Belden seems to of talked together a whole lot." "Well" she said "I haven't had no one else to talk to." So I said "Well you have got some one else to talk to now." "Yes" she says "but you always run away from me. I suppose you real stars gets tired of haveing girls run after you." So I said "Oh I don't know."

Well we kidded back and 4th. like that till we come to the hotel and then I asked her was she doing anything this P. M. and she said she had a date with her mother but I took her to the picture show tonight and tomorrow she is going to take me for another ride. Well Al it does a man good to be around with a gal like that that keeps a man on edge what to say next as she always gives you as good as you send and from what she said she must be kind of tired of hearing Belden tell how he win the battle of Bellow Woods and etc. and any way I feel like a little rest would be the best thing for me after pitching them 4 innings yesterday. So I will play around with her tomorrow and then forget her when the bunch gets back Monday A. M. and go to work in ernest but if a man works to hard right at the start you are libel to go stale.

Well Al I had a letter from Florrie today and little Florrie has got 1 tooth and another 1 showing and she says little Al misses me pretty bad and asks every day why daddy don't hurry up and come home. Well they will all be proud of daddy before this season is over eh Al.

Your pal, JACK

MINERAL WELLS, March 31.

FRIEND AL: Well Al the boys is back from Ft. Worth and Dallas and I guess they didn't show up any to good over there and any way Gleason don't look like he enjoyed the trip and he told the boys out to the pk. this P. M. that they would half to show a whole lot more pep or he would leave some of them in Texas all summer to graze.

Well he give us a long work out and he stood behind me wile I throwed a few to Schalkie and he said I didn't look as fast as when I pitched them 4 innings last Friday but he wasn't throwing no boquets at any of the boys today so I didn't pay no tension. But I couldn't help from laughing at 1 of the young catchers name Cosgrove that was standing up there catching in the batting practice and Joe Jackson hit a foul ball straight up and Cosgrove throwed off his mask and begin running a mile around a 4 ft. track and finely the ball came down and hit him in the cheek bone and knocked him for a gool. Well he layed there and the trainer come running out to tend to him but Gleason says "Get away from him as he is just as good laying there as standing up and maybe after this he will know enough to keep his mask on after a high foul ball."

Well it was pretty near supper time when he let us off and I tried to be 1 of the 1st. out of the pk. but they was a whole bunch out ahead of me and when Miss Krug come along with her car they all seen me jump in and you ought to of seen Belden when he seen us drive away together and all the boys yelled their head off.

Well I come back here to the hotel and got dressed and come down for supper and after a wile Gleason come in and I was setting with 3 of the other boys but he made 1 of them get up and give him his seat so as he could set down and kid me.

"Well Jack" he says "I hear you worked pretty hard wile we was gone and I suppose you can pretty near run the car by this time."

Well I knew he wasn't sore at me but just sore on acct. of how rotten the young fellows was showing up so I just give him a smile.

"After this" he says "you and all the whole rest of the club will ride back and 4th. between the ball pk. and back on your own dogs. They's to much rideing on this club but after this I will do all of it and everybody on this club will get rode to death if they don't quit loafing on me. So remember every one of you will stay out of machines going to the ball pk. and comeing back and besides that when you go up to your rms. you can use the stairs and take a load off the elevator."

Well Al he may be my mgr. out on the old ball field but he can't tell me how to get upstairs or from 1 place to another but I left him get away with it rather then start trouble in the dinning rm. of the hotel in front of the other boys to say nothing of the guests.

But I wonder what he would say if he knew how I spent Sunday. Well old pal I had some time. Miss Krug knows all the roads and we drove pretty near all day and she is some gal Al and smart as a whip. Everything you say to her she has got a come back and for inst. wile we was driveing yesterday she happened to ask me where I come from and I told her Indiana and she said "That's a good place to come from." She meant it was a good place to get away from. So I said "I guess it hasn't got nothing on St. Louis at that." "Oh I don't know" she said.

Well it looks like I had Belden's time beat and I suppose I ought to of left him a clear field on acct. of him being single but the gal says herself that she can't stand him on acct. of him talking about himself all the wile and besides his looks is against him and besides a man has got to amuse themself some way in a burg like this or it would take more then the crazy wells to stop you from turning in to squirrel meat.

Your pal, JACK.

MINERAL WELLS, April 3.

FRIEND AL: Well Al tomorrow is the last day here as we leave for Houston and play there Saturday and Sunday and then Austin and Georgetown and after that we go to Dallas for a few days and play a couple games there before we start north. Gleason was kidding me again tonight and said he wanted to apologize for the schedule that takes us away from here so soon and if he had of known how I was going to enjoy Mineral Wells he would of arranged to stay here longer. But he said I was to be sure and start in saying good by soon enough so as I would be through by train time. Well Al I wonder what he would say if I told him Miss Krug is going to be in Dallas wile we are there as she is going to drive over there with her mother. It kind of looks like she hates me eh Al?

Well we played another ball game today between the 1st. and 2d. club and I pitched 5 innings for the 1st. club and they got 5 runs off of me but most of them was on acct. of the way Weaver and Collins was kicking the ball around the infield and then when they had filled up the bases on me Shano Collins caught a hold of 1 that was a mile over his head and the wind blowed it down in the right field corner and the right field fence in this pk. is as far as from here to France and the ground was hard and of course the dam ball rolled and Shano could of ran around the bases twice so when the inning was over Gleason said to me "When you are pitching to a man like Collins you want to say to yourself I am pitching to Collins and not be thinking about some garbage contractor's daughter from St. Louis." So I said "He hit a ball that was over his head." So Gleason said "Yes and over Liebold's head to." He says "The next time I pick out a spot to train a ball club it will be in a man's convent where they's no gals." So I walked away from him.

But wait till you hear what this Belden pulled today Al. Dureing the game some of the boys was trying their hit and run signs and etc. and they got them all balled up so Gleason made us stay out there after the game was over and practice up on our signs and wile he was talking to some of the boys this Belden cut in and said he thought it would be a good idear if instead of slideing their hand up and down the bat or pulling their cap or something if they would learn a few French words and give their signs in French out loud and they couldn't none of the other clubs understand them and for inst. if a man was up there hitting and wanted the man on 1st. base to go down on the next ball he would holler allay at him on acct. of that being the French for go. So Cicotte said it was a great idear only about the 9th. or 10th. time we worked it on some club and they seen the man go every time they might maybe suspect what it meant and then we would half to find out the Russian word for go and use that and he thought the only Russian word for go meant go back and the base runner would get mixed up and think the batter meant he was going to hit a foul ball.

Well Miss Krug had some engagement with her mother tonight so I went with some of the boys to a picture show and Belden went along with us an 1 of the pictures was old last yr. stuff that showed a lot of different places in France and etc. and every time they would show a picture Cicotte would ask Belden if he was there and he said yes every time and finely Cicotte asked him how long he was in France all together and he said 4 mos, so Cicotte said "Well if you was only in France 4 mos. and seen all them places its no wonder you wasn't shot as you never stood still a minute."

Well Al this is the last letter you will get from me here as I will be busy packing up tomorrow and saying good by to my friends but I will try and drop you a line from Houston or somewheres along the line and let you know how things is comeing on.

Your pal, JACK.

GEORGETOWN, APRIL 8.

FRIEND AL: Well I guess Gleason won't half to worry no more about at least 1 member of his pitching staff after what I done over in Houston Saturday and here again today. I worked 5 innings against the Houston club Saturday and believe me Al they have got some club but I made them look like they ought to of paid their way in. They was only 1 ball got out of the infield and Weaver could of nailed that only he didn't start in time and the rest of the wile they was popping them up in the air or missing them all together. Well Williams the left hander followed me and he was pretty good to though he didn't have anywheres near the stuff I showed but we trimmed them 6 to 0 and Gleason was all smiles.

Well of course I didn't work there again Sunday or yesterday at Austin and the boys didn't look so good behind the pitching they got but today we was up against a bunch of collegers and Gleason sent me the whole distants to see how I could stand it and I guess I showed him. Well Al I honestly felt sorry for some of these scollege boys and they couldn't of got a base hit off me with a shovel only their teachers and

(Concluded on Page 98)

So Then Buck Says "Is They Any Subject We Can Talk About That Won't Remind You of Something You Seen in France?"

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

Copyright 1919 by R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.

Toppy red cans, tidy red tins, handsome pound and half pound tin humidors—and—that classy, practical pound crystal glass humidor with sponge moistener top that keeps the tobacco in such perfect condition.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

RIP a couple of planks off your smokeplatform when you feel like you must fiddle the Lost Chord down behind t-h-e o-l-d c-o-w s-h-e-d! For, it's smokesunshine *you* need—the glad and joy'us kind Prince Albert bails-out-by-the-bucket!

Every tidy red tin of P. A. you ever dropped an eye on is just fairly bursting with tobacco happiness—and eager to hand out such generous flavor-fragrance-coolness you'll get wise you've been swimming with your boots on!

And, the more P. A. you fire-up, and the faster you go at it, the more testimonials you'll want to put in writing! For, Prince Albert is made by our exclusive patented process that frees it from bite and parch! Just isn't any smoke limit when you pal-it with P. A.!

Gee, man, you'll want to be the early bird—the party who bangs-the-buzzer for the sun to rise—when you and Prince Albert pace-the-pipe-pike together! You'll hanker to get that old pet jimmy of yours stoked-up before the robins roll out of their hammocks!

Pennsylvania

VACUUM CUP

"Know Them by the Jet Black Tread"

PENNSYLVANIA Vacuum Cup Cord Tires are introduced to tire buyers and the trade as representative of the high ideals and quality standards governing their production.

Though they have been manufactured for more than a year, public announcement was deferred until they had reached that high degree of perfection and had met the many rigid service tests all new Pennsylvania products must respond to before they are put upon the market.

Pennsylvania Vacuum Cup Cord Tires are constructed of the highest quality material, under the most careful, constant inspection.

THEY are built oversize and have a jet black tread of four rows of proportionately massive non-skid Vacuum Cups.

Pennsylvania Vacuum Cup Cord Tires, notwithstanding their liberal *guarantee*—*6,000 miles*, per warranty tag attached to each casing—are sold at the price of cord tires carrying only *ordinary* mileage assurances.

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(Concluded from Page 94)

friends was watching them so I eased up in the last 2 innings and they got a couple of base hits and they felt so good about them that I wished I had of let them get some more.

Well Gleason come to me afterwards and he said "Now Jack you look like that 1st. day at the Wells and if you can just keep going like that I have got the 4 pitchers I want to work regular and you are 1 of them. You showed in Houston and here what you can do when you haven't got your mind on some millionaire janitor's daughter from St. Louis with rheumatism on the mother's side. You had a fast ball in there to-day that looked like Johnson at his best and you have pretty near got where you can slow ball them without everybody in the pk. calling it on you. You just keep pitching that way and I will get you some dough that is some dough."

So it looks like I was all set Al and the only thing now is to keep him from finding out about Miss Krug and her mother comeing to Dallas and I don't care if I see her or not only it wouldn't seem hardly fair to have she and her mother come all the way over there and then me not even take her to a picture show. But what Gleason don't know won't hurt him and that stuff about girls bothering me is all in his eye as I can pitch when my arm feels good and I can't pitch when it don't feel good girls or no girls.

Your pal, JACK.

FORT WORTH, April 13.

FRIEND AL: Well Al I don't know whether to quit baseball or not and maybe I won't quit if I can get away to some other club but I can't work no more under Gleason and do myself justice.

Wait till you hear what come off in Dallas yesterday and I bet you will say I would be a sucker to stand for the kind of stuff he is trying to put over.

Well Al the second day we was there I got a phone call and it was Miss Krug and her and her mother was stopping at a certain hotel so I asked her would she like to go to a picture show or somewheres and she said she would so I said I would meet her that night and we would go somewheres and see a show. Well I was in the lobby of our hotel when the phone call come and of course they had to page me and Gleason heard them so after I got through phoneing he come up to me and asked if the bell of St. Louis was folling me around. So I said no I supposed she was in Mineral Wells. So he said where was I going that evening and I said nowheres and he said all right he wanted me to go to a picture show with him. So then I said I had forgot I had a date to go with 1 of the other boys on the club so he said all right he would go along with us. Well Al they wasn't no shakeing lose from him so finely I had to own up that I was going to take Miss Krug to a show so he said he would go along and pay for it. Well he went along all right and it was the worst picture I ever seen and when it was over Gleason asked Miss Krug and I if we wouldn't have a soda or something.

Well they wasn't nothing to do only go with him and we hadn't no sooner then give our order when he said to her "What do you think of big Jack here?" Well she said she thought I was all right. So Gleason said "Well I never thought so myself but I guess he must be or he couldn't of never got such a sweet wife like he's got up in Chi." Well I couldn't say nothing or neither could the gal. So then Gleason asked me did I have the Mrs. picture with me or either 1 of the 2 kids. Well Al they's no use telling you any more about it only we had our soda and took the gal back to her hotel and then I and Gleason come back to our hotel together and he never said a word all the way home or neither did I only just before he left me to go up to his rm. he said "You pitch tomorrow Jack" and that's all he said.

Well of course they won't be no more picture shows for Miss Krug and I and of course it don't make no differents to me as I was just going to tell her about me being married and everything and her and I was just good friends and liked to talk to each other but its haveing him cut in on my private affairs and try to run them that makes me sore and he must think this is the army the way he acts.

Well Al I pitched the game in Dallas yesterday and they couldn't do nothing with me but I wouldn't of never pitched it at all only they had me advertised and I have got a whole lot of good friends there that I wouldn't disapoint them. But as for sticking with the club after that kind of business I couldn't do myself justice and as soon as we get home I will put it up to Comiskey and ask him to trade me to some other club or else I will quit and go in to some business where a man does his work and gets through and when he is through the mgr. of the store don't go noseing around in to your private affairs.

Your pal, JACK.

LOUISVILLE, April 18.

FRIEND AL: Well Al I have only got time for a few lines as we are leaveing in a little wile for Cincy for games tomorrow and Sunday and I am going to pitch 5 innings Sunday and then rest till Wednesday when we open up the season in St. Louis. Gleason hasn't gave it out to the papers yet Al but between you and I it looks like a cinch I would pitch the opening game in St. Louis. Gleason and all the rest of the boys admits that I have been going better then any other pitcher on the club and you know how crazy every club is to win the opening game and that is why it looks like I would be the man that is chose.

Well Al I will give them everything I have got and if I only feel as good as I felt yesterday in Nashville why the St. Louis boys might just as well leave their bats in the bag.

Well I guess the last time I wrote you I was kind of on the outs with Gleason and I didn't speak to him for pretty near a wk. but a man can't stay sore at him very long on acct. of the stuff he pulls and 1st. thing you know you half to bust right out laughing and then of course its good night.

I guess I told you about Belden the young pitcher from Chi that was in France and tried to get us to give our signs in French. Well he was with the 2d. club that left us before we come away from Texas and they went up north the other way and yesterday I was setting in the hotel at Nashville talking to Felsch and Gleason come along and Felsch asked him if he had heard how Belden was comeing along with the 2d. club. So Gleason said "He got along a whole lot faster then the club he was with as he is all ready back in Chi." He said "I wired to Shano Collins and asked him if they was anybody on his 2d. club that looked like he could get along without them so he wired back that he could rap Belden up and send him home because though they wasn't no doubt that he had beat Germany it didn't look like he would ever last 2 innings vs. Boston and Cleveland." So when Gleason pulled that I couldn't help from laughing and then he kicked me in the shins like old times and now we are pals again.

Well I haven't no more time to write from here but will try and drop you a line from Cincy but in the mean wile you can tell the boys that it looks like a cinch I will open the season in St. Louis and if any of them has a chance to get a bet down on your old pal they can't go wrong. I wasn't never as good as I am this spring Al and I will knock them for a gool.

Your pal, JACK.

CINCY, April 20.

FRIEND AL: Well Al just a few words before we go out to the pk. and this will be my last game before the opening and Gleason says I and Lefty Williams will pitch 5 and 4 innings today for a final work out so it looks like a cinch I will open up Wednesday in St. Louis.

Speaking about St. Louis Al I guess I told you about that Miss Krug that was down to the Wells wile we was there and kind of lost her head over me and finely I had to get Gleason to tell her I was a married man. Well I had forgot all about her but this A. M. when I come down for breakfast they was a letter in my box and it was from this same gal and she is back in St. Louis and wanted to know if maybe I couldn't call her up when I get there just for old time sake and any way she said she would be out to the opening game Wednesday and pulling for us even if she is a St. Louis gal.

Well I was reading the letter at breakfast and Gleason come in and asked me what was the news from home and I said I hadn't heard nothing from home since we was in Memphis so he said who was the letter from then. So I said "You may be the mgr. of this ball club but you are not my mother." So he said "No and if I was I would give you a spanking." He says "You don't half to tell me who the letter is from because I can tell by your rosy cheeks who it is from and I can just about tell what's in it." So then I said "All right if you are such a smart Alex they's no use in me telling you anything." So then he asked me what was my home address in Chi as he said he wanted all the boys addresses and phone numbers. So I give him mine and he walked away.

Well Al I have got to get ready to go out to the pk. and give these National Leaguers a treat and I bet by the time I get through with them they will be thanking god that they don't half to look at this kind of pitching all summer or they would hit about 6 and 7-8.

Your pal, JACK.

ST. LOUIS, April 24.

FRIEND AL: Well old pal I suppose by this time you have got a hold of the Chi papers and seen what I done yesterday and all as I have seen so far is the St. Louis papers and every 1 of them says it was 1 of the best pitched games they ever seen for an opening game.

Well Al they couldn't of nobody beat me yesterday and either 1 of the 2 hits I give them could of been acored either way and a specially Sisler's but I guess he ain't bragging much this A. M. at that as I sent him back twice for a drink of water.

Well old pal I have had lots of big days in my career both in baseball and in Uncle Sam's service but I don't believe I was ever so happy in my life as when Schalkie caught that foul ball off of Gedeon and made the last out and the way Gleason and the rest of the boys slapped me on the back.

But wait till I tell you the funny part of it Al. Gleason sent us all to bed early Tuesday night and before I went to the hay he told me to get plenty of rest as he was going to pitch me if I looked good out there before the game.

So I didn't get up till pretty near 9 o'clock and it was a quarter to 10 when I come down for breakfast and when I got in the lobby who do you think was there waiting for me? Well Al it was Florrie, all dolled up like the state fair.

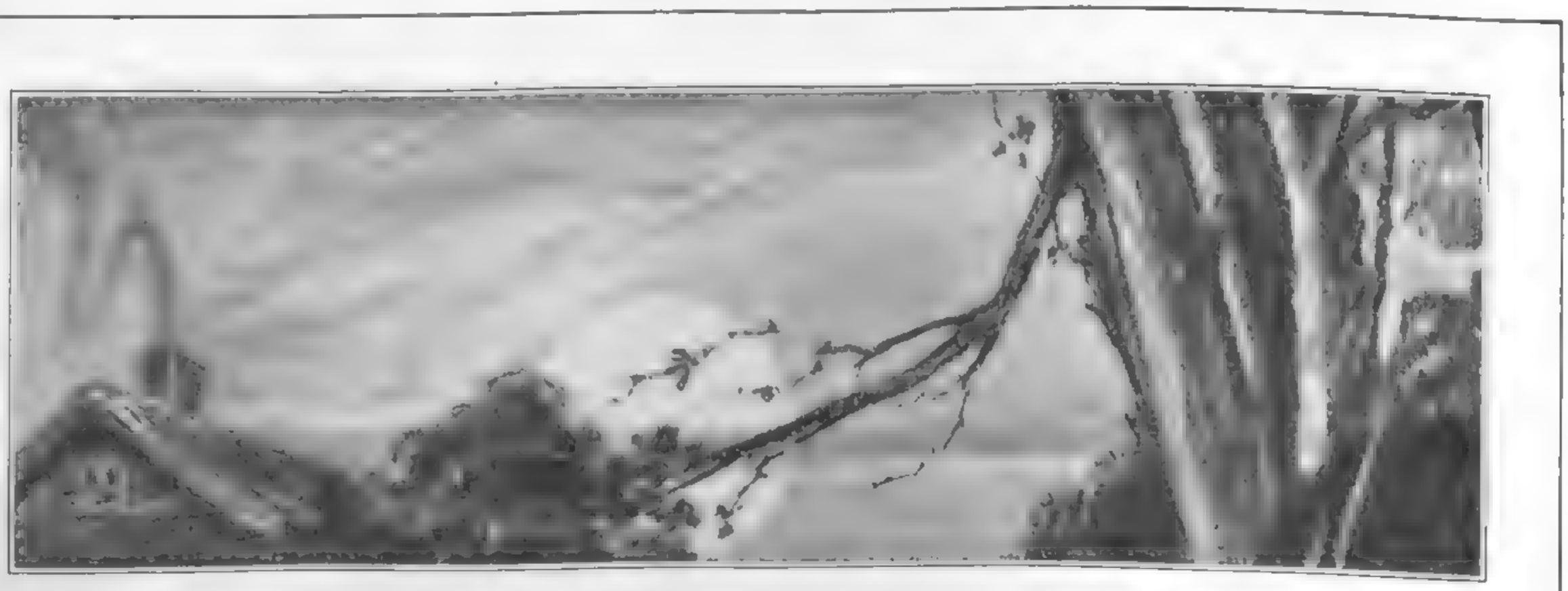
Well to make a short story out of it it seems like Gleason had wrote her a letter from Cincy and asked her to come down here at the club's expense and watch me open up the season but to not say nothing to me about she was comeing and believe me Al it was some surprise and some pleasant surprise to see her and I never seen her look prettier in her life.

Well Al I guess with the stuff I had I could of beat them without her setting there in the stand but just the same I worked a whole lot harder for knowing she was up there watching me and I guess the club won't grudge the jack they spent getting her down here.

Well when we come back to the hotel for dinner last night Gleason come in the dinning rm. with us and insisted on buying us a bottle of wine and I never seen nobody in my life so tickled over winning 1 ball game as him. Well of course he has got a good reason to be tickled as he will need all the pitching he can get and me makeing this showing means about half his worrys is gone.

Well you will read about the game in the papers and they isn't much more to write about only I can't help from kind of wondering if Miss Krug was out there and seen it but after all what and the he—ll do I care if she was or wasn't?

Your pal, JACK.



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"The Captains of Industry in America are not seeking money; they are looking for brains—specialized brains."
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Stay where you are while you are getting this knowledge which makes promotion certain. Train by mail in your spare time under the direction of LaSalle experts who will give you precisely the training for which Business gladly pays the large salaries. LaSalle training is intensely practical. It will give you a completeness of information which it has cost others years of experience to get, and yet by the LaSalle extension method you can get this specialized knowledge in months. You will be trained by men who will hand on to you their accumulated experience and direct you at every step.

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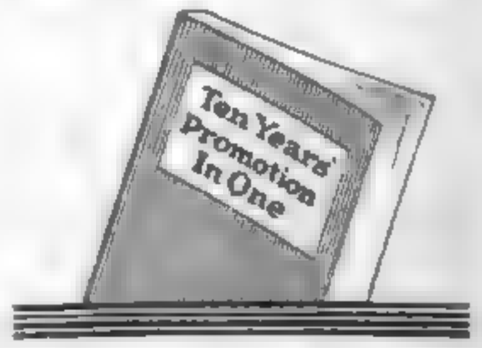

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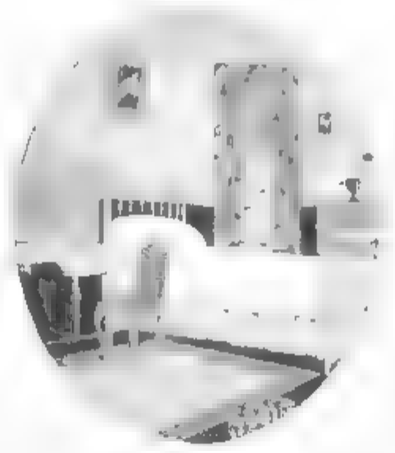

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Does style take the place of sleep

THE American prides himself on being *practical.*

In the current phrase, "he wants to be shown."

Perhaps he does not always demand to be shown the *essential thing.*

What do you ask about when you're buying a bed?

❦ ❦ ❦

A BED is made to sleep in.

Thousands of people would sleep better if they had better beds.

Nobody can sleep soundly in a bed that creaks or rattles—or on a spring that knocks or sags or humps.

Nerves forbid. The body does not relax. Sleep is "light," broken by dreams, unrestful.

Yet it is a fact that not one bed purchaser in a hundred ever asks the dealer about the *sleeping quality* of a bed or a bedspring.

Style is considered—how the bed will look in the room.

Price is a matter of concern.

Everything is discussed—except *sleep.*

❦ ❦ ❦

Do you know the Simmons Bed?

Do you know that a Simmons Metal Bed is always *noiseless?* Always firm and close-fitting at the corners, so that when you push it around by one corner it rolls along as one unit, with never a rattle or feeling of unsteadiness.

Do you know that many a habitual "light-sleeper" sleeps soundly right through on a Simmons Metal Bed—every nerve relaxed, every muscle deep in repose?

Do you know that the Simmons Slumber King Spring actually does what you have always wanted a bedspring to do? It gives freely to every contour, yet supports the body—does not hump or sag.

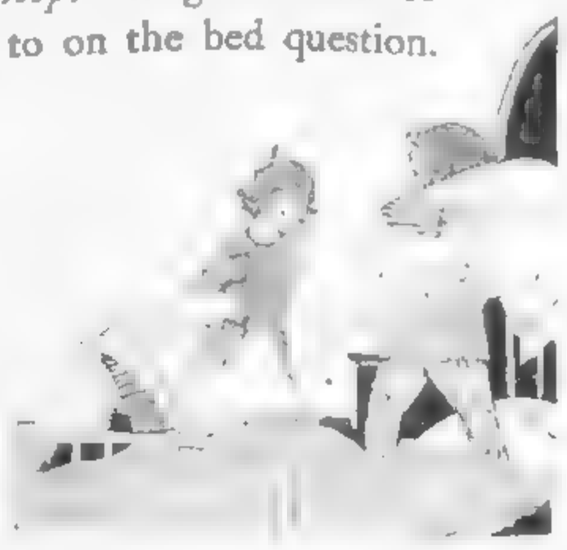
Do you know that these beds and springs are celebrated all over America—and cost no more than ordinary wooden or metal beds?

Do you know that Simmons Company are giving more attention than any other manufacturer to *Twin Beds?* To the principle of a separate bed for each sleeper—welcomed by fastidious people everywhere in the interests of sound sleep, good health and nice feeling.

Visit the forward looking merchant in your section. Ask him about Simmons Metal Beds.

He will show you the styles—an unusual variety of them, including a remarkable showing of *Twin Beds.*

Probably the first thing he will begin to tell you about will be *sleep.* A good man to talk to on the bed question.



SIMMONS COMPANY, KENOSHA, WISCONSIN

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—NEWARK, N. J.—MONTREAL, CAN.

NO MEAN CITY

(Continued from Page 27)

New thin soil on the granite, kinder than the tumult of broken stone in the limestone country, was shaggy with shrub and bush, brown mahogany brush or thrifty laurel, with here and there a gnarled scrub oak.

At the head of the pass Uncle Ben came to a thicket of greenery. He leveled his field glass across the dizzy chasm to the watchful sentinel, and then turned to inspect the valley.

Rocking Horse Camp was tiny in the depth. The wagon was gone, the saddle horses were gone; a wisp of smoke from the cookhouse was the only sign of life. He turned his glasses toward the western water gap; after a long and patient search he found that which he sought, high on the slopes—a second sentinel, keeping watch toward the lake.

The cook bustled out and carried in an arm load of wood. Uncle Ben waited—and waiting, was suddenly assailed by fears and doubts. Had he taken too much upon himself? Should he have called upon the authorities; warned, at least, the soldiers guarding the dam? "Only two days more?" Yes, two days—but did that mean to the start—or to the finish? What if he had waited too long? Sweat beaded on his forehead, oozed clammy in the palms of his hands. For the first time his stout old heart trembled; for the first time he felt the burden of his years. He brushed the cold sweat from his forehead with his sleeve and waited, sick and shaken.

Not for long. Mule team and wagon came in sight, toiling up through the water gap, two slow horsemen behind. Uncle Ben drew a long breath.

"You cussed old fool!" he growled joyfully. "As if any man alive wouldn't surely wait for moonless nights—only two nights more—for such an enterprise as this! Lost confidence in your thinker, have you? . . . I'm a very old man and a very tired man and an empty one. . . . What's that? Don't you lie to me, Ben! Damn you—you were scared!"

The wagon turned up the road to the powder house; the horsemen came on to camp. Teagardner took up his glasses; his hand shook. The horsemen were Banner and Apgar. With the teamster went the men he had met as Brooks, Miller and Hayes of the quondam night shift, Baker and Case of the day shift. He had identified the nearer sentry as Green. That left Dorsey for the man on guard at the farther outpost. "Humph! They took a heap of pains to pick good English and Irish names, all except Apgar. Dern him! That sounds like a Welsh name too—though I have no mind of it."

The wagon drew up at the powder-house door. There greatly to the astonishment of the onlooker five suitcases were unloaded.

They loaded the wagon with boxes from the powder house—boxes which they handled with great care. Teagardner slipped a long cartridge into the rifle. "Butchers!" His hand was steady now, he cuddled the long rifle to his cheek. But he laid it down reluctantly. "That would let five get away—Apgar with them. But by the living God, if they bring that stuff to camp I'll take no more chances. They all go together!"

Kendall drove down the hill with marked caution. The five men picked up the five suitcases and went into the powder house, reappearing after a little, each bearing a suitcase unrecklessly. They followed the wagon.

Plainly the suitcases were laden with some higher explosive than dynamite, to be carried by man power to the river; or possibly to be taken in Apgar's car.

"Bring it to camp! Bring in the bunch!" implored Teagardner fervently. "Then, Lord, let thy servant depart in pieces!"

But they did not bring it into camp. The wagon came to the forks of the road and went on toward the lake for several hundred yards. Kendall unhitched and started the mules to camp. The burden bearers followed slowly, deposited the five suitcases gingerly beneath the wagon and turned back to camp. The sun was low over San Mateo Peak; the two sentries came down from their respective aeries.

"That will be all for to-night," quoth Uncle Ben.

He shouldered his load; he followed the downward course of the cañon for a southward mile. A hundred arroyos and little intersecting cañons had joined it, rushing down from the granite dome behind. At last he turned aside, where the slightest of these cañons came in at right angles to the main course, through a narrow cleft between walls of smooth and polished granite. He followed this painfully between walls ever higher and narrowing; his weary feet slipped on the curving glossy floor. He came to a sudden turn, and there, high in the wall above him, a thinnest trickle of water crept from a moss-grown crevice and fell—drip—drip—drip!—into a basin, slightly oval, smooth and symmetrical. Time and that falling water, drop by drop, had hollowed that basin in the living rock. Granite is stubborn—water finds a way.

The old man lay flat on the smooth floor and drank deep from the brimming pool. He sat up and opened his grub sack, finding there jerky, cheese and crackers, and a small sack of ground coffee; the last, with a small tin cup and a tiny bag of salt, packed in a clean and empty tomato can. He dipped up water and washed his hands, holding the cup between his teeth; he poured water on his handkerchief and swabbed his salty face. He sniffed regretfully at the coffee sack, and repacked it, shaking his head. "I do believe I'm tired!" said Uncle Ben.

He made a joyful meal of his three staples; he thumped the granite floor tentatively. "Hard!" he sighed. He made his pack, refilled his canteen and went down the narrow way at a gait between a scuff and a swagger. The rest had stiffened his poor old knees and the good supper had stiffened his brave old heart.

Once in the open he crawled under the next bush to a soft mattress of fresh warm earth, folded his old hat for pillow, tucked the warm sky about his shoulders, and fell luxuriously asleep.

The wan crescent of low late moon rode hour-high when Uncle Ben woke, between two and three the next morning. Uncle Ben was something wan himself—not to mention that he was lame and stiff and sore. But he had open country to cross before he could win to the black cliff of his tryst, and he was very desirous to cross that open before daylight.

He set forth, limping. Yet he made good time, for his way was downward now. He passed the paved rocklands and came to a low country overblown with dune and drift, wind-borne from the endless sand hills beyond the deep-drowned river.

It was heavy walking. Dawn sparkled in the east; there was no time for delay. He pushed on through the deep sand at the narrowest isthmus of it, and came to the cover of little broken hills in the first dim of day.

So far he had borne quartering to the south, bent to cross that long bare finger of sand. He turned lakeward now, due west. Far below, a black ragged line peeped up, irresolute over the down-rushing ridges—a furtive wavering line that made the black crown of his obsidian cliff.

Sun gold blazed on the high crest of San Mateo Peak, flamed swiftly down the tawny sides of it, crept eastward, sluggish, from bench to low bench. But when Teagardner came to his trysting place the cool black shadow of Fra Christobal yet lay dim and darkling on the wide lake, on the long slow ridges behind him and on the black dike of the trysting cliff.

The low waves murmured along that burnished dike and foamed at its glassy angles. At the southern extremity of it, where a little bay ran in, Uncle Ben built a tiny fire and boiled coffee. His features arranged themselves to joyous expectancy.

Breakfast over, he arranged his bed by folding his hat once more to a pillow and resting his gray head upon it.

"Now if I could be 'sustained and soothed by an unfaltering trust'—or even a lively stock company," said Uncle Ben drowsily, "I might go—to sleep. I think—maybe I—ergh!—will—anyway!"

VII

JOE CADY came early to McRae Inlet, storing his saddle in a neighboring tree top. He stowed his cargo in the little boat and embarked at once. It was not much of a cargo, even for a boat as small as Clayton's; a plump grub sack, a 30-40 rifle, two heavy double blankets, a heavy saddle blanket. But it had been ample cargo for Cady's horse when added to forty pounds of saddle and a hundred and sixty pounds of Cady.

Joe was no great waterman and made but awkward and floundering progress at first. But he took his own time, putting back and head to it.

He came into the main lake just where Engle Ferry had been; so much he knew by reason of the level black headland at his left, supporting McRae Crater. There could be no mistaking that frowning four-square battlement

Even in such brief experience Joe had learned to hold his small craft more or less in a general direction, and to maintain a decidedly forward motion. By this time he might have been ranked fairly as a willing seaman.

He turned up the broad lake and pulled sturdily against the slight and almost imperceptible current. Rowing grew easier as the boat moved faster; Joe began to have time to think of what the great dam really meant, and to marvel at so much of new and strange in this old valley.

Once and again he rested his oars to enjoy some new beauty or last surprise of scroll-saw shore or newborn island. A queer feeling came to him as he reflected that he must have been rowing for the last hour over the old round-up ground by Zapato Bottom.

Again, the lake water was clear. Now the water of the Rio Grande had been brown—too thick for batter and too thin for dough. Plainly the mud had settled. Joe wondered how long it would take for the settlings to fill the entire lake basin, and what provision, if any, had been made at the dam for drawing off the silt. What had Uncle Ben said about deep sluiceways? It would certainly be a hard problem. Another thing—the sand used to blow in and then blow out again; but what blew in now would stay in. Joe looked over the side, and caught his breath. He floated above a still and silent forest, far beneath him in the clear depths. Leafless and bare it stretched far away across the lake floor; at the left he had a glimpse of unforgotten outlines, buried headland and hill—why, this was Alamocita *bosque!* Cady peered long into those deeps, remembering. He straightened up at last, shiversome, and resumed his voyagings.

So far, Cady's attention had been fairly halved between navigation and the practicalities of wonder and delight. But now his thought took up the day's puzzling work. For long he speculated upon the relations and reactions of surmised explosives in connection with problematical sluiceways of unknown depth; he came at last to the sage conclusion that such matters had best be confined to the abstract, and that a practical demonstration was highly undesirable.

So deciding, he turned his head and saw, close on the starboard bow, the shining cliff of his rendezvous.

"Joe, I own up—I was scared! I never was scared so bad in my life. I don't believe anybody else was ever scared so bad, not in the whole world—or had so good a reason."

"You thought we'd waited too long, Uncle Ben?"

"Just that. And when I glimpsed that wagonful of murderers coming back after all—I want to tell you, I felt good! And right then I saw a great light."

The boat was anchored in the little cove under the cliff. Joe and Uncle Ben sat in the shade of a great cedar. A practical observer, noting the coals of the dying fire, the grounds in the empty coffee can, the half loaf of bread, and the half slab of bacon on a flat stone, the scorched and greasy prongs of the two green and fresh-peeled mesquite branches beside the fire, might well have glanced at the earnest noon-high sun and drawn the inference that here were men who had just been eating dinner.

"Joe," said Uncle Ben with conviction, "you and me, we've been a pair of damned fools!"

"Aye, aye, sir!" said Joe—jolly tar that he was—and knuckled his forelock smartly.

"Blind, pig-headed, rattle-brained fools!" said Uncle Ben, encouraged. "We're a disgrace to Engle. We had no right to take chances, like we've been doing. 'Tisn't as if we was young fellows with no families, riskin' nothing but ourselves. No, sir, Joe! I reckon we got more families than any two men in the world!"

Joe nodded a sober assent. "All them below the dam is ours, just now."

"Exactly. We're responsible for all those lives. And here we've been frisking and sky-larkin' round like a couple of kids just out of three-cornered pants. Our duty was to make Engle Dam safe and not to be makin' grand-stand plays to amuse the angels. It's only by the mercy of God that them dachshunds didn't beat us to it and blow up Engle Dam."

"But until you actually saw them load the wagon with dynamite yesterday you were only guessing," objected Cady.

"Guessing!" said Teagardner. "Guessing! Commodore, when you take your observations and figure out your latitude and longitude do you 'just guess' that you're maybe somewhere about such-and-such a place?"

"Why—no," said Joe, much impressed by this professional argument. "But wouldn't you kind of hate to kill eleven men on snap judgment and then find out they was innocent?"

"No, I wouldn't! You know I wouldn't. Not when the innocent men are as guilty as them eleven hyenas are. There's fifty thousand more or less innocent people below that dam, if you like. Don't talk to me!"

"It was a mighty hard thing to believe," said Joe.

"You knew it, but you wouldn't believe it," jeered Teagardner. "Do you believe it now?"

"Sure I do. The choice is not left me."

"Listen to me, then! You remember how I bragged what-all I was going to do to that gang—make a clean sweep and everything? Well, that plan is all changed. Our business is to keep them from dynamiting Engle Dam. We'll row along up to-night and let the curlicues go.

"But and nevertheless, because we've played the fool once is no reason for doing it again. This place where we are now is where we have no right to be. By all good rights we should have got ourselves killed yesterday. Not us! We wanted to do the job with a flourish—make a full clean-up and fix Apgar so he'd have a little time for regret. I did, anyway. Pure self-indulgence!

"But since we are here it would be an added folly not to use the advantage we have gained by taking a foolish risk. It was an unjustifiable risk, but we got away with it. As a result we can slip up there to-night and find that dynamite, and then hide out in easy gunshot. Once we've done that the game will be in our hands; we can shoot into that boatload of dynamite when and whenever we get ready. Once we get that far along we will have a right to wait. It would be a rank shame to have all that powder wasted. We might just as well lay still till we can get enough Huns for a mess."

"I'm with you there," said Joe. "I'd never get over hating it if we couldn't use some of them. And I'll be honest with you. It would always grind me if Head Devil Apgar was to get plumb clear."

"Me too," confessed Uncle Ben.

"I wouldn't want to dynamite Apgar, exactly, either," said Joe. "He deserves to know what's going on, Apgar does."

"Admiral," said Uncle Ben, "I'd be ashamed to tell you even half of all the different surprises I've planned for Apgar. There was one about tying him under the rocking stone and wedging it over on him, right slow. Too bad! That was to induce him to tell who furnished him with all that TNT—or whatever it was that he got. Wish I knew about that. He brought some of it back from those little pleasure trips he was always takin' in his car, I reckon. Don't you forget Bowman, Joe!"

"I've got him logged, sir," said the nautical man.

"Look, Joe! We'll build a compromise about Mr. Apgar. It is not just or fair to suffer the inconvenience of being a fool and at the same time miss all the compensations of it. Am I right? I am. Then we go up to-night and find that powder boat, real quiet. It is possible that they'll set a guard. Well, I'll have my old gun in my hand. If there's a guard, then you and me and Mister Guard will be done with all our troubles at one and the same time."

"But if there's no guard there, then we'll be free to consider the case of Mr. Kinny Apgar?"

"Exactly. I certainly would like to give Apgar a thrill. Now, listen! Here's what

(Continued on Page 104)

TOP NOTCH
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Here's the solution of the shoe question—a good looking, fine fitting, thoroughly comfortable shoe for everyday wear at $3.50 in men's and women's sizes—$3.00 and $3.25 for youths' and boys'.

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THE BEACON FALLS RUBBER SHOE COMPANY, BEACON FALLS, CONN.

NEW YORK BOSTON CHICAGO MINNEAPOLIS KANSAS CITY SAN FRANCISCO

(Continued from Page 101)

we will do if their powder scow is where I think it is—at the island I told you about, hereinafter referred to as Ship Island. There's where it is, Joe—right at Ship Island. And I'll tell you why. Yesterday afternoon that wagon got back in camp too early to have made two trips to the lake since we left, and too late for just one trip. They had been ferrying the stuff to Ship Island in the little boat—that's what! Not to mention that they wouldn't dare risk mooring the big boat at the mainland. Somebody might come along. Mighty few does, but there's a man once in a while.

"And they wouldn't dare bring the big boat across to be loaded. Men in a little skiff—nobody would think anything of that—fishing or just rowing for fun. Natural enough—never cause a second thought. But a big boat—big as an old-fashioned ferryboat, likely—that would be different. A man would want to know. No, sir, that big boat was never to be seen. So we'll find it at Ship Island. It can't be any other way. Now half a mile this side of Ship Island, and farther out in the lake, is another little old island no bigger than a brick church, a little knoll all thick with cedar brush for you to hide in. Well, I'll maroon you there, and I'll drop down a ways and go ashore, hide my boat and myself and try to study up frivolities for Apgar.

"Your part will be to keep your gun sights on that dynamite, and to shoot right into the big middle of it under any of the following circumstances: First, if they show any signs of casting loose; second, if they show any signs of suspecting anything amiss—like rowing over toward your island, for instance; third, any time you catch ten of them Germans on Ship Island at once—or nine, or eight; fourth, any time you feel like it.

"In the big meantime if I get Apgar where I want him, I'll fire a shot as a signal. When you hear a shot—shoot! These fellows are busy. They'll have no time for shooting. If they do they'll be making a mistake, for any shot, anywhere, will be your signal. Don't wait. We'll take no more risks. So long as we're there, unsuspected, we'll give Apgar his chance—till tomorrow night at quitting time. Not another minute. When you see your crowd fixin' to pull ashore for the night, don't you wait any longer. Blow 'em to hell!

"You may have to side 'em, Joe. We don't know how much of that stuff isn't dynamite, and we don't know what else it is. If it should happen to be all TNT and much of it, it might stir up a wave to wash you off, or drop Ship Island on top of you, or upset your own little island—anything. It must be powerful stuff if they figured on smashing Engle Dam with it. But then again they was going to use it as a depth bomb there, I reckon.

"And anyway you size up the contract you are getting the short end of it, Joe. That is a matter which I would recommend to your particular attention. It may most mighty easy mean curtains for little Joe; but Uncle Ben, he'll be safe ashore."

"It is a sailor's duty," said Joe fervently, "to obey orders if he breaks owners."

Uncle Ben twinkled. "Your watch below, then. I slept all morning. Once we leave here we get no more sleep till our job is done. We've got to make a good job of it, my bold mariner. We want to be a credit to Engle."

"Bos'n," said Uncle Ben, "wake up! It has just struck hell's bells!"

"Eh! What!" Joe came to his feet with a leap. "Anything wrong?"

"Nary. But this might be your last sunset, and I want to tell you it is some sunset! Thought you ought to see it. Take a good big look, and then eat it's already. Action is what I want—action! I haven't been so impatient before since I was a Missouri twelve-year-old and laid awake all night when Dan Rice's Circus was coming to Joplin."

Cady looked at the flaming magnificence in the west, and then turned a slow and speculative eye to the north.

"Uncle Ben, either those fellows up there have gone back to Rocking Horse Camp now, or they haven't. If they stay where their powder is or if they leave a guard there—you and I are done seeing things. Get into the boat. I want to show you one more thing while the sunlight holds out."

"But if they should be looking through a spyglass and see us?" objected Uncle Ben. "Only one chance in a million, of course, but ——"

"They'd see two men in a boat rowing downstream to Elephant Butte. Get into the boat. I'll pass up the coffee. The rest of the stuff we can eat any time. Bring your pack, Uncle Ben."

Uncle Ben Was Suddenly Assailed by Fears and Doubts. Should He Have Called Upon the Authorities? Warned, at Least, the Soldiers Guarding the Dam?

"I suppose it is too late to quit now," said Uncle Ben doubtfully, as Joe piled their slender outfit in the boat.

"Quit what?" said Joe, pushing off.

"Doing what I ought not to. Because somebody told me to, mostly. Might as well keep it up, I reckon. Man born of woman," said Uncle Ben, "is a queer fish."

Joe pulled out into the lake vigorously for a quarter of a mile. Then he turned downstream and shipped his oars. The boat drifted gently.

"There!" said Joe, and pointed. Uncle Ben looked over the side. A hundred feet beneath them, clear seen through the golden waters, was a long, low, rambling building, with other houses, smaller, clustered near by. The doors were open. White trunks and branches of two gigantic cottonwoods, tall and spectral, stood before the big house. Beyond were corrals, outbuildings, fences and long rows of an orchard—long rows fading in the dimness.

"Good God!" said Teagardner. "The old Gonzales place! Back water, Joe! Let me look. They were fine people, Joe. I've had a heap of good times here."

"Me too. They were sure good people."

Teagardner gazed long at that quiet house before he spoke again.

"All lived together—the old man and all his sons. When one of the boys got married they'd build a new house. Some of the daughters stayed here, too, when they married. And grandchildren! This was a fine old nest and mighty fine people!"

"Uncle Ben," said Joe soberly, "this was more like a real home than any place I ever saw. It wasn't everybody just working for himself. They was pulling for the homestead." The light died slowly; the old homestead dimmed and faded.

"They were fine people," said Teagardner again. "Let's go, Joe."

"Downstream?"

"Might as well, while the light holds. When it gets dark we can turn back."

They drifted down; Joe's oars dipped softly and slowly; and Joe sang—because he could not help it—that saddest of all sad songs, La Golondrina:

Mansión de amor! Celestial Paraíso!
Nací en tu seno y mil dichas gocé.
Voy á partir á lejanos regiones,
Do nunca más, nunca más volveré!

"It wasn't a mansion—it was an old adobe," said Uncle Ben. "And it wasn't a celestial paradise, either. But it was a damn sight better thing. It was a home."

New Mexican twilights are brief, surprisingly brief to visitors from colder lands. The velvet dusk rushed down upon them, the stars blazed out.

"Port your hellum! Give him the spurs! Stand by on the weather brace! Ride him, cowboy, you're doing fine! Sta-ay with him! No'th—no'theast by south, three points west!

"All together, my hearties!"

Bawling these masterly commands in right seamanly spirit, Joe turned the boat's nose to the north and settled down for the long pull.

"Your language is singularly superfluent and technical, captain," said Teagardner gravely. "But you got a damn poor idea of a jolly deep-sea chantey. What you need for a nice clear starry night and an errand like ours is something cheerful, like this:

"The bells of hell go ting-a-ling-a-ling,
For you, but not for me!
I hear them angels sing-a-ling-a-ling,
Their conquering palms I see.
O Death, where is thy sting-a-ling-a-ling?
O Grave, thy victor-ee?
The bells of hell go ting-a-ling-a-ling,
For you, but not for me!"

VIII

THEY came to Ship Island in a whispering midnight; they crept along that wavering shore, groping in the shadows, so softly that the little lapping waves made more sound than they; and in the darkest shadow under overhanging trees they found the hidden boat they sought. They boarded her with infinite caution. Side by side they made a snail-like progress to the farther end, feeling with probing fingers at all they came to—a workbench, barrels, boxes, oars, litter, windlasses and several coils of wire rope.

"Here's the dynamite!" announced Cady in a subdued voice. "There's a mountain of it—I can smell it. This is the time Engle puts one over on Berlin! And there's no watchman. Even if there should be a watchman somewhere up on the island the worst he can do is to set off the powder himself and save us the trouble."

"Well, then, why don't you speak up natural? No need of keeping your voice down. Cap Tuttle told me once," said Teagardner complacently, "that a couple of these astronomer chaps figured out the planet Neptune, size, home and habits, before any human eye had ever seen it—just by observing the results of causes and reasoning from hither to hence. I don't see how them astronomers had anything on us. We done discovered a boat that same way. And we got the size and shape mighty near right too. She nearly fits the specifications of an old square-end ferry-boat—so far as here. But by cripes! My hands report that this end is the queerest rig of a boat they ever felt of. Strike a match, Joe. Let's see what new kind of a devil machine German science has went and gone and rigged up now."

Joe struck a match, and then several more. "Well, I am damned!" he said. "They've made two boats! There's a big one, this one we are on—a smaller one coupled right against it behind, with the dynamite lashed tight—two or three tons of it. Wait, now—let me figure on this, Uncle Ben. If you can study out what you have never seen I ought to be able to get the why and how of what I can see. Let me feel round.

"They've got two big spars running out behind the big boat, clear of the water. The smaller boat is lashed to them two spars; they are to hold up the weight of the dynamite.

"When they get close to the dam they'll anchor—here's a big homemade anchor with three prongs ——"

"It's a grapnel," said Uncle Ben.

"I don't know the name of it, but I know what it's for—it's a grabhook. And I had my hands on a little one back there—good deal smaller, but the same

(Concluded on Page 107)

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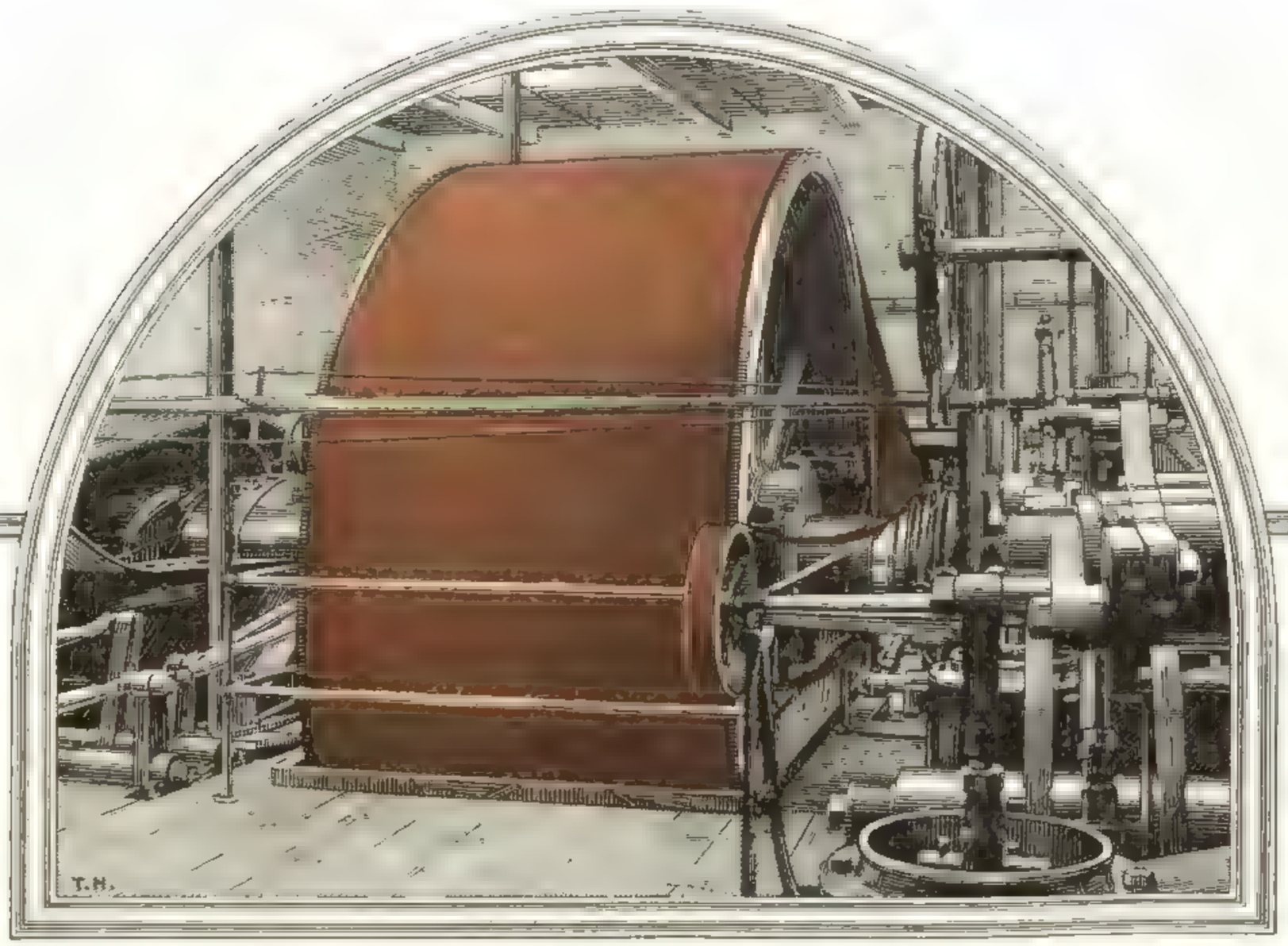

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shape. . . . I see! Are there lights on the top of the dam, Uncle Ben?"

"Lights and guards."

"That's it, then," said Cady. "They aim to work their old scow down pretty close to the dam, and anchor there. Then they cut the lashings on the spars, and the little square boat sinks under the weight of the dynamite. They've got valves or plugs, likely, to scuttle her with. They'll hook some of those little wire cables on her first. They know just how deep to let her down; they'll lower her down with them windlasses; the big boat will float her and hold the dynamite just as deep as they want it. Why, Uncle Ben, this will be the biggest depth bomb in the world!"

"Was to be," suggested Uncle Ben.

"Right you are! Was to be! When this craft leaves here she goes as dust! Now, let's see. They'll have the battery wires connected up with the dynamite, and that little anchor—yes, they might have one of those empty barrels for a buoy, or maybe two or three with a little platform in between—they'll fasten their batteries on that, anchor it, set their time mechanism to going and pile into the boat they've towed along to row home in. Then they'll turn the barge loose and let it drift down to the dam, with the dynamite underneath. Or maybe they'll have the anchor cable fixed with a pulley on the barge, so they can let the cable out from the rowboat, and guide the barge just where they want it by rowing one way or the other till they are ready to let the cable slip.

"Or they can tie a knot in the cable to jam in the pulley if they don't want the barge to drift into the light. Or a traveler. That will be it. When they've let the barge down as near to the light as they dare they'll send a traveler down the cable and jam it in the pulley block. Why, damn their eyes, they've thought of everything! They couldn't have a gas engine to work their old barge; it would be heard. They have to row. They've thought of everything. This is what they've been working on—all these windlasses and contrivances. And they're not ready yet. They've not got their wire ropes attached to their dynamite boat, nor their battery wires hooked up. They'll be here to-morrow. Praise God! I'm sure glad it's my gun that is going to set this stuff off to-morrow!"

"I wish it was my old gun," said Teagardner, half enviously. "It has been a good old gun. Is yet. I half promised Apgar to show him some surprising marksmanship with it too."

"You make a divvy of that grub, take your sack and go ashore to entertain Apgar," said Joe indignantly. "I'm the naval authority of this A. E. F., and don't you forget it. You let me have the spyglass, so I can see what's going on here, and I'll tend to the dynamite part. You look after Apgar and I'll hold down the ten others. I can do easy thinking, as I just showed you—if I've got anything to think about. But I'm noways nimble-minded enough to play with Herr Apgar if he's the man that planned this job. Let's go hunt my island. We've got nothing more to do here."

"There's your old island," said Teagardner, when they were out in the clear starlight. "But we'd better change our plans again, Joe. Set me ashore and you keep the boat—and keep it about an inch from your hand. You may need it. There's an awful lot of that dynamite and stuff—two or three tons, I reckon. We don't know just what it may do in the way of an amateur tidal wave."

"Say when," said Joe, and changed his course.

"There's Apgar's landing, over here," said Uncle Ben. "Drop down about a quarter, and you'll see a little point. Anywhere beyond that will do me."

Joe doubled the little cape and drove the boat ashore on a shelving bank. Picking up his rifle Uncle Ben stepped out—and immediately reached back for the boat.

"Here, this won't do! Quicksand!" he said. He laid the rifle in the extra oarlocks, clutched the gunwale with both hands, wrenched his feet loose with a violent effort. Behind each foot as it came free the quicksand closed with a loud sucking.

"Bad stuff!" said Uncle Ben. "Near lost a boot. You scout along up toward the point till you find me a rocky place to land on." He squeezed by Joe into the stern of the boat, so that his weight there would lift the bow out of the sand while Joe backed off.

The rocky place was soon found and Uncle Ben disembarked successfully.

"Well—so long, old-timer," said Joe cheerfully. "I'm off!"

"Good luck, Joe. So long!"

Uncle Ben sat on a bowlder for a long time, a very thoughtful old man. From time to time he removed his hat and scratched his head. To vary this proceeding he rubbed the side of his nose vigorously or twisted his beard.

The moon rose, a thin sickle. Then Uncle Ben bestirred himself briskly, as one who has arrived at a decision. He took off his boots, tied them together and strung them round his neck, first stuffing his socks into the boots. He rolled up his overalls, picked up gun and grub sack and stepped gingerly into the water.

He turned up the lake, keeping at the water's edge; he passed Apgar's landing. Fifty yards beyond he came to a little sudden cove no bigger than a hall bedroom, and hardly as wide. Uncle Ben investigated, finding that the little cove, a bowlder and a clump of half-grown cedars, made an ideal covert.

It was for something like this that Uncle Ben had been searching. He burrowed under the low branches to a satisfactory lodging place, and stayed there.

Dawn came, and the spreading wild beauty of the lake; the pageant of the sun on San Mateo; the long slow shadow from Fra Christobal, blacker and deeper for the brilliant sunlight all beyond and all about; an enchanted shadow, fresh with an incense not to be forgotten; the slow sun at last.

Long after a wagon came creaking to the landing; a water wagon, Kendall's, carrying three men besides Kendall: Case, Dorsey and Miller. Close behind followed a car, Apgar's, carrying three men besides Apgar: Banner, Baker and Green.

"Now then, off you go! Green, you bring the boat back and ride up with Kendall," said Apgar. "I'll row out after dinner for a final inspection. You fellows ought to have everything ready by noon at most; then you can sleep till sundown."

Apgar turned his car and went spinning up the road. Kendall drove into the shallow water, turned the wagon and began pumping into the tank. The six others crowded into the boat and rowed out to Ship Island. An eternity lapsed—almost an hour—before Green rowed back from Ship Island and climbed onto the wagon.

The last sound of that wagon's departure died away. Sometime later a branch of cedar brush came softly down the lake, close to the shore, bobbing gently, drifting with the slow current. It would seem that the current set in to the shore, for the cedar brush drifted against the boat. Had any man been there to see—as there was not—he would have noted that this bobbing cedar brush was not one large branch, but a number of small branches, lately cut by a jackknife and bunched to make a miniature raft; that along the top of that raft lay a very heavy rifle and a very light flour sack, together with a leather belt holding a few enormous cartridges, and a soft gray hat; and would further have noted that the rifle was held in position by a wrinkled hand.

Had this aroused curiosity—as might have happened—this man who was not there might have looked closer and seen under the cedar branches a withered and wrinkled brown face and a sprightly eye; both appertaining to Uncle Ben Teagardner.

Uncle Ben pushed the rifle into the boat, holding it level, so that it barely cleared the side, and dropped it gently on the thwarts. Belt, hat and flour sack followed. Then he ducked under the boat and came up on the lower side.

Sheltered from any possible watchful eye on Ship Island Uncle Ben worked up the side of the boat to the bank; he crawled, belly-flat, and unsnapped the boat's chain from a ring at the juniper trees; slowly, cautiously, he pushed the boat into deep water, where the slow current caught it and bore it away, drifting idly, rocking, dancing in the sunlight. The cedar brush followed, gay-bobbing, but fell behind because it was closer inshore, where the current was slower. On that side of the boat farthest from Ship Island Uncle Ben Teagardner floated peacefully, supporting himself with a light hand on an oarlock.

Mr. Kinny Apgar drove his car to the landing place at about half past one. He leaped out briskly. Then he stared and swore. His boat was gone.

Apgar was furious. Cursing Green for carelessness, with a guttural oath quite unlike our kindly, familiar English speech, he set out down the lake shore in search of the derelict. A few hundred yards down he came to a low rocky cape; and here his face cleared, for he saw the runaway boat, safely stranded on the farther side of a little bay beyond. He marched down to the beach, still muttering his wrath.

It was sticky going. A little crust of ground quivered under his foot. He skipped forward lightly; his foot went in over the shoe top. Cursing savagely, he lunged again. His left foot plunged through the crust, calf deep. He tugged to free himself. His right foot broke through.

Thoroughly frightened, Apgar went down on hands and knees. With a prodigious effort he pulled his right foot free. The quicksand closed with a sucking gurgle. His left foot sank deeper. He threw his body round in an effort to turn back. His foot would not twist. He floundered, heaved and strained; he felt the quicksand quiver and shake under his hands, and rose up shuddering. The crust shook to a jelly under the frantic thrust with which he rose. His right foot broke through. He struggled desperately, sinking deeper with every move.

The quicksand rose above his knees.

He stood a moment, terrified. Round him, in a circle of which he was the center, the crust bent and wrinkled to darting cracks, to fine radiating cracks with connecting arcs—cracks which smoothed instantly and darted out again in another place, like some horrible animated cartoon, flashing always to the same ghastly shape of a gigantic spider web. Here and there a crack gaped wide to a horrible mouth, square and deep—which quivered an instant, closed with a shuddering gurgle, and left no trace.

Apgar shrieked aloud. He was mid-thigh in the quicksand, he went deeper with every frantic struggle; it was his sinking weight which tensed the yielding crust to that nightmare web, to those awful gaping mouths!

He turned his distorted face toward Ship Island; he fumbled at the revolver at his belt. If he could make them hear—and understand! They could see him. Baker could swim.

"Hello there! You seem to be in trouble!" said a voice behind him.

Apgar's body whirled. Old Man Teagardner with his long rifle in his hand came slowly down a sandy ridge through the ragged gap of a mesquite hedge. Apgar screamed; tears of relief came to his eyes as he pushed the revolver back into the scabbard.

"Oh, thank God! Thank God! I'm caught in the quicksands, Teagardner! Help me out! Get the oars and the boat seats. Hurry! Hurry!"

"Oh, don't be so scared," said Teagardner placidly. He moved toward the boat and then stopped, beaming. "You want to hear the war news first. Mighty good! I got it last night. The French have taken Soissons and crossed the Crise River, the entire Marne salient is crushed, the Yanks are hammering north."

"Teagardner! Uncle Ben! Hurry! Help me out!"

"Why?" said Uncle Ben. He sat down on a rock with his long rifle on his knees. "Why?" he repeated unemotionally; and with the flat and colorless tones came to Apgar the stabbing thought which showed him trapped and doomed: Uncle Ben was supposed to be now in Colorado! His terror had forgotten that.

Apgar went white to the lips; his voice broke out in a dreadful scream.

"Almighty God!"

"God, baby killer? This is late to talk of God. Think it over, Apgar!"

"For God's sake, Teagardner!"

The sand rose to his thighs. He was weeping, raving, cursing, begging. Then a new note came to his cracked and straining voice. "Is it money you want? Get me out! You shall have ten thousand twenty—fifty!"

"Not for all Germany," said Teagardner.

"Then, by God, I'll shoot you now!" Apgar clutched at the forgotten gun.

"That would be very curious." Uncle Ben glanced at him indifferently. "You might try it. Perhaps after you kill me I'll come and pull you out. I don't think you could hit me, but you might as well try it." He looked out across the water. "I'm pretty old. A year or so more or less won't hurt me." He turned his stern eyes back to Apgar and spoke sharply. "Well, baby killer, why don't you shoot?"

Screaming hoarsely Apgar leveled the gun and fired. The bullet struck between Teagardner's feet.

Teagardner held up his hand.

"I thought so," he said, and pointed. "Look!"

Fascinated, without power to disobey, Apgar twisted his head to look.

With a crash of inconceivable thunders Ship Island leaped and shattered in spouting flame, awful lines of red and black against a rocking sky. Apgar fell forward on his hands; his revolver dropped; he struggled up again, stunned and dazed. The crashing air, in thousand-volleyed shocks, came back from San Mateo, from Christobal cliffs.

A giant wave rose from the hissing caldron where that lost island had been. It swept down the lake at incredible speed; the edge of it broke on the rocky cape above—a white crest flung up in the sky, overleaped the cape and flooded the little bay, buried Apgar for one heartbeat's space, and broke to Teagardner's knees where he stood, staring. Receding, it swept the boat away; while on the broad lake the great wave went foaming, roaring by.

The water fell from the little bay in white runnels of froth. Apgar covered his face, moaning.

He was hip deep in the quicksand.

Teagardner stared hard at the little island in the lake, and caught at last a glimpse of a little boat—Joe's boat—tossed in the swirl of crossing waves, and the flashing of white oars in the sun. His heart leaped with joy at that sight.

Teagardner limped up the slope toward the little cape. After a few steps he turned and called back:

"Apgar, you've dropped your gun. You shot at the wrong man. You should have used your bullet on yourself. Well—I'm going now."

Apgar turned wild imploring eyes to him. "You won't leave me here to die like a dog! For God's sake, Teagardner! Have pity, have mercy!"

"The mercy you planned!" said Teagardner.

THE END)

MO

R R I S

Supreme Boiled Ham! It *is* supreme; just try it once and see what *your* taste says.

We're very proud of the mild, delicious flavor our *Supreme* cure gives. We believe you'll like it, too.

Only *one* cure passes our *Supreme* Test and wins the Morris *Supreme* flavor-mark.

Many Morris foods bear this same mark of tested goodness. Bacon, sausage, eggs and lard; fruits, meats and vegetables in cans.

Get them into your market basket.

MORRIS & COMPANY
U. S. A.

The U·T·A and *Direct Advertising*

Point out any successful enterprise and you have paid your individual tribute to the outward evidence of clear thinking.

Analyze the reasons for its success and one outstanding element looms large.

It is DIRECT Advertising—Catalogs, House Organs, Booklets, Broadsides, Folders, Circulars, Form Letters, Mailing Cards, Blotters, Specialties.

As an instrument of marvelous effectiveness and pronounced profit, it arrests your attention and demands your respect and confidence.

Every community has its own manufacturer of DIRECT Advertising—the Printer. Many communities have their DIRECT Advertising specialists, among whom are *U. T. A. Printers*. Here is a distinction. All *good printing* is not necessarily good *advertising* printing.

But all U. T. A. Printers *are specialists* in that regard. Some maintain their own service departments for counsel and co-operation with the customer. Others take full advantage of the exceptional facilities afforded by the U. T. A.

This international association of employing printers is serving the world of business, on a national scale,

just as so many enterprising U. T. A. Printers are doing on a local scale—through a Bureau of Advertising maintained at the Chicago headquarters of the organization. Here is a staff of men whose training, experience and records of accomplishment entitle them to complete confidence. Their judgment is sound, their methods proved, their recommendations practical. They might, in truth be termed "experts" in advertising and merchandising, an familiar by long practice with the tools whereby business success is built along modern lines.

And this staff is available to *every business man in America* who is not already fortified by an advertising agency affiliation.

The service of the Advertising Bureau is yours—through a Printer who holds membership in the U. T. A. He is a business man also, a craftsman of ideals and proud of the standards of his Association.

Consult the U. T. A. Printer and learn more about this DIRECT Advertising service which is yours to command.

This trade mark identifies the U. T. A. member, represented in practically every city and town in the nation

Our new book, "Two Blades of Grass," points out a straight road to business increase, and is well worthy careful reading. It is yours for the asking

MARK WELL THE MARK

UNITED TYPOTHETAE OF AMERICA

UNITED TYPOTHETAE
OF AMERICA
(International Association of Master Printers)
Not conducted for profit
General Offices: Transportation Building
608 South Dearborn St.
CHICAGO

TYPOTHETAE
Pronounced: Ti-poth'-ē-tē, from the Greek, meaning "type-placers."

This Campaign endorsed and subscribed to by Paper Manufacturers and Merchants, Manufacturers of Type and Printing Machinery, Engravers and Electrotypers.

RUBBING ELBOWS WITH HEINIE

(Continued from Page 4)

fling abuse, but go to it with fists and feet all over the road.

Parental punishment is swift and severe. I've seen more mothers and fathers clout children over the heads in Germany than ever before in my life; but fortunately the race possesses so much bone above the neck that they suffer no real injury.

After a week of the American régime the village priest said to the captain, who was billeted in his house next to the old stone church: "It is a blessing that you came. They were getting out of hand, especially the larger boys. You see, their fathers being away so long with the army—you understand why it should be so. And then there is a very dangerous spirit abroad, sir. Everything is so unsettled that men are asking 'What is the use?' And they are inclined to drift and succumb to anything that promises relief from the old order of thrift and hard work. That is the first step toward Bolshevism. But now they dare not indulge in any such tendencies. It is an excellent thing that you are here."

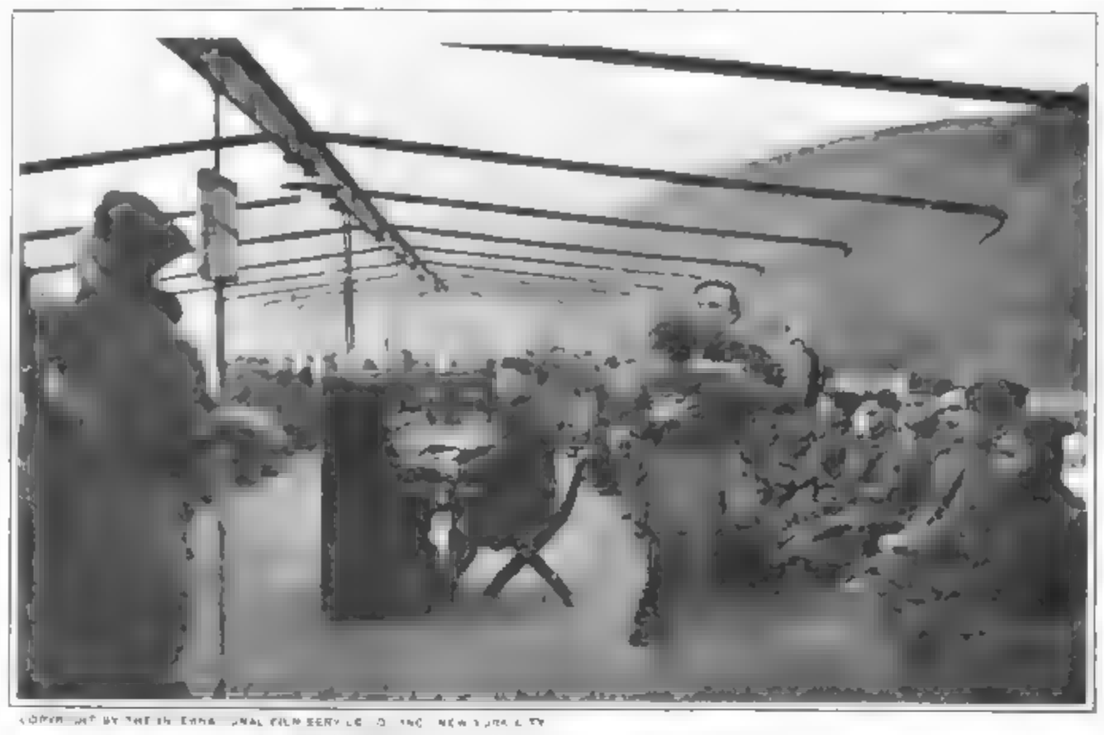
Of course the priest represents the solid conservative element of those who have—he belonged to the Centrum Party. They are glad to see even an enemy in temporary control, for disaster threatened their kind. What the masses of the people—those who have not, but must pay the piper—what they think of enemy occupation is another matter, and I don't profess to know. However, I shall later give some glimpses from which you may draw your own conclusions.

The Burgomaster's Job

The Americans control the civilian population through the burgomasters, who practically rule the *Gemeinder*, as their areas are called, for these officials exercise the powers of the lower courts as well as administering municipal affairs. The burgomaster corresponds to the mayor of a town in America, except that he has more authority and is selected and hired in similar fashion to the secretaries of our chambers of commerce. For example, the burgomaster is not necessarily a resident of the place when chosen by the town council; he may have proved his fitness in another community. They pay him a salary, and he is next in authority to the *Landrat*. The latter is usually a noble or belongs to the landed gentry. He governs the *Kreis*, acting under the orders of the *Regierungspräsident*, who in turn is responsible to the *Oberpräsident* of the province, and he to the central government. Most of the castles fit for occupation in the Rhineland appear to belong to the *Landräte* and *Oberpräsidenten*.

The burgomaster of the village of Leuterod drew eight hundred marks a year. At the present value of the mark that would be less than eighty dollars—and he surely earned every cent of it in one week's toil after the occupation. I asked him how things were going. He replied that he wished the Americans would stay ten years; but he looked wan and haggard when he said it. Imagine trying to carry out all the regulations of an enemy force in possession of your own town and at the same time standing well with your constituents and keeping them under control!

The villagers seemed to obey him without question. Whenever the captain needed labor for a job the burgomaster produced it. His gangs cut wood for the Americans; they repaired roads; they fixed up mess accommodations for the men. In all these matters they displayed alacrity and industry; no sullenness or resentment could be detected. Yet there were thirty-five men in Leuterod who had served in the boche armies and were recently demobilized. And their womankind made the doughboys' beds and often voluntarily shined their shoes.



Enjoying an Excursion on the Rhine

But life in such places as Leuterod is a dreary existence for our men, and Leuterod is representative of the bulk of the hamlets in which the Army of Occupation is quartered. Just a long rambling street, paved with cobblestones; old houses of stone, plastered, and with roofs of slate; a mill beside the stream; a *Gasthaus*, a school and a church; a municipal bakery, several small shops and a smithy—that is Leuterod.

A sleepy out-of-the-world village, now sunk in the lethargy of the crushed.

They have no electric lights, and fuel is scarce. There are no amusements five nights out of six. The soldiers are forbidden to mix with the civilian population, and they have no means of passing their leisure time except to sit round a table in a *Gasthaus* or *Wirtschaft* and drink watery beer or sour Rhine wine. A little of this peace soldiering in German villages goes a long way; I'll say so!

Here is a sample letter on the subject from a hard-boiled veteran of the Soissons and Argonne battles to his girl in America:

"*Dear Lily:* Having nothing better to do I will write you a few lines but my feet are killing me.

"Well, kid, if anybody should tell you about the fine time what we are having over here you tell them to cut out that bunk because it ain't so. I almost wish the war was on again, I sure do. We put in five hours drill every day and a lot of hiking back and fourth from the drill ground and the sarge is always putting me on some detail or another. I done some road mending and it was fierce and peeling potatoes is easier.

"You want to know about my health. Well, kid, my health is pretty good, never better. I weigh twenty pounds more than I did this time last year but I ain't got time to worry about how I feel because I'm so doggoned tired every night that I have not the heart to sit round and worry about nothing. And my feet are awful sore. It was those English shoes I wore coming up from Luxemburg.

"Say there ain't a thing to do over here. You wanted to know what girl I was stringing now. Well, kid, I ain't stringing any girl because none of the girls around these diggings is anything to write home about and besides if you look sideways at a German girl, a M. P. will grab you and then you catch hell. We haven't got movie shows or nothing. A Y. M. C. A. show comes out now and again and I hear they have all sorts of shows and movie pictures in the big towns, but not in this burg. All you do is sit around and listen to the other guys bellyache and drink a couple of beers maybe.

"Well, kid, what is it going to be. I want to know weather you are going to say Yes or No because if you say Yes, we can get married as soon as ever I get back.

"Well, kid, having nothing more to say I will close. There is nothing to tell you about because the censor will not let us say nothing. Well, kid, goodbye for the present.

"Yrs truly

"_____

"P. S. Let me know right soon weather it is Yes or No so I can look around. Ha ha."

Our soldiers contact the boche men very little. Drill and exercises take up most of their day, and there are innumerable other duties to engage them. The cafés are open to them only from five o'clock until nine, during which hours no German is permitted to drink there, so they have small opportunity of getting acquainted.

Leuterod is a tiny place, off the beaten track, but its inhabitants are typical of the Rhineland agriculturist, and it is a microcosm of that class. What they think is a pretty fair index to the thoughts of rural Germany. They were told that the Americans in France were only a handful and that troops could not be brought over in force because of the submarines. They found out from returning soldiers that the authorities had been lying to them. They think that the Americans are terribly strict about cleaning up, and that it is utter nonsense to take such trouble; but they have to do what they are told, because if they don't the burgomaster will clap a big fine on them.

A Typical Village

Though rationed they did not lack much in food during the war, but they were very short of fats.

They felt that they could not have gone through another winter of war. About everything they had was requisitioned last fall for their soldiers. All their spare clothing was taken and turned in, to be made up for their troops; they had to send their wheat and their cattle and horses to the city. The villagers maintain that all the good food went to the officers and the rich people; they were allowed a bare subsistence.

Forty men went to war from the village; it has a total population of about three hundred and fifty. Thirty-five returned.

The birth rate did not fall off. The men came home on leave regularly. No special effort was made by the authorities to stimulate the birth rate; they have always encouraged large families in Germany. Stories to the effect that unions without marriage were countenanced and ordered, in order that the birth rate might be kept up to pre-war figures, they regard as propaganda.

They think the Kaiser was far better than the Crown Prince and that the Crown Prince was bound up with the military caste.

Prices did not go very high during the war. They have gone up since, because the mark is worth less than half what it was formerly.

A republic for Germany? There are some who think it might be a good thing and less expensive than the old government if they could obtain a sound republic

The First Horse Show the Army of Occupation Held in Germany

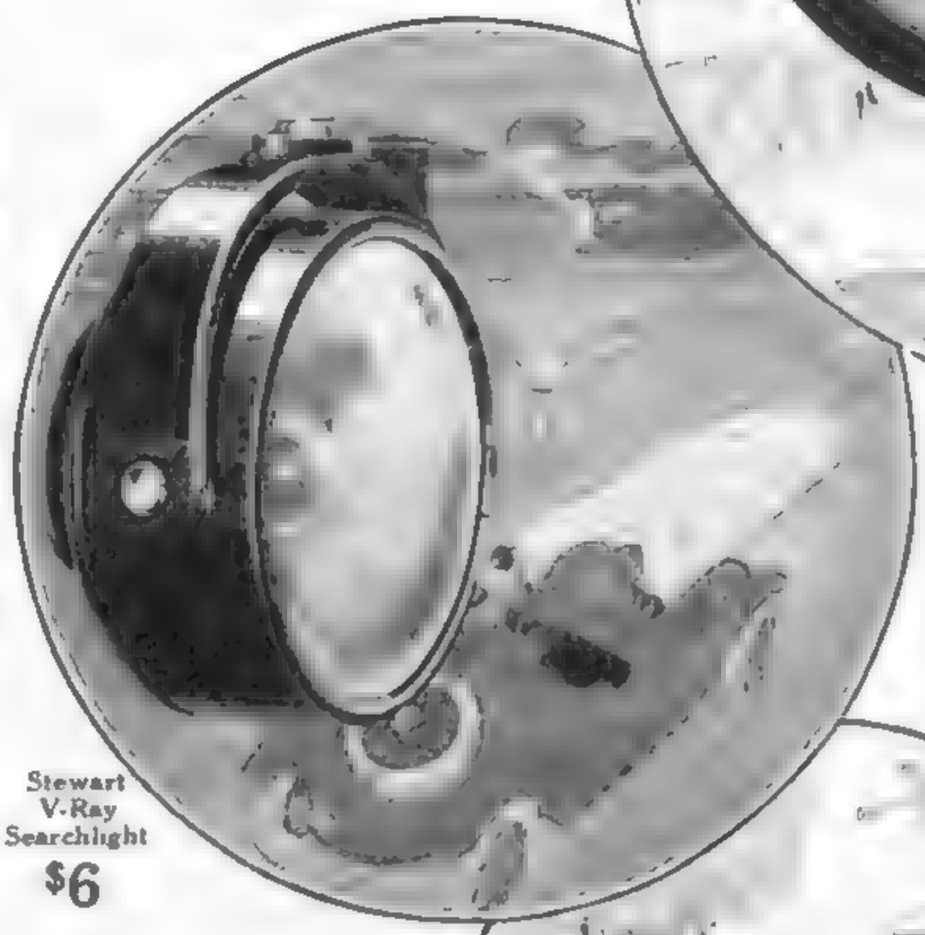
(Continued on Page 114)

Stewart

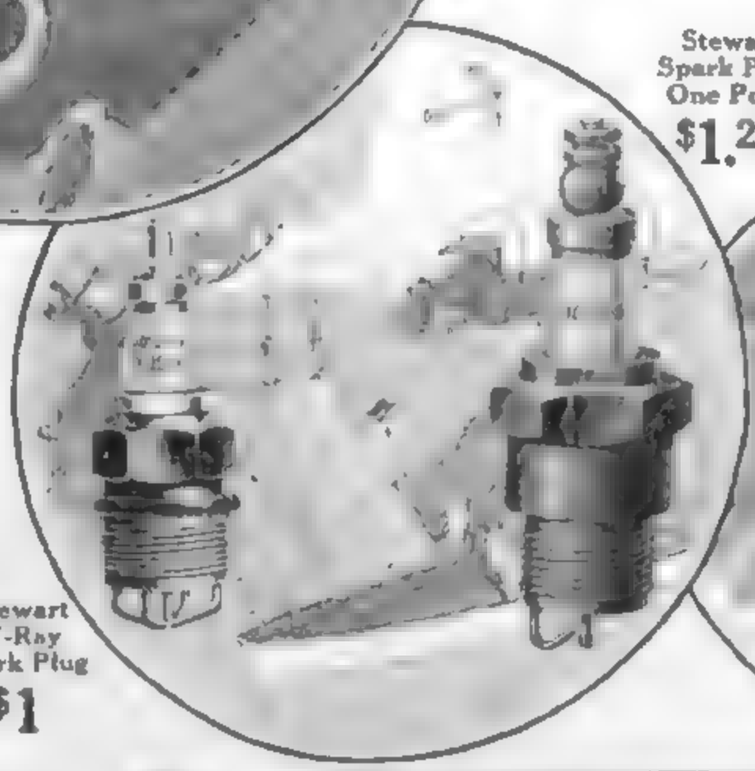
Miss Stewart Custombilt
(Posed by Miss Marilynn Miller)

Stewart Speedometer $25

Stewart Speedometer and Instrument Board for Ford Cars $13

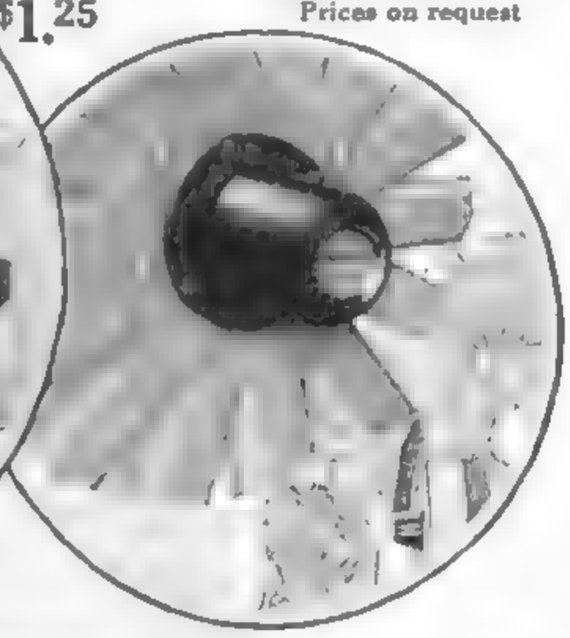


Stewart V-Ray Searchlight $6



Stewart Spark Plug One Point $1.25

Stewart V-Ray Spark Plug $1



Stewart Hub Odometer (Heavy type) Prices on request

The Ten Most Important Accessories on an Automobile

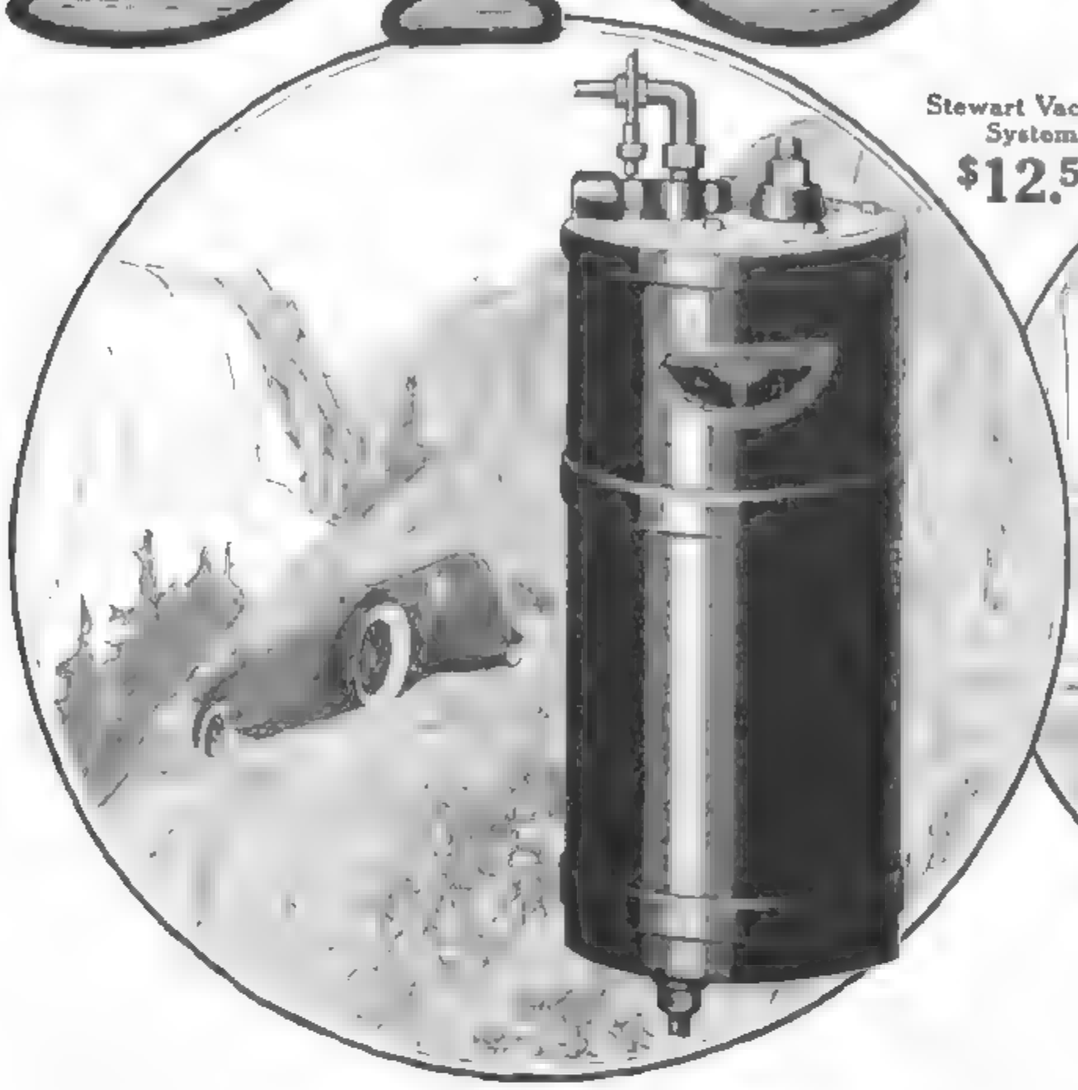
The Stewart Institution could have taxed the capacity of its large plant with numerous non-essential "knick-knacks" and novelties for car owners. But, it preferred to play a BIG part in the motoring world's comfort, convenience, safety and economy. The Stewart Big Ten are the ten most necessary items of every car's equipment.

When you ask for any automobile accessory and find that *Stewart* makes it, look no further. It is absolute finality. The name *Stewart* is motordom's safest "buy-word." It is conclusive proof that the article must be a *better* article; that it is truly "custombilt" the exclusive Stewart Quality Way to give greater satisfaction, longer service and better value.

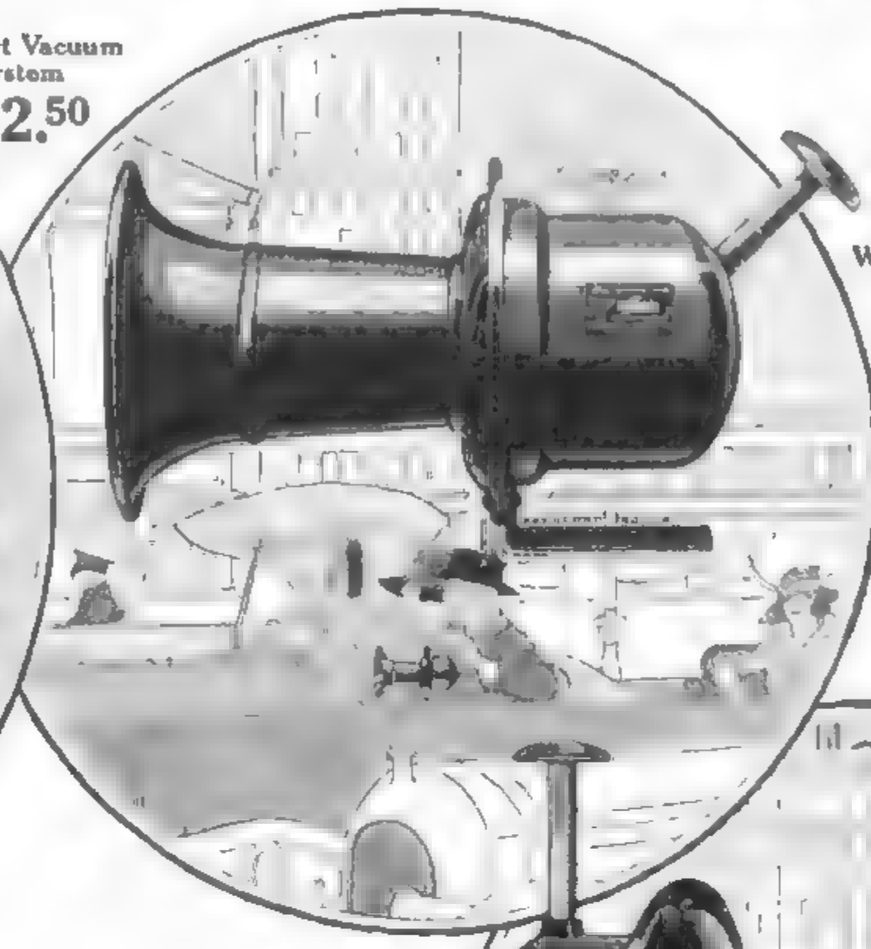
Stewart-Warner Speedometer Cor'n, Chicago, U. S. A.

Stewart

BIG TEN

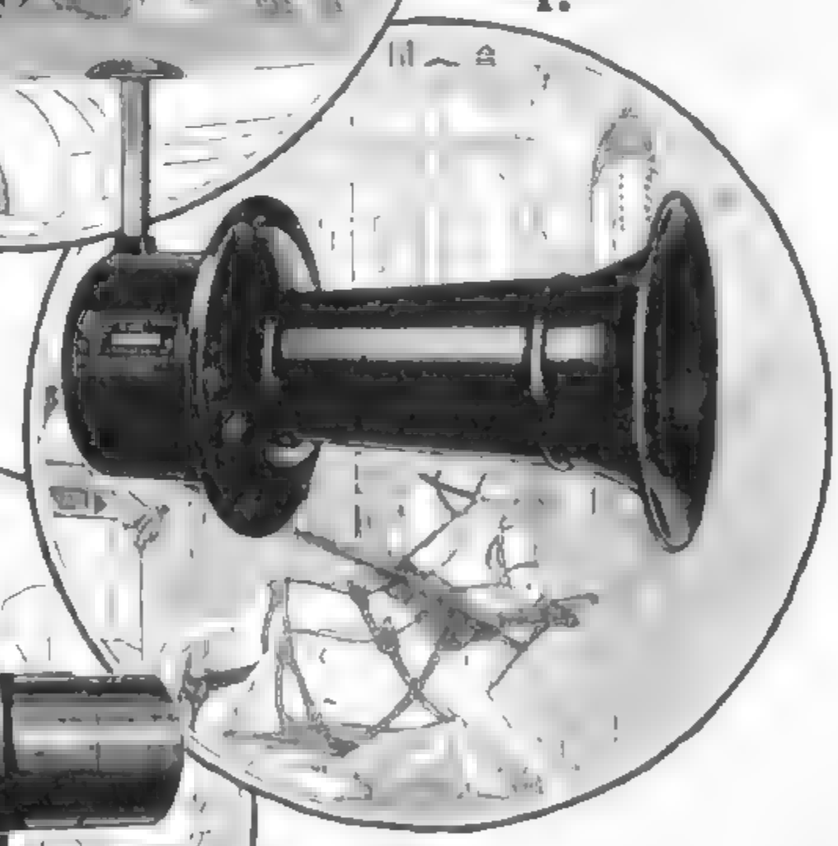


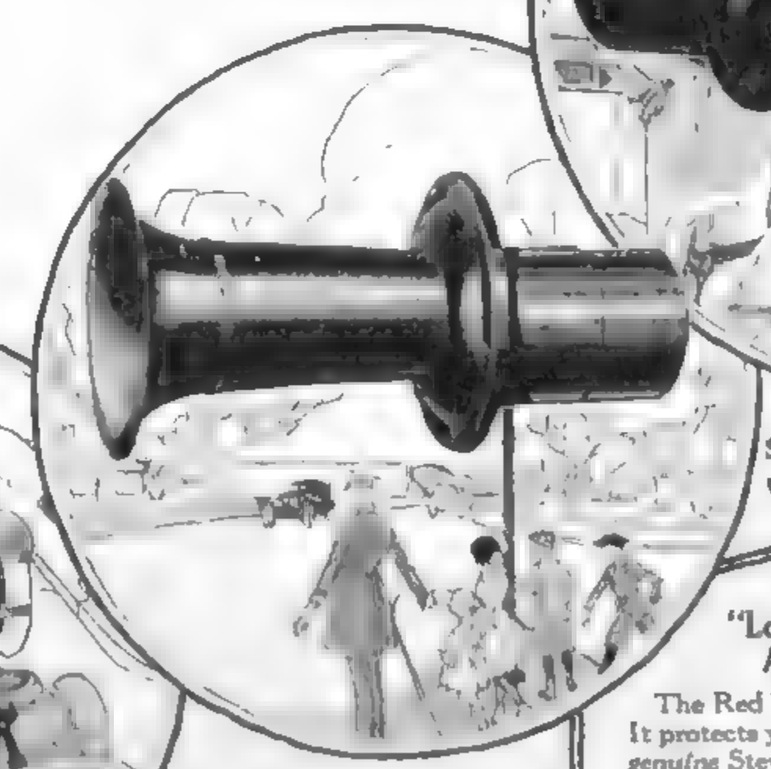
Stewart Vacuum System
$12.50



Stewart Warning Signal Model 151
$3.25
Just Out!

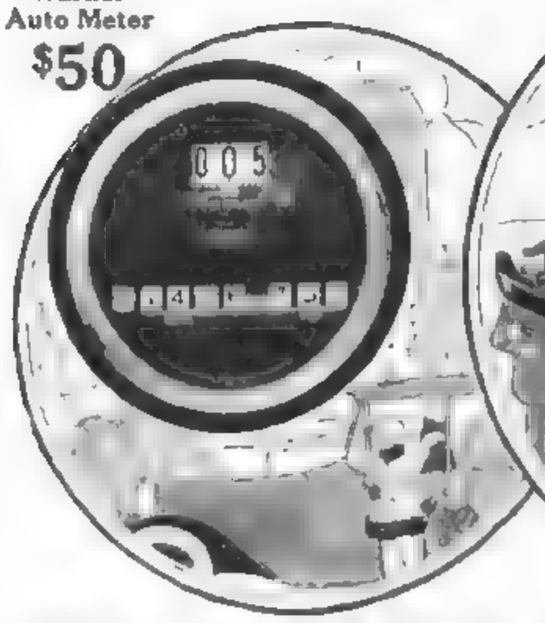
Stewart Warning Signal Model 114 Hand Operated
$4.50

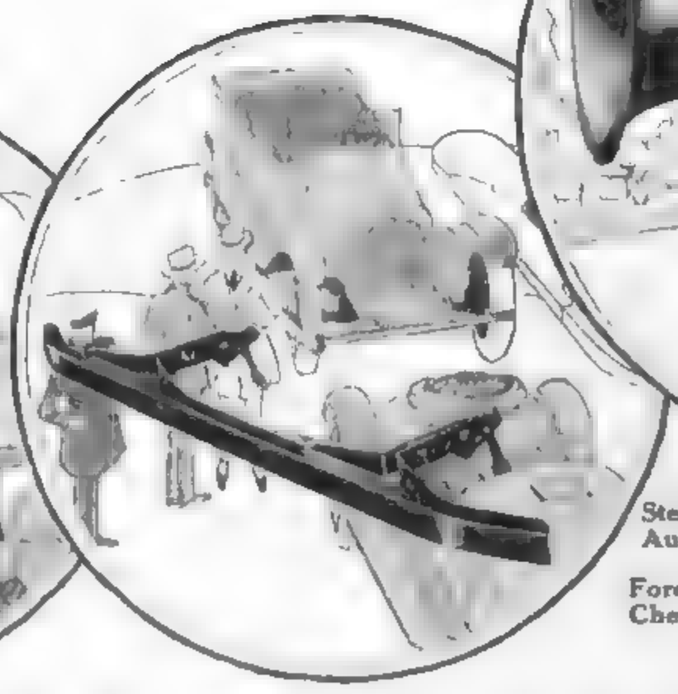




Stewart Motor Driven Warning Signal $7.50

Warner Auto Meter
$50





Stewart Autoguard $12

Ford and Chevrolet Sizes $10

CUSTOM BILT NECESSITIES

"They're More Than Accessories"

"Look for the Red Tag" When Buying Any Stewart Replacement Parts

The Red Tag identifies *genuine* Stewart Parts. It protects you against imitations, that can't give *genuine* Stewart Satisfaction.

The car manufacturer equipped your car with Stewart Custombilt Necessities because he wanted you to have the very best. Don't depreciate their efficiency by permitting a dealer to sell you anything but *genuine* replacement parts.

They may be able to imitate the *appearance* of Stewart Parts, but they can never duplicate their *quality*. Therefore, "look for the red tag." It's your protection.

Stewart-Warner Speedometer Cor'n, Chicago, U. S. A.

(Continued from Page 111)

like that of the United States; but the majority want their former system.

The people who owned big farms had prisoners of war to work them. These prisoners were allotted to them by the government

No, they don't know what the war will cost Germany or who is to pay for it. They believe, however, that America will send them food, and they are glad of the presence of American troops just now because of the dangers of anarchy following defeat and the overthrow of the German Government. As for the payment of indemnities and reparation for material damage done, they know nothing. They think, however, that if the German prisoners are held in France to rebuild the devastated areas it will amount to slavery and President Wilson would not permit such a thing to be done.

The Peace Conference, and the terms to be imposed? A singular apathy is shown toward what is transpiring in Paris. They do not appear to have waked yet to the fact that the peace terms concern them intimately, and they are marking time until all is settled before planning for the future. Many of them would like to go to America Some wish to see a Rhenish Republic—possibly under the delusion that breaking away from the Empire would let them out of their share of the costs of the war. The Prussian Prime Minister passionately denounced this element the other day as "rats deserting the sinking ship."

The Germans continue to behave with docility. Several bloody individual encounters which have occurred were in the line of personal ventures, and in each instance Americans were the aggressors. About the only offenses of which the civilian population has been guilty are selling booze to the soldiers and trying to sneak into our lines without passes. A prosperous merchant of Coblenz attempted to smuggle a barge of cognac into the city; he got a special court for that. Fines for bootlegging are frequent, and their aggregate runs into the hundreds of thousands of marks.

A Threatened Strike

The civilians are required to take out cards of identity, similar to those used in France during the war. With these they can circulate anywhere in the area, and they circulate pretty freely, both to transact business and to visit. The Germans are strong on moving about and visiting relatives and friends. Every Sunday or holiday the roads are dark with their somber, stiff Sabbath clothes as they walk from one village to another. Indeed, our colored brethren of the South have nothing on the boches in "milling round."

In order to go into the neutral zone or the territory held by the German forces they must secure passes from the G 2 of the Third Army; no division passes are issued for this. Recently we have had cases of German soldiers endeavoring to slip through our patrols from the other side. The orders are to let them enter and then arrest them. Also, there have been numerous instances of civilians applying for passes into the neutral zone who ought to have applied for them to the French or British.

Investigation revealed that they had done so and met with refusals; a careful watch is maintained over this class of wanderer.

It was soon found necessary to adopt an unyielding attitude in the matter of billets. At first the Americans were inclined to listen to the boche pleas of this and that as to why a place should not be taken over for our men. Generally the argument was that the building was a school or a church institution. We speedily learned that they often misrepresented—often lied. Many a building remained unused after being struck off the list of billet possibilities, so now the billeting officers decide according to their own information and judgment. A nice regard is paid to the needs of the school children, but that excuse no longer exempts every building the Germans wish to withhold. Besides, why should an American soldier suffer discomfort in order that German comfort should not be disturbed?

Early this year a strike threatened in a bottle factory in one of the American towns. It had been ordered from Hanover by union leaders. As soon as he learned of the matter the captain in charge of civil affairs in this district sent for the local union men in control and ordered that the workers should stick to their jobs.

"Orders from the interior of Germany don't go in the American territory," he announced. The captain was formerly a newspaper reporter in Providence, Rhode Island. "If you have grievances you can treat with your employers here, but I won't permit any sympathetic strikes."

The union leaders admitted that an agreement was still in force by which they were bound until June, but the strike had been called, so what could they do? "How can you stop it?" they asked. "Will you arrest all the hundreds of workers?"

American Soldiers on Sentry Duty in Germany Inspecting a Cartload of Meat

"Not at all. Not at all," answered the captain suavely. "I'll merely start with the president and secretary of the union, and throw them in the brig."

The president and secretary gazed at each other; then they bowed and withdrew. There was no strike; all was serene.

In another community some of the inhabitants had a grudge against the burgomaster and sought to embarrass him by neglecting to clean up their yards and streets when he was ordered by the American commander to have the work done. The situation was explained to the captain. Result—the offenders were fined and put to work mending roads under American supervision. Their sentences ran five to twenty-one days; and that town is now as clean as a new pin. Every month the officers in charge of civil affairs in the American area hold conferences with the burgomasters, at which they talk over labor and food conditions. These officials never give the slightest trouble. The same cannot be said of some of the *Landräte*, who have adopted a high tone and have frequently put in complaints that proved to be not only unjustified, but were worded offensively. Perhaps that is because a *Landrat* is usually a personage—frequently a nobleman

The *Landrat* of Montabaur tried it. In return he received a peremptory order from the general in command that in future he should present himself in person to the officer in charge of civil affairs whenever he wanted to state a grievance, and that no such communications as he had been sending would be permitted. A *Landrat* controls a district of about fifty thousand inhabitants.

The boches are now baiting the neutral zone to attract American soldiers. Their military command is not a party to these tactics, but civilian men who have goods to sell, and loose women, are bending strong efforts to entice the doughboy and his francs across No Man's Land.

Statement of Private ——, Company G, 26th Infantry: "There was a masquerade ball in Elze, Germany, that continued for about four weeks in February and the first of March. It was held every night in one of the three dance halls. American soldiers were invited to these balls; on an average about twenty men attended every night. There were both men and women at these dances, and they were very glad to have the Americans with them.

"The civilians, both men and women, are very friendly with the soldiers and seem very glad to have them. In fact, the people invited the soldiers over, and some have walked out to meet the soldiers and lead them round the German patrol. The civilians stated that they had rather have the American soldiers in the town than to have their own, and often asked when the Americans were coming over to take charge.

"Only once was there any trouble, and that was when two soldiers got drunk and were cutting up. Then policemen came in and cleared the house, but did not put the soldiers under arrest."

The Craving for Chocolate

"The last big dance was about March fifth. It lasted two days and nights. Girls came over and invited American soldiers to come over. There were about forty soldiers that attended the dance the night before the last one. At this time several German soldiers attended these dances—and there was no trouble whatsoever."

A major of infantry reported to the commanding general of his brigade. "It is a regular Sunday occurrence for a considerable number of girls to come down to the barrier in front of Bilkheim and make overtures to the American soldiers. Chocolate seems to play an important part in the fraternizing which results, and numerous invitations extended to the soldiers to visit these girls carry with them a request for chocolate. Apparently that is all that is necessary to insure a welcome reception."

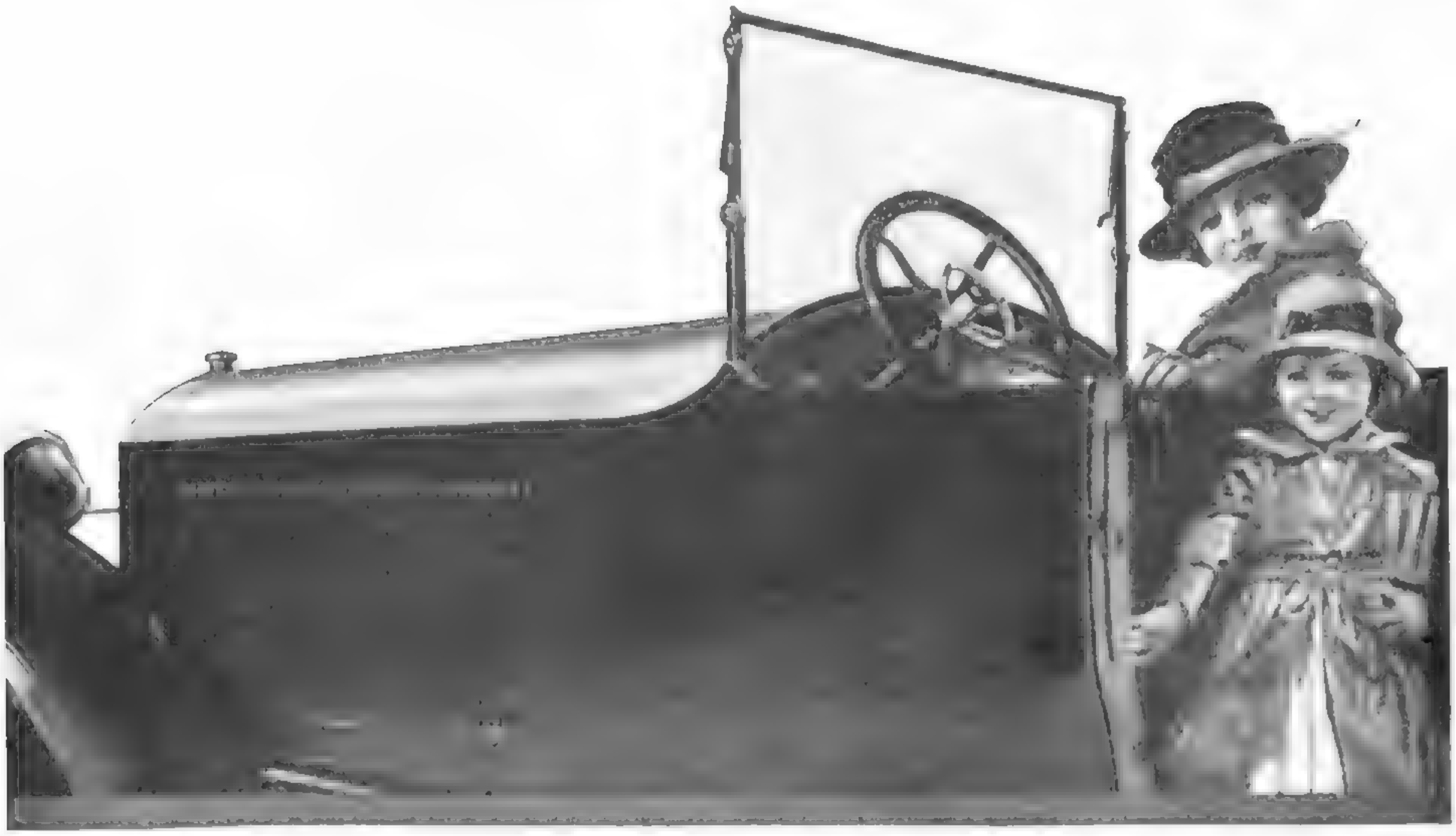
He said it! A bar of chocolate will go farther with the girls over here than would a high-powered automobile back home. Before the orders against fraternizing were so rigidly enforced there were soldiers who no more thought of stirring abroad without a cake of chocolate than you would of going downtown without your hat. That was one of the things the Germans were denied during the war, and now it is beyond money value.

The neutral zone is ten kilometers wide. We have barriers along the boundary of the American area and outposts to guard them and prevent anybody from going through who is not entitled to do so. Properly stamped passes must be presented by civilians who travel to and fro on business; no soldiers are supposed to cross the zone, except an officer now and again who has something to take up with the German commander on the other side

The boches patrol this neutral strip. We have patrols along all the roads of the

(Concluded on Page 116)

Muleteers of an Infantry Supply Train Watering Their Charges in the Rhine



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If you could talk with half a dozen Liberty owners, in addition, there could be no doubt of your decision.

They would corroborate, in most conclusive terms, your own impressions of the in-built quality of the Liberty, and dwell upon the continued ease and comfort for owner and driver.

Liberty Motor Car Company, Detroit

LIBERTY SIX

(Concluded from Page 114)

American boundary, but until recently they did not overstep the limits. The task of turning back trespassers on German territory was left to the Germans.

Apparently they were indifferent or very lax, for American soldiers have been evading the patrols for weeks in considerable numbers. No fraternizing is allowed in the towns where our troops are quartered, so they sneak out to the towns across No Man's Land, into towns such as Limburg, Westerburg, Salze, Elze and Nieder Hadamar, where they are able to buy cognac and schnapps, and mingle with the girls. From the evidence available most of these places are wide open. So now our patrols also scour No Man's Land.

One night seventeen men started over in a truck. They happened to bump into a patrol of fifty boches, however, who placed them under arrest, kept them locked up for the night, and then returned them to their organization. But those who slip across on foot, singly or in pairs, usually contrive to get safely through the zone.

Several serious clashes have resulted. In one, which occurred at Nieder Hadamar, a German guard and a civilian were killed, and one of the two Americans engaged in the affray was very seriously wounded by a shot from his companion's automatic, intended for a boche who was trying to prevent them from running away. None of the enemy fired. It was simply another killing inspired by booze; and the booze had been sold to our men by Germans in the American area in spite of strict orders against it. A deal of bootlegging is going on in this man's army. The boches seem willing to risk imprisonment and fines for the profit in selling cognac at fifty marks the quart and schnapps at twenty.

An amazing phase of the Nieder Hadamar incident is that the population of the town displayed no resentment. We sent officers next day to investigate. The Germans treated them with perfect courtesy; the burgomaster and other civilians even behaved apologetically. There wasn't a hostile note in the entire day's proceedings, and apparently they regarded the killing as merely an unfortunate affair incidental to military occupation, which must be expected and, therefore, ought to occasion no surprise or hard feeling.

The attitude of the German officers in control of the zone was different. They showed no hostility, but neither did they unbend in the slightest from a perfect reserve. What information the Americans needed was readily given, but the Germans went no farther to aid them.

The adjutant of the zone—a dapper young Prussian—was moved to condemn the tactics of his countrymen. Said he to Capt. D. E. Ackers: "I cannot understand the behavior of our people. They are selling stuff to your men; they welcome them over here. That is because your soldiers have so much money to spend; their pay seems like riches compared to the pay of the German soldiers. Consequently they receive them gladly. But they should not do so. The French did not act that way in the territory we occupied."

A Unanimous Sentiment

All sorts of merchandise and liquors, and even food, have been imported into the towns on the German side of the neutral strip in the hope of selling them to the Americans. One can buy eggs over there for sixty pfennigs each—about five cents—whereas they cannot be had under ninety-five cents a dozen in the American area.

We had expected rows of this description. The wonder is that they were so long delayed and have been so few in number. With nearly three hundred thousand men in enemy territory nobody ought to be surprised or made apprehensive by a few mix-ups. Military occupation is always attended by such, and even in a friendly country the presence of troops invariably provokes fights between soldiers and civilians, due to the indiscretion of individuals.

We looked for troubles of this kind to occur immediately after our arrival in the Rhineland in December, but nothing happened; we made sure there would be clashes of some kind, somewhere, in January; but that month rolled by; and so did February, and still everything was as calm as a Scotch Sabbath. It was pretty nearly as dull, too, which accounts for the boys' going A. W. O. L. into the enemy zone.

For you cannot keep men from mingling with the population among which they find themselves. Not all the orders in the world will accomplish it. Man is a gregarious animal, and it is against human nature—more especially the American brand—to remain aloof. Yet this man's army has not been permitted to mix at all with the Germans; if a soldier did, it constituted fraternizing and he was liable to punishment.

The English and French have no such regulations; or if they do they are not enforced. One can go anywhere in either area and see scores of French and English soldiers wandering contentedly about with girls on their arms. But our men must herd by themselves. It is not so hard on the officers, for they have frequent dances, with Y. M. C. A. and Red Cross women and nurses from the hospitals to remind them they are four thousand miles from home.

The need of brightening the doughboys' enforced stay in Germany is rendered acute by his homesickness. He is pining to get back to the "ol' U. S." Right now there isn't a man in the Army of Occupation who does not say "Let's go home! What're we staying over here for, anyhow—to collect the other fellow's bills? What do we care about making Russian bonds good, or taking charge of Armenia or Poland? Let's get out of here and let these people settle their own troubles. First thing we know Uncle Sam will be in way over his head. They're pulling his leg. The whole bargain's one-sided. Why should he try to daddy the whole world? The war's over. We were willing to fight as long as there was fighting to do, but nix on this police stuff. Let's go home." Many of the higher command, who have had a close-up of the European situation since our entry into the war, concur in this view.

Praise for the Army

One day in March General Pershing was reviewing a famous division, whose morale is as high as any in the A. E. F. Yet their homesickness cropped out. He was making a speech to a number of officers and men who had been decorated; meanwhile eighteen thousand men waited in the vast natural amphitheater where the review was held, with nothing to do. They could not hear the general, and they had been on the ground five hours. So presently a yell of inquiry went up from somebody in the horse transport about chow. The cry soon changed to "We want to go home!" It was swiftly taken up; it spread and spread, and grew and swelled, until the slopes were echoing to a deep-throated chorus of "We want to go home!" Even the machine-gun mules started to bray, as though in sympathy. A bugle stilled the tumult, and when General Pershing finished his speech the boys gave him a thundering cheer, for everybody in this man's army knows that the "Old Man" is just as anxious to get them home as they are to go.

Don't jump to the conclusion that incidents such as this and the few clashes in the neutral zone are symptomatic of a lack of discipline in the army, for there has never been finer discipline in any forces than obtains among the Americans. It has surprised everybody, none more so than our own officers. Europeans were persuaded that our system of government and habits of thought and personal liberty would make rigid discipline impossible; most qualified observers in the United States thought the same; instead of which, American troops submitted to a discipline as stern as the Prussian, without a murmur. That was because they had set out to win this war and were prepared to make any sacrifices to do it.

Time and again I have seen our soldiers endure preventable hardships and losses. They grumbled of course—I have yet to find any "gallant lads singing as they toiled in the mud," which was the word picture of certain English correspondents at a time when those same brave men were doggedly holding on for dear life—but it is a soldier's privilege to grumble, and he is usually doing it, no matter what the circumstances; but the boys figured that blunders and hardships and blood and sudden death were part and parcel of the job and must be endured as well as might be—so they kept going.

A British peer Lord Burnham and a brigadier general were visiting the American area not long ago in company with Maj. Gen. E. F. McGlachlin, Jr., U. S. A. They both remarked on the innumerable evidences of fine discipline they encountered—on the manner in which the men snapped to salute, on the clean towns, tidy kitchens, the neat appearance of the soldiers, the condition of their equipment, and the positively horse-show state of the transportation and animals.

"I have never seen finer," remarked the Englishman. "I have heard American officers say that they do not expect the sort of discipline required in some European armies, but from what I have seen of your troops they have a stricter discipline than any."

One of the enemy paid a similar tribute. Prince Karl, of Hohenzollern, lieutenant general and commander of the 38th Landwehr Brigade, with a record of thirty-two years in the army, declared that in all his experience he had never found soldiers better disciplined than the Americans. Here in the small towns we occupy, the boches assert that American discipline is more rigid than their own.

The Spartacans have been intermittently active in the American area, but their efforts to stir up revolt were nipped in the bud. That they could have succeeded to any extent, even if permitted a free hand, is extremely doubtful, for that species of insect propagates among the shiftless and hungry, and there are few of either class among the inhabitants of the Rhineland. The food situation is not acute in these provinces, and the reports on unemployment reveal a surprisingly favorable state of things, considering the short lapse of time since the armistice. The people are industrious and thrifty, therefore inclined to be conservative and lovers of order; Spartacan and Bolshevik ideas cannot gain much headway among them.

About a fortnight ago the G2 of the Third Army began to receive disquieting reports anent Spartacan activities. They threw out a dragnet and gathered a few suspects. One day among a gang of laborers requisitioned for road building an agent of the Intelligence Section heard a man say: "Well, we'll see whether they treat us all right. If they don't we'll give them some of the same medicine we gave Berlin." An M. P. took that boche in charge and an interrogation developed the existence of a definite plot.

Last Sunday night a wave of unrest was plainly discernible in Coblenz. Many of the Germans got pleasantly jingled, as though in preparation for a big event. Evidently a coup was planned.

The Trouble-Makers

The big event started off with the arrival of a Spartacan leader from Berlin. He arrived in the station all right, about eight o'clock, but his next stop was the brig; and with his arrest the incipient troubles flattened out. The Spartacan was frightened half to death. He was certain in his own mind that he would be stood up against a wall, as some of his fellow conspirators had been in the capital, so he sought to gain immunity by making a clean breast of it. From the lists of names he gave, the Intelligence Section was able to pick up a horde of disaffected agitators—among them being a number of German employees in the Y. M. C. A. and Red Cross places. It is next to impossible to prevent such persons from being "planted," and neither organization was guilty of carelessness. Also, the American agents made a drag of certain sections of the city of Coblenz and brought to light a quantity of machine guns and rifles and hand grenades. All weapons were supposed to be turned in to the authorities immediately after the Third Army occupied this territory.

The Spartacans also tried to hold a parade; parades are their pet weapons of agitation.

"Certainly you can hold it," they were informed by the American officer who controls civil affairs; "only I feel sorry for those in the front ranks. Our machine guns will shoot through five men."

There was no parade.

As for any danger Bolshevik and Spartacan propaganda might hold for our troops, it is held to be nonexistent. The boches publish certain newspapers whose sole purpose is the dissemination of "news" calculated to stir up trouble among the enemies of Germany. To an American of ordinary intelligence the stuff contained in these newspapers appears grotesque; much of it is silly; its aim would be apparent to a child. Consequently the authorities have not prohibited the circulation of German newspapers in our area, though the French requested that it be done. The reply given them was that they were not regarded as a menace to American morale.

Well, the days go by, and the Army of Occupation appears to be no nearer home. That they are living at the expense of the Germans is meager comfort—we hear that all the cost of occupation is being met with promptitude.

Meanwhile, the Germans with whom our men rub elbows daily seem to be reconciled to the presence of the Americans. Among the well-to-do is discernible a feeling of security and relief. These be parlous times for the old order in Europe, and last fall no man of property knew what was going to happen. With the coming of the Third Army this class and the masses of sober, solid, hard-working agriculturists and mechanics were assured of protection.

The eagerness of the boches to learn about America is almost pathetic. In the billets, where there is no one to prevent the doughboys from talking with them, they will sit by the fire and listen for hours to the soldiers telling of the glories and joys of that land of prosperity and hope and ideals. And take it from me, the picture loses nothing in the word-painting, either! The boches just sit in wondering silence, sometimes glancing at one another half doubtfully, yet with a wistful credulity. And then the contrast of their own plight strikes them, and they sigh.

A Strong Directing Force

It would be well to take with a grain of salt much of the news that comes out of Germany. Her food shortage is only comparative, and a better distribution would go far toward correcting it. You cannot travel much in this country without sensing a hand on the reins still. Somewhere there is a power that is keeping the bulk of the German people in the straight road. Despite all their surface troubles you can feel a strong directing force in the nation.

What it may be I do not pretend to say. But there have been many significant happenings. In the stream of denunciation that followed her defeat, who has yet heard a German leader denounce the Kaiser or attempt to fasten the responsibility on him? They have risen in their places to peel the hide off Hindenburg and Ludendorff and all the military caste; they have charged the former ministries with every perfidy and blunder of which humankind is capable; but in all the mass of criticism one cannot find an attack on the German Emperor. Why? Are the orators and pamphleteers afraid of a comeback that might be disastrous for them?

Instead of attacks one reads daily tributes in the German press, in the form of resolutions or memorials presented by some body or other, to the services of the House of Hohenzollern to the Empire. On the Emperor's birthday the *Reichsbote* started an address of homage to him in Berlin, which received 436,912 signatures. It was sent in thirty-seven volumes to the Kaiser in his Dutch retreat.

The retention also of several of the old ring in positions of importance and control in the central government casts a doubt on the genuineness of their republicanism. The boches are still believers in military power and might. That fact sticks out all over them. Their children are forever parading in uniform or playing at soldier; we have had processions of schoolboys in the field gray of the German soldier marching through our towns to fife and drum. The practice was stopped, but the spirit is still there.

All of which makes us believe that if the boches perceived a chance to regain their old military prestige they would rise to it as one man. You could not beat or crush this spirit out of them. That remedy has been tried repeatedly in history, and failed. The only solution is education, and it will require a couple of generations to eradicate the poison from this breed.

In the meanwhile what of their form of government? Any man who predicts in these times is on a par with a weather prophet in Texas, but it would not surprise me to wake up some fine morning to learn that the adherents of the Hohenzollerns had sprung a coup. Not until the storm has blown over; not until peace is signed and order restored of course—because the Hohenzollerns and their ilk play it safer than that; but I am firmly convinced that so long as the Kaiser is permitted the immunity he now enjoys the prospect of a return to his people constitutes a real menace.

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One single flake of Kellogg's tells you the whole story of flavor and taste. That is why we protect you against imitations by putting my signature on each package. W. K. Kellogg

"Won its favor through its flavor"

EAT just *one* of Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes and you'll discover why so many hundreds of thousands of people will have no other.

First you get the *flavor*—the distinctive, inimitable Kellogg's flavor, with a lurking sweetness and a genuine goodness that tell of quality. Then you get the *taste*—a rich, real taste that gladdens the appetite and begins to satisfy hunger.

Then you notice the *texture* of the flake—it's a *food;* it has the body that proves it has been properly and carefully prepared.

• • •

AFTER you have eaten just this *one* flake, you find yourself with a pleasant longing for more; your nerves of taste are telling you that you have just eaten something that was not only good for you, but which you honestly *enjoyed.*

You will convince yourself that Kellogg's is a complete food, without cream and sugar. That is the reason why it is so very good *with* cream and a little sugar, why it is such a favorite with fresh or canned berries and fruits. The secret of all this is the Kellogg method.

• • •

AND a part of the credit is shared by the Kellogg wax-tite package, which brings you the flakes with their oven-freshness unchanged, so that you can almost detect the tempting aroma drifting from our oven doors.

You may as well have the *choicest.* Ask your grocer for Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes, with W. K. Kellogg's signature on the package.

KELLOGG TOASTED CORN FLAKE CO.
BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN

MADE IN FRANCE

(Continued from Page 30)

conquered folk who—when they were conquerors a half century ago—did not hesitate to demand billions of francs. Her newspapers refer constantly to the indemnity, it is placarded all the time in the political posters upon her blank walls and her hoardings. And no stories of dissatisfactions in Berlin which may upset a recognized German Government and so even yet prevent the payment of such an indemnity can shake France from her dreams. But in the meantime she is quite willing—or is it that some of her wiser leaders are beginning to awake to the dire possibilities of the situation? - that the sums she pays for dyestuffs should be credited upon the indemnity account. Which in turn means that she might at least be sure of a few hundreds of thousands of francs.

And yet, time passes. The Peace Conference drags its stately and melancholy way across the stage of history. Weeks pass, months pass—and no peace is signed—and all the while the cotton mills of Lille stand idle.

So far we have seen but one side of the situation. In all fairness let us turn about and see the French side of it. It is simple. In a word or two it reduces itself to the problem of exchange—to the value of the franc. And that is a problem of intense and vital importance to the people of France. Her entire future may be bound up in it. No wonder that she is fearful of making mistakes; of taking steps that may cause her almost irreparable damage. The French have never been a particularly foolhardy people, and in this precarious problem of exchange they are taking no chances whatsoever.

France in a Franc Panic

In the days before the war the franc had a fairly fixed and even value of twenty cents in our currency, just as the mark and the shilling were worth twenty-three or twenty-four cents. In the course of the war the franc dropped in value; at one time it took five and three-quarters francs to buy an American dollar. Then when it looked as if the value of the franc was about to drop still lower the financial powers of the Allies stepped into the situation and put a peg in the value of the English pound and the French franc. With the advice and consultation of Klotz, the French Minister of Finance, it was arranged that 5.45 francs should make the dollar. And at that artificial and maintained figure it remained until the signing of the armistice and some months after. Then the peg was taken out—it was an expensive peg to the American banking interests that held it in—and the franc as well as the English pound sterling began to sink to a new low level in comparison with our dollar, which to-day has become the world's standard of money.

The English took the situation stoically. It is their way; and they knew their great financial strength—that out of their twenty billions of foreign investments less than four billions had had to be sacrificed to meet their part of the huge cost of the war.

Not so with the French. They were seized with panic. To put the matter more exactly, they were seized with a franc panic several months ago; which was the real reason for the absolute interdiction against so many of our American products, which did not go into effect until close to the beginning of the present year. Up to that time it merely had been a question of tariff—though a pretty stiff tariff at that. Still, we of America are hardly the ones to complain of the tariff walls of other lands.

"We cannot let the value of our franc drop still further," shrieked France. "There are too many of them already in alien lands. We shall have to cease buying in other countries—at least until we are in a position to help maintain the exchange by a fair outgo of exports from our own factories. Put the barriers up against all importations."

And up they went.

Apparently it was useless to call the attention of France to certain difficulties in the situation, to say nothing of some rather glaring inconsistencies. For instance, for a nation to increase its exports it must have man power to make them; and France has lost terribly of her man power. A million and a half of her men are dead—an equal number of men and women practically incapacitated through the disease which has followed in the wake of the war. She is demobilizing her army very slowly indeed. She cannot afford to do otherwise. For remember that of the great Allied nations France stands closest to the great black state of Bolshevism. Almost literally she sits upon the lip of the civilized world and knows that beyond the Rhine lies increasing anarchy, and looks at the ruins of Château-Thierry—too uncomfortably near her beloved Paris—and then decides to keep the army on the job a little while longer. Who can blame her?

Yet it does seem a little inconsistent when she tells you that she wants to export the fine Lille cotton, that she wants to set her great empty idle mills of her own Lowell at work and then refuses, even on the ground of maintaining her exchange, to admit our spinning machines, though she admits that she possesses neither a factory nor plans nor men nor capital for the production of spinning machinery. Yet how can those mills spin without the spinning machinery? And if the mills refuse to spin, how can they send out the cotton cloth which will bring in the dollars in trade to help carry France's great problem of exchange.

I give it up. So do the members of the American Loungers' Club in the big hotels. And so even does the American Chamber of Commerce over in the Rue Taitbout, though Judge Berry, its patient secretary, has made it almost his whole effort of late to keep the discouraged American business men in Paris—in hopes that the situation may yet be adjudicated.

It has been suggested that as a compromise and an amendment the French nation return to the plan that was in existence almost up to the very end of 1918—the importation of certain commodities, particularly those which France is not herself capable of producing, and under heavy impost duties. Under this plan, which sprang into effect at about the beginning of the war, the dealers in some certain single form of commodity would form a syndicate, which would maintain in New York or elsewhere here a *comptoir d'achat*, or a sort of community buying desk. This official buyer would make his purchases very much as the single buyer purchased the wheat or some other great commodity for our own Government, and would see to it not only that the market prices were adhered to, but that the stuff was promptly shipped across the Atlantic.

Syndicate Buying

Not that this plan did not have its disadvantages, and very serious ones indeed. For instance, there is in the city of Paris a local representative of an American concern which has a world-wide reputation in the manufacture of drills and other machine tools. Its Paris man was a member of the syndicate for his trade, and through it last August ordered a good-sized quantity of tools from one of the concern's factories in this country. In accordance with the plans of the syndicate he deposited with it one-quarter of the amount involved in the transaction, for he was compelled to buy of his own concern here just as if he had been a French wholesale merchant. That quarter payment came to a tidy sum; some 700,000 francs. The French representative paid it without criticism. He merely asked that the transaction be hurried through. France, still racked day by day by war, stood in desperate need of machine tools.

"It shall have expedited attention," the *comptoir d'achat* replied to him.

It did. There must have been expedited attention, after the request and the fee of two per cent of the gross amount of the transaction, which goes to the *comptoirs d'achat*. At least there must have been something, for it took from the middle of last August until the eighteenth of February last to make and complete the transaction and set the tools down in Paris. In the meantime, the French representative of our American concern had all but gone crazy.

Yet with all its faults—and this incident is only one out of many—the syndicate plan is vastly to be preferred to no entrance whatsoever for American goods; to going from one shop after another in Paris for American phonograph records, or camera films, or tooth paste, and finding that there is none in stock nor likely to be for a long time. The stupid little shopgirls back of the counters will not tell you the reason why. Perhaps they do not know it. But the real reason is nothing less than the interdiction order that the French put in effect but three or four months ago; the twentieth of January was the exact date.

It is incredible that such an order was ever permitted to go into effect. It is incredible that it has been allowed to remain in force so long a time. Even as this is being written—in Paris, in the last days of March—Herculean efforts are being made to have it removed, and the heavy impost duties—which with the de luxe taxes will give France a large income at the very time she most needs it—substituted. So far these efforts have been rewarded with no success whatsoever. Klotz, the Minister of Finance; Loucheur, the Minister of Reconstruction; and Clementel, of Commerce—together stand like a human Verdun against the removal of the order. When a Frenchman stands he stands indeed. Firmness is hardly the word by which to describe the quality.

A Banker's Comment

To Americans who demand the reason why, these men give but one answer—the necessity for maintaining the franc. Seemingly they still fail to realize that sooner or later—and far better sooner than later—the franc must stand entirely upon its own feet. Already it has begun so to stand; and probably will grow in its strength.

For France is far from poverty. True it is that she gave generously of her strength and of her wealth toward the winning of the war—according to the figures of one New York banker, sixty-eight per cent of this last as against thirty-three per cent on the part of England, and three per cent on ours. It has been an expensive business for her; and has brought her government dangerously close to bankruptcy. But not her people. Individually they are probably richer than ever before in their history. They have hardly known taxation; it was not until the war had been almost three years in progress that an income tax was placed upon the bourgeoisie. And as for the peasants, they, too, have fared well financially—save the poor folk of the devastated areas north and east of Paris. Eggs still sell in the markets of the city at twelve to fifteen cents apiece, while butter hovers round a dollar and a half a pound—which explains in some measure the seemingly outrageous restaurant charges.

"France has a hard six months right ahead of her," says a big New York banker who has been in Paris for many weeks and who has made a careful study of the entire situation. "And it can become a far harder six months if she fails to mind her steps rather carefully." And when asked what he meant by minding her steps the banker explained: "In the days before the war she generally had some six billions of francs—practically all of it paper money—in circulation. Recently she has had some thirty-three billions issued; and last week that figure was increased to thirty-six. She cannot afford to continue the course of issuing more currency—not if she wishes to retain the franc even at its present value."

"What can she do?" we ask the banker.

"Adopt a fair and adequate taxation system. England adopted such a system from the very beginning of the war, and though for a time it has borne fearfully hard upon her people, in another year she bids fair to stand upon the firmest feet financially of all the combatant nations of Europe. France must take a similar step. She has incurred a war debt of about 175,000,000,000 francs—I honestly feel that two hundred billions would be a more accurate figure. At five per cent her interest charges on this vast sum alone will come to some ten billions a year; or slightly in excess of the before-the-war cost of running her entire government. But it has been some time since she has fairly met even her annual budget cost. Estimated at about nine billion francs, she laid out a scheme of taxes—chiefly indirect—to meet them. But she has failed in recent years in her collections to meet her annual outgo, by anywhere from one to two billions.

"Now she must not only fully equal her ordinary budget but double it. Printing francs by the millions and by the billions will do her no good. Neither, in the face of a growing Bolshevism in Europe, will increased indirect taxation—which always bears upon the poor rather than upon the rich—be of avail. Her tax must be direct—beyond question the income tax is the best—and it must be in line with the hard income taxes which the United States and England have imposed upon themselves. She must go to the fat strong boxes of the people. Then she will be again in a strong position financially; as strong as she is morally and politically. Remember that: She is a rich nation inherently, as well as a nation which by the return of Alsace-Lorraine has acquired a treasure box without an equal in Europe. For in those two historic provinces rest seventy per cent of the iron of the European Continent. With such iron France in this age of steel can dominate her continent commercially. And it becomes a grave question whether German efficiency and German commercial ability can counteract to that nation the loss of the great wealth upon her western boundary.

"So I say that France must face the issue and face it squarely. And so she will find that the franc does not need pegging or any other form of artificial support. She will find that she can admit American-made goods quickly and freely—and without the slightest fear of the effect upon her exchange. And so, though she feels that because of her critical financial position to-day she is right in her interdiction of them at this time, she will yet come to know that her precaution was builded upon a false foundation, and will have to come to the solid financial basis upon which to build her security and her strength for a century to come."

Unfortunate Episodes

The opinion of this banker is echoed by many other American business men who pride themselves upon their real friendship for France. It is not entirely a friendship merely in sentiment, at that. The owner of a great machine-building industry went to Paris soon after the armistice and offered to sell her factory owners his product at forty per cent profit, despite that in South America he could have oversold his output for the next five years for more than twice the profit. He preferred to do business in France; but she would not let him. A New York banking house floated a huge loan for her in the days before we entered the war, charged a fat fee for the job, for it looked as if it were to be an almost impossible one; but when it found that it could be done within a matter of three or four months returned its check for $500,000 to the French Government, with its compliments. Yet a little later, when it became involved in other transactions, it almost came to a split or a lawsuit with the French Minister of Finance over a matter of some $35,000, a difference of opinion which he refused to arbitrate.

These things are more than embarrassing, they are unfortunate It would hardly be fair to say that the problem of the interdiction of American-made products was merely embarrassing or unfortunate. Like that of the bad impression of the French people that our doughboys have been permitted to accumulate and take home, it has elements of possible danger.

The majority of the French people themselves apparently have little sympathy with this radical policy. They openly deplore it and do not hesitate to criticize their officials for having put it into effect. Some of them already are attempting its repeal; so far with most indifferent success. Though everyone agrees that the policy will be broken down, no one is willing to hazard the time for the breaking-down process. It is the government, and the government moves so slowly. Perhaps the interdiction order will be off in a month, two months, three months. Some men are saying that it will be removed after the signing of the peace. But the government says nothing.

Yet assuredly it will disappear—for many American-made commodities at least—and particularly those that do not seriously interfere or compete with the French-made, such as automobiles, for instance. Stupid governmental policies invariably commit hari-kari sooner or later. And France needs our materials at once. Her reconstruction lags fearfully. Take Rheims: In that battered city of 125,000 people little

(Concluded on Page 123)

STORAGE
BATTERY
Willard
ERVICE STATION

Willard STORAGE BATTERY

Willard Threaded Rubber Insulation

Satisfaction

The boss often says to me, "You can't control the way a man feels when he drives *into* this place—he may be paying a friendly call to get information, he may be towed in because of battery trouble, he may be happy, or angry, or half-way between.

"But one thing you can *always* do, send him away satisfied."

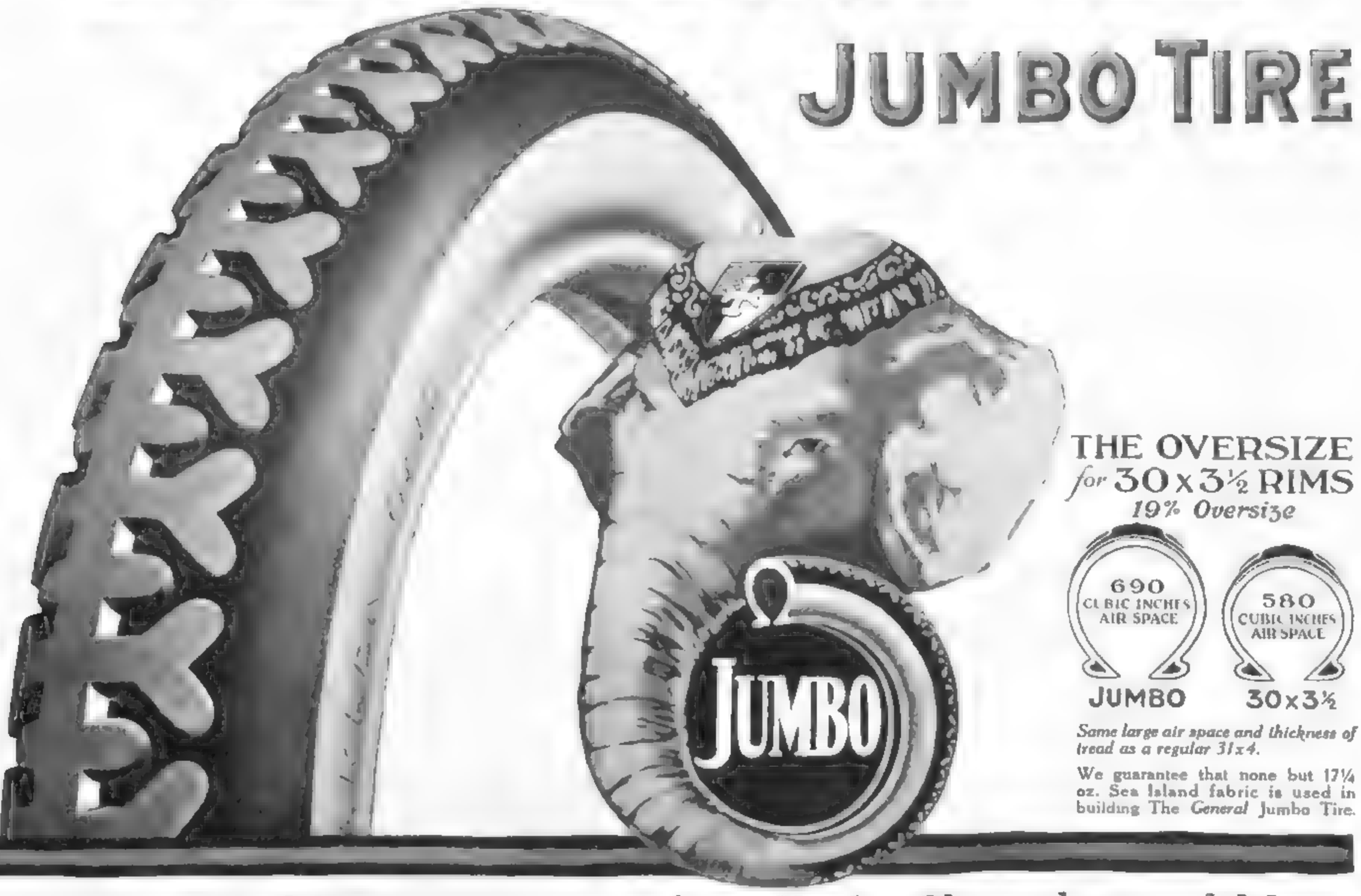
And that's my job. When the job's done it will be done *right*. If you want advice, if you want service, if you want repairs, if you need a new battery, *come to battery service headquarters.*

No one can have *your* interest more at heart than the company who first organized trained battery service, whose batteries are installed by the great majority of American car builders, and who developed the Bone Dry Willard with Threaded Rubber Insulation.

Willard Service

THE GENERAL

JUMBO TIRE



THE OVERSIZE
for 30x3½ RIMS
19% Oversize

Same large air space and thickness of tread as a regular 31x4.

We guarantee that none but 17¼ oz. Sea Island fabric is used in building The *General* Jumbo Tire.

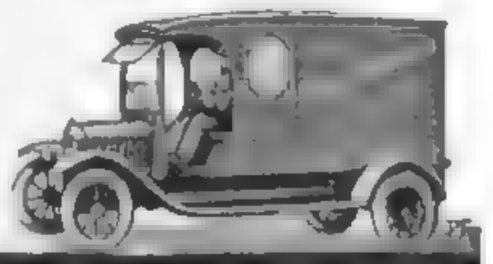
Pleasure cars and business cars, such as Fords, Chevrolets and Maxwells, which regularly have 30x3½ tires, are *better* cars when they run on Jumbo Tires. The Jumbo, because of its great oversize, rides *over* tracks and ruts—not *in* them. There is no wrench or strain. With its larger air chamber the Jumbo cushions the way on rough roads or cobblestones. The car and its load ride easy on the Jumbo Tire, which saves the tire itself from the jarring and pounding that a car ordinarily throws back on small tires at every "bump."

This shock-absorbing tire makes comfort for passengers and protects the mechanism of the car—and, above all, uninterrupted and better—*longer*—tire service. 7500 miles guaranteed. The Jumbo costs but $4.65 more than the average 30x3½ tire.

Built in Akron, Ohio, by

The General Tire and Rubber Company

The fastest-growing line in the fastest-growing industry



(Concluded from Page 119)

or nothing has been done toward rebuilding, yet here it is four or five months since the armistice was signed and Rheims was reasonably assured against a renewal of the steel showers upon her defenseless head. Her citizens gather and seemingly accomplish little. They still are in shell shock, from the fearful experience through which they have just passed.

In France we still have a vast potential market, if we will take the situation quietly and let it work to its logical conclusion. The present state of affairs cannot continue indefinitely. Already there are signs of a change. And if the government does not change its policy there will be a change of government. You can trust the French people for that.

For when all is said and done we can have no quarrel with the French people, no matter how stupidly their government at times may act. I confess myself to a deep admiration and affection for her—an admiration and an affection which I believe are shared by most Americans. And no one can see her at the present time without having the deepest sympathy for her as well. She is an ancient nation which has passed through a terrible ordeal. For remember all the while that France remains in a dazed shell shock from the thousands of bitter experiences that accompanied her ordeal, and therefore should not be held too sharply for her mistakes—financial or commercial—at this time. She should rather be encouraged and aided. She has fought a great fight and fought it well. To-day the *Croix de Guerre* walks the streets of Paris. It minds the elevators in our hotel and drives the carthorses that go slowly plodding past. It stands at the lathe and serves in the office and once again tills the fields. And when you go out from Paris you will see Rheims or St.-Quentin or Verdun or Arras, and know and understand how France went through her Calvary.

Yet much as I admire France I must confess to a far deeper admiration for America. And it is because of my affection for the land of my birth that I want at all times to see her in her right light, as well as in her full strength, before the critical eyes of these nations of Europe. We are young and they are old. We are coming into the fullness of our strength and they may be passing by theirs. We have much to learn and much to do, much assistance even yet to render. For the hour of our obligation did not pass with the signing of the merely military measure of the armistice.

We have not forfeited our rights. We should not forfeit them. It is not necessary to forfeit them. Our goods should enter France and we should insist upon that right. And if we give the proper insistence the right will be granted. Of that I am sure. This is no hour for quarrels or even for misunderstandings. The world still seethes in conflict. The man who would attempt to predict just what is coming to pass a year or even six or three months hence is a foolhardy fellow indeed.

Yet below and back of the seethings of the selfish nations that have gathered in Paris in these history-making months of 1919 there still stands an ancient friendship between two of them—the two great republics of the world. And it is this ancient friendship—hard-riveted in two vital wars for the preservation of the liberty of the world—that will, I am quite sure, iron out the present temporary commercial difficulties that have risen between our French cousins and ourselves; that will bring them to a realization and a correction of the present embarrassing situation, and so make the ancient friendship even stronger.

A DAMSEL IN DISTRESS

(Continued from Page 24)

A murmur of admiration greeted the recital of the ready tact of this eighteenth-century Steve Brodie.

"There," said Billie enthusiastically, "that's exactly what I mean about this country. It's just a mass of Leonard's Leaps and things. I'd like to settle down in this sort of place and spend the rest of my life milking cows and taking forkfuls of soup to the deserving villagers."

"We will now," said Keggs, herding the mob with a gesture, "proceed to the amber drawing-room, containing some Gobelin tapestries 'ighly spoken of by connoozers."

The obedient mob began to drift out in his wake.

"What do you say, George," asked Billie in an undertone, "if we side-step the amber drawing-room? I'm wild to get into that garden. There's a man working among those roses. Maybe he would show us round."

George followed her pointing finger. Just below them a sturdy, brown-faced man in corduroys was pausing to light a stubby pipe.

"Just as you like."

They made their way down the great staircase. The voice of Keggs, saying complimentary things about the Gobelin tapestry, came to their ears like the roll of distant drums. They wandered out toward the rose garden. The man in corduroys had lit his pipe and was bending once more to his task.

"Well, dadda," said Billie amiably, "how are the crops?"

The man straightened himself. He was a nice-looking man of middle age, with the kind eyes of a friendly dog. He smiled genially and started to put his pipe away.

Billie stopped him.

"Don't stop smoking on my account," she said. "I like it. Well, you've got the right sort of a job, haven't you! If I were a man, there's nothing I'd like better than to put in my eight hours in a rose garden." She looked about her. "And this," she said with approval, "is just what a rose garden ought to be."

"Are you fond of roses, missy?"

"You bet I am! You must have every kind here that was ever invented. All the fifty-seven varieties."

"There are nearly three thousand varieties," said the man in corduroys tolerantly.

"I was speaking colloquially, dadda. You can't teach me anything about roses. I'm the guy that invented them. Got any Ayrshires?"

The man in corduroys seemed to have come to the conclusion that Billie was the only thing on earth that mattered. This revelation of a kindred spirit had captured him completely. George was merely among those present.

"Those—them—over there are Ayrshires, missy."

"We don't get Ayrshires in America—at least, I never ran across them. I suppose they do have them."

"You want the right soil."

"Clay and lots of rain."

"You're right."

There was an earnest expression on Billie Dore's face that George had never seen there before.

"Say, listen, dadda, in this matter of rose beetles, what would you do if ——"

George moved away. The conversation was becoming too technical for him, and he had an idea that he would not be missed. There had come to him, moreover, in a flash one of those sudden inspirations which great generals get. He had visited the castle this afternoon without any settled plan other than a vague hope that he might somehow see Maud. He now perceived that there was no chance of doing this. Evidently on Thursdays the family went to earth and remained hidden until the sightseers had gone. But there was another avenue of communication open to him.

This gardener seemed an exceptionally intelligent man. He could be trusted to deliver a note to Maud.

In his late rambles about Belpher Castle in the company of Keggs and his followers George had been privileged to inspect the library. It was an easily accessible room, opening off the main hall. He left Billie and her new friend deep in a discussion of slugs and plant lice, and walked quickly back to the house. The library was unoccupied.

George was a thorough young man. He believed in leaving nothing to chance. The gardener had seemed a trustworthy soul, but you never knew. It was possible that he drank. He might forget or lose the precious note. So, with a wary eye on the door, George hastily scribbled it in duplicate.

This took him but a few minutes. He went out into the garden again, to find Billie Dore on the point of stepping into a blue automobile.

"Oh, there you are, George. I wondered where you had got to. Say, I made quite a hit with dadda. I've given him my address, and he's promised to send me a whole lot of roses. By the way, shake hands with Mr. Forsyth. This is George Bevan, Freddie, who wrote the music of our show."

The solemn youth at the wheel extended a hand.

"Topping show! Topping music! Topping all round!"

"Well, good-by, George. See you soon, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes. Give my love to everybody."

"All right. Let her rip, Freddie. Good-by."

"Good-by."

The blue car gathered speed and vanished down the drive. George returned to the man in corduroys, who had bent himself double in pursuit of a slug.

"Just a minute," said George hurriedly. He pulled out the first of the notes. "Give this to Lady Maud the first chance you get. It's important. Here's a sovereign for your trouble."

He hastened away. He noticed that gratification had turned the other nearly purple in the face, and was anxious to leave him.

He was a modest young man, and effusive thanks always embarrassed him.

There now remained the disposal of the duplicate note. It was hardly worth while, perhaps, taking such a precaution, but George knew that victories are won by those who take no chances. He had wandered perhaps a hundred yards from the rose garden, when he encountered a small boy in the many-buttoned uniform of a page. The boy had appeared from behind a big cedar, where, as a matter of fact, he had been smoking a stolen cigarette.

"Do you want to earn half a crown?" asked George. The market value of messengers had slumped.

The stripling held his hand out.

"Give this note to Lady Maud."

"Right ho!"

"See that it reaches her at once."

George walked off with the consciousness of a good day's work done. Albert the page, having bitten his half crown, placed it in his pocket. Then he hurried away, a look of excitement and gratification in his deep-blue eyes.

IX

WHILE George and Billie Dore wandered to the rose garden to interview the man in corduroys, Maud had been seated not a hundred yards away, in a very special haunt of her own, a cracked stucco temple set up in the days of the regency on the shores of a little lily-covered pond. She was reading poetry to Albert the page.

Albert the page was a recent addition to Maud's inner circle. She had interested herself in him some two months back in much the same spirit as the prisoner in his dungeon cell tames and pets the conventional mouse. To educate Albert, to raise him above his groove in life and develop his soul, appealed to her romantic nature as a worthy task and as a good way of filling in the time. It is an exceedingly moot point, and one which his associates of the Servants' Hall would have combated hotly, whether Albert possessed a soul. The most one can say for certain is that he looked as if he possessed one. To one who saw his deep-blue eyes and their sweet, pensive expression as they searched the middle distance he seemed like a young angel. How was the watcher to know that the thought behind that far-off gaze was simply a speculation as to whether the bird on the cedar tree was or was not within range of his catapult?

Certainly Maud had no such suspicion. She worked hopefully day by day to rouse Albert to an appreciation of the nobler things of life.

Not but what it was tough going. Even she admitted that. Albert's soul did not soar readily. It refused to leap from the earth. His reception of the poem she was reading could scarcely have been called encouraging. Maud finished it in a hushed voice, and looked pensively across the dappled water of the pool. A gentle breeze stirred the water lilies so that they seemed to sigh.

"Isn't that beautiful, Albert?" she said.

Albert's blue eyes lit up. His lips parted eagerly.

"That's the first hornet I seen this year," he said, pointing.

Maud felt a little damped.

"Haven't you been listening, Albert?"

"Oh, yes, m'lady. Ain't he a wopper too?"

"Never mind the hornet, Albert."

"Very good, m'lady."

"I wish you wouldn't say 'Very good, m'lady.' It's like—like ——" She paused. She had been about to say that it was like a butler, but, she reflected regretfully, it was probably Albert's dearest ambition to be like a butler. "It doesn't sound right. Just say 'Yes.'"

"Yes, m'lady."

(Continued on Page 127)

THE INSTRUMENT OF QUALITY

SONORA

CLEAR AS A BELL

The Highest Class Talking Machine in the World

Supreme in Tone

Invincible

Grand

THE Sonora is wonderfully beautiful, a joy to listen to, with a tone sweet, true, clear, and incomparably lovely. The Sonora is the leader in the phonograph world and has won its supremacy because of its matchless tonal value.

At the Panama-Pacific Exposition "the only jury which heard and tested all of the phonographs exhibited, recommended that the Sonora be given a marking for tone quality *higher* than that given to any other phonograph or talking machine."

Plays all records—The Sonora is made to use steel, diamond and sapphire needles and plays all makes of disc records perfectly without extra attachments.

Superb "bulge" design—Only in the Sonora can you obtain the handsome "bulge" curved design lines (which are made by a patented process). These graceful lines are found only in the finest examples of woodworkers' art.

Long-running motor—The splendid design and construction of the Sonora motor is of great importance and the Sonora is famous for this extra-long-running, silent, powerful, vital mechanism.

Tone-modulator—To suit the size of the room, the tone of the Sonora is regulated at the sound source, the correct place, and only the volume and not the quality of the tone is altered.

All wooden sound amplifier—Scientifically constructed and prepared under special processes, this is mainly responsible for the wonderful Sonora tone.

Motor meter—The Sonora is the only instrument equipped with a motor-meter which tells how many more records can be played before rewinding is necessary. (Invincible and Supreme.)

These are but a few of the many important features of the Sonora—others are: the convenient filing system, the automatic stop, the improved sound box, the all wooden tone passage, etc.

Superb upright and period designs are available at prices from $50 to $1000. Write for general catalog A or art model catalog AA, which will be sent free on request.

Chippendale

Gothic

Louis XV

CLEAR AS A BELL

SONORA

SEMI-PERMANENT SILVERED

PHONOGRAPH NEEDLES

Replace steel needles and preserve records

THE Sonora Semi-Permanent Silvered Needles are entirely different in construction from the ordinary steel needles and their extraordinary merit will be evident to you as soon as you try them.

These new needles are so remarkably superior that you will be enthusiastic about them and you will decide to use them exclusively.

The special features of these needles which will appeal to you particularly are:

1—Convenience—They save constant needle changing.

2—Greater economy—They play 50 to 100 times and give a maximum of service and satisfaction.

3—Increasing life of records—The record-engaging point does not enlarge as it wears (having the same diameter throughout and not being tapered) and always fits the record groove perfectly, as will be clearly perceived from a study of the photomicrographs at the bottom of this page.

4—Improved tone—The Sonora Semi-Permanent Silvered Needles mellow the tone and eliminate harshness.

5—Designed for all steel needle records—Remember that these needles are for use on ALL MAKES of steel needle records.

Three Degrees: Loud—Medium—Soft
30c per card of 5 40c in Canada

Sonora Phonograph Sales Company, Inc.

GEORGE E. BRIGHTSON, *President*

279 Broadway, Dept. A, New York

TORONTO: Ryrie Building

DEALERS EVERYWHERE

CAUTION! Beware of similarly constructed needles of inferior quality

Study the photomicrographs illustrated below

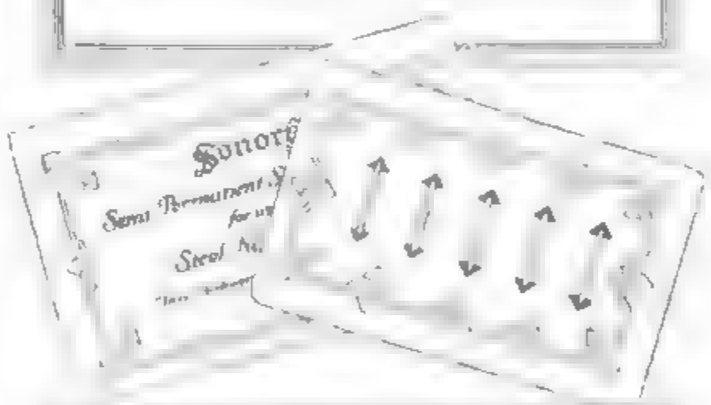
A—New ordinary steel needle.

B—Ordinary steel needle after playing one record. Note worn, enlarged point.

C—New Sonora Semi-Permanent Silvered Needle.

D—Sonora Needle after playing one record. Practically no wear.

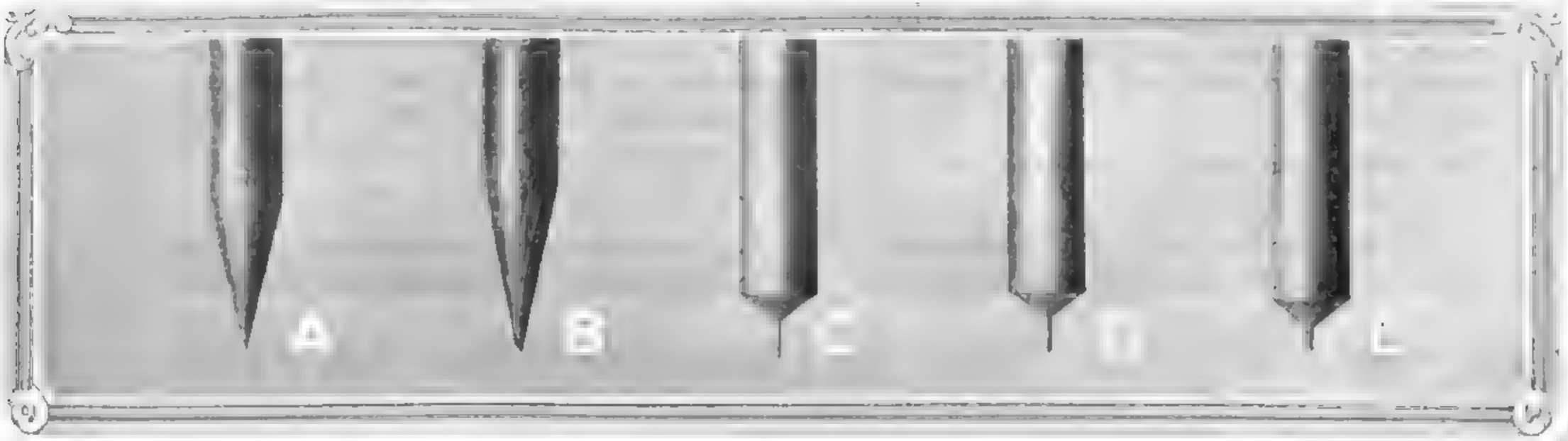
E—Sonora Needle after playing over 50 records. Needle is shortened, but is still in perfect playing condition.



FREE

To demonstrate the excellence of the Sonora Semi-Permanent Silvered Phonograph Needles, we are glad to send a sample to you *free*.

Write for yours today.



JORDAN

You cannot afford to carry extra weight

THE extremely light car of short wheelbase vibrates up and down.

The extremely heavy car, whose wheelbase also is short considering its weight, cannot escape the wear and tear of side sway.

You cannot afford to carry extra weight. Yet who would sacrifice it at the cost of jerky up and down vibration?

The Jordan Silhouette has banished both difficulties forever.

It is the lightest car on the road for its wheelbase.

Yet it possesses that peculiar *balance* which cannot be attained in cars weighing twelve to fifteen hundred pounds more—nor in extremely light, short cars.

Its whole tendency is toward forward movement.

It is a new kind of a car. And heralding the new, it has naturally marked the passing of the old.

Picture the perfectly balanced chassis of finished mechanical excellence equipped with this new custom style all-aluminum body.

Picture the new European wide-opening doors —the rectangular mouldings—the smart French angle at the dash—the cocky seat cowl—the perfectly straight flat top edge—the distinctly different fenders—the tall hood with twenty-nine louvers—the slanting sport-type wind shield—the gun metal instrument board—the artistic hardware—the floor rugs of velvet texture—the tailored top—the cordovan leather boot and saddle bag built into the tonneau.

Imagine stepping into this car—sinking down at a perfect comfort angle with knees not too high, wheel and pedals just where you want them, arm rests just right—and slipping away—with no bouncing—no jouncing—no side sway.

Such is the new Jordan Silhouette.

Built in both four and seven passenger. Optional colors Egyptian Bronze and Burgundy Old Wine.

JORDAN MOTOR CAR COMPANY, *CLEVELAND, OHIO*

(Continued from Page 123)

Maud was not enthusiastic about the "M'lady," but she let it go. After all, she had not quite settled in her own mind what exactly she wished Albert's attitude toward herself to be. Broadly speaking, she wanted him to be as like as he could to a medieval page, one of those silk-and-satined little treasures she had read about in the Ingoldsby Legends. And, of course, they presumably said "my lady." And yet she felt, not for the first time, that it is not easy to revive the Middle Ages in these curious days. Pages, like other things, seem to have changed since then.

"That poem was written by a very clever man who married one of my ancestresses. He ran away with her from this very castle in the seventeenth century."

"Lor'!" said Albert as a concession, but he was still interested in the hornet.

"He was far below her in the eyes of the world, but she knew what a wonderful man he was, so she didn't mind what people said about her marrying beneath her."

"Like Susan when she married the pleeceman."

"Who was Susan?"

"Red-'eaded gel that used to be cook 'ere. Mr. Keggs says to 'er, 'e says: 'You're marryin' beneath you, Susan,' 'e says. I 'eard 'im. I was listenin' at the door. And she says to 'im, she says, 'Oh, go and boil your fat 'ead!' she says."

This translation of a favorite romance into terms of the servants' hall chilled Maud like a cold shower. She recoiled from it.

"Wouldn't you like to get a good education, Albert," she said perseveringly, "and become a great poet and write wonderful poems?"

Albert considered the point and shook his head.

"No, m'lady."

It was discouraging. But Maud was a girl of pluck. You cannot leap into strange cabs in Piccadilly unless you have pluck. She picked up another book from the stone seat.

"Read me some of this," she said, "and then tell me if it doesn't make you feel you want to do big things."

Albert took the book cautiously. He was getting a little fed up with all this sort of thing. True, her ladyship gave him chocolates to eat during these sessions, but for all that it was too much like school for his taste. He regarded the open page with disfavor.

"Go on," said Maud, closing her eyes. "It is very beautiful."

Albert began. He had a husky voice, due, it is to be feared, to precocious cigarette smoking; and his enunciation was not as good as it might have been:

"Wiv bleckest morss the flowerports
Was I mean were—
thickly crusted, one and orl;
Ther rusted niles fell from the knorls
That 'eld the pear to ther garden worll.
Ther broken sheds looked sed and stringe;
Unlifted was the clinking latch;
Weeded and worn the ancient thatch
Er-pon ther lownely moated gringe,
She ownly said 'Me life is dreary,
'E cometh nort,' she said."

Albert rather liked this part. He was never happy in narrative unless it could be sprinkled with a plentiful supply of "He said's" and "She said's." He finished with some gusto:

"She said 'I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I was dead!'"

Maud had listened to this rendition of one of her most adored poems with much the same feeling which a composer with an oversensitive ear would suffer on hearing his pet opus assassinated by a schoolgirl. Albert, who was a willing lad and prepared, if such should be her desire, to plow his way through the entire seven stanzas, began the second verse, but Maud gently took the book away from him. Enough was sufficient.

"Now, wouldn't you like to be able to write a wonderful thing like that, Albert?"

"Not me, m'lady."

"You wouldn't like to be a poet when you grow up?"

Albert shook his golden head.

"I want to be a butcher when I grow up, m'lady."

Maud uttered a little cry.

"A butcher?"

"Yus, m'lady. Butchers earn good money," he said, a light of enthusiasm in his blue eyes, for he was now on his favorite subject. "You've got to 'ave meat, yer see, m'lady. It ain't like poetry, m'lady, which no one wants."

"But, Albert," cried Maud faintly. "Killing poor animals! Surely you wouldn't like that?"

Albert's eyes glowed softly, as might an acolyte's at the sight of the censer.

"Mr. Widgeon down at the 'ome farm," he murmured reverently, "he says, if I'm a good boy, 'e'll let me watch 'im kill a pig Toosday."

He gazed out over the water lilies, his thoughts far away. Maud shuddered. She wondered if medieval pages were ever quite as earthy as this.

"Perhaps you had better go now, Albert. They may be needing you in the house."

"Very good, m'lady."

Albert rose, not unwilling to call it a day. He was conscious of the need for a quiet cigarette. He was fond of Maud, but a man can't spend all his time with the women.

"Pigs squeal like billy-o, m'lady!" he observed, by way of adding a parting treasure to Maud's stock of general knowledge. "Oo! 'Ear 'em a mile orf, you can!"

Maud remained where she was, thinking, a wistful figure. Tennyson's Mariana always made her wistful, even when rendered by Albert. In the occasional moods of sentimental depression which came to vary her normal cheerfulness, it seemed to her that the poem might have been written with a prophetic eye to her special case, so nearly did it crystallize in magic words her own story.

With blackest moss the flowerpots
Were thickly crusted, one and all.

Well, no, not that particular part, perhaps. If he had found so much as one flowerpot of his even thinly crusted with any foreign substance, Lord Marshmoreton would have gone through the place like an east wind, dismissing gardeners and undergardeners with every breath. But

She only said, "My life is dreary,
He cometh not," she said;
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!"

How exactly, at those moments when she was not out on the links picking them off the turf with a mid-iron or engaged in one of those other healthful sports which tend to take the mind off its troubles, those words summed up her case.

Why didn't Geoffrey come? Or at least write? She could not write to him. Letters from the castle left only by way of the castle post bag, which Rogers, the chauffeur, took down to the village every evening. Impossible to intrust the kind of letter she wished to write to any mode of delivery so public, especially now, when her movements were watched. To open and read another's letters is a low and dastardly act, but she believed that Lady Caroline would do it like a shot. She longed to pour out her heart to Geoffrey in a long, intimate letter, but she did not dare to take the risk of writing for a wider public. Things were bad enough as it was, after that disastrous sortie to London.

At this point a soothing vision came to her, the vision of George Bevan knocking off her brother Percy's hat. It was the only pleasant thing that had happened almost as far back as she could remember. And then for the first time her mind condescended to dwell for a moment on the author of that act, George Bevan, the friend in need, whom she had met only the day before in the lane. What was George doing at Belpher? His presence there was significant and his words more so. He had stated explicitly that he wished to help her.

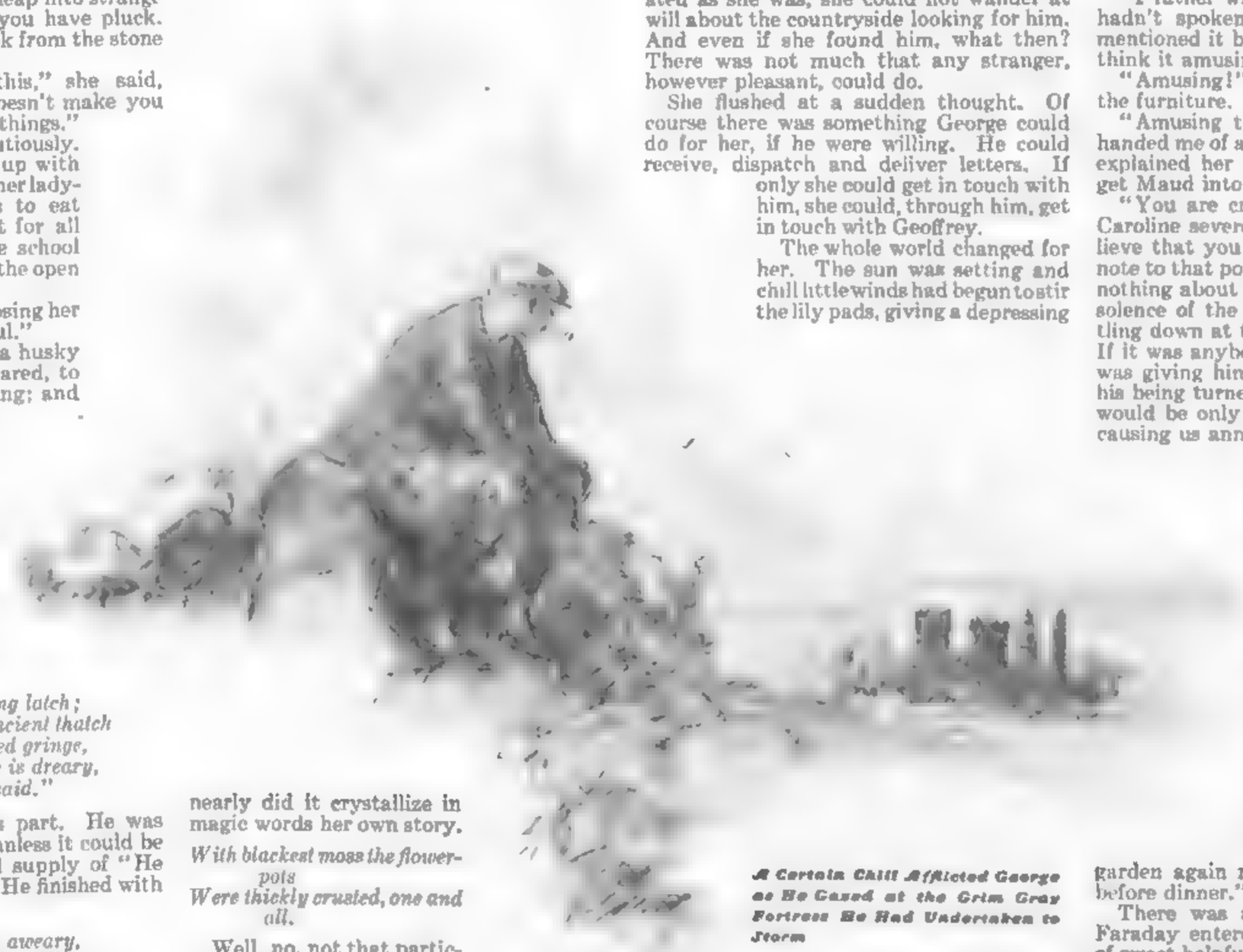
She found herself oppressed by the irony of things. A knight had come to the rescue, but the wrong knight. Why could it not have been Geoffrey who waited in ambush outside the castle, and not a pleasant but negligible stranger? Whether, deep down in her consciousness, she was aware of a fleeting sense of disappointment in Geoffrey, a swiftly passing thought that he had failed her, she could hardly have said, so quickly did she crush it down.

She pondered on the arrival of George. What was the use of his being somewhere in the neighborhood if she had no means of knowing where she could find him? Situated as she was, she could not wander at will about the countryside looking for him. And even if she found him, what then? There was not much that any stranger, however pleasant, could do.

She flushed at a sudden thought. Of course there was something George could do for her, if he were willing. He could receive, dispatch and deliver letters. If only she could get in touch with him, she could, through him, get in touch with Geoffrey.

The whole world changed for her. The sun was setting and chill little winds had begun to stir the lily pads, giving a depressing air to the scene; but to Maud it seemed as if all nature smiled. With the egotism of love, she did not perceive that what she proposed to ask George to do was practically to fulfill the humble rôle of the hollow tree in which lovers dump letters to be extracted later; she did not consider George's feelings at all. He had offered to help her, and this was his job. The world is full of Georges whose task it is to hang about in the background and make themselves unobtrusively useful.

She had reached this conclusion when Albert, who had taken a short cut the more rapidly to accomplish his errand, burst upon her dramatically from the heart of a rhododendron thicket.



A Certain Chill Afflicted George as He Gazed at the Grim Gray Fortress He Had Undertaken to Storm

"M'lady! Gentleman give me this to give yer!"

Maud read the note. It was brief and to the point:

"I am staying near the castle at a cottage they call 'the one down by Platt's.' It is a rather new, red-brick place. You can easily find it. I shall be waiting there if you want me."

It was signed "The Man in the Cab."

"Do you know a cottage called 'The one down by Platt's,' Albert?" asked Maud.

"Yes, m'lady; it's down by Platt's farm. I see a chicken killed there Wednesday week. Do you know, m'lady, after a chicken's 'ead is cut orf it goes running licketty-split ——"

Maud shivered slightly. Albert's fresh young enthusiasms frequently jarred upon her.

"I find a friend of mine is staying there. I want you to take a note to him from me."

"Very good, m'lady."

"And, Albert"

"Yes, m'lady?"

"Perhaps it would be as well if you said nothing about this matter to any of your friends."

In Lord Marshmoreton's study a council of three was sitting in debate. The subject under discussion was that other note which George had written and so ill-advisedly intrusted to one whom he had taken for a guileless gardener. The council consisted of Lord Marshmoreton, looking rather shamefaced; his son Percy, looking swollen and serious; and Lady Caroline Byng, looking like a tragedy queen.

"This," Lord Belpher was saying in a determined voice, "settles it. From now on Maud must not be allowed out of our sight"

Lord Marshmoreton spoke.

"I rather wish," he said regretfully, "I hadn't spoken about the note. I only mentioned it because I thought you might think it amusing."

"Amusing!" Lady Caroline's voice shook the furniture.

"Amusing that the fellow should have handed me of all people a letter for Maud," explained her brother. "I don't want to get Maud into trouble."

"You are criminally weak," said Lady Caroline severely. "I really honestly believe that you were capable of giving the note to that poor misguided girl and saying nothing about it." She flushed. "The insolence of the man, coming here and settling down at the very gates of the castle! If it was anybody but that man Platt who was giving him shelter I should insist on his being turned out. But that man Platt would be only too glad to know that he is causing us annoyance."

"Quite!" said Lord Belpher.

"You must go to this man as soon as possible," continued Lady Caroline, fixing her brother with a commanding stare, "and do your best to make him see how abominable his behavior is."

"Oh, I couldn't!" pleaded the earl. "I don't know the fellow. He'd throw me out."

"Nonsense. Go at the very earliest opportunity."

"Oh, all right, all right, all right. Well, I think I'll be slipping out to the rose garden again now. There's a clear hour before dinner."

There was a tap at the door. Alice Faraday entered, bearing papers, a smile of sweet helpfulness on her pretty face.

"I hoped I should find you here, Lord Marshmoreton. You promised to go over these notes with me, the ones about the Essex branch ——"

The hunted peer looked as if he were about to dive through the window.

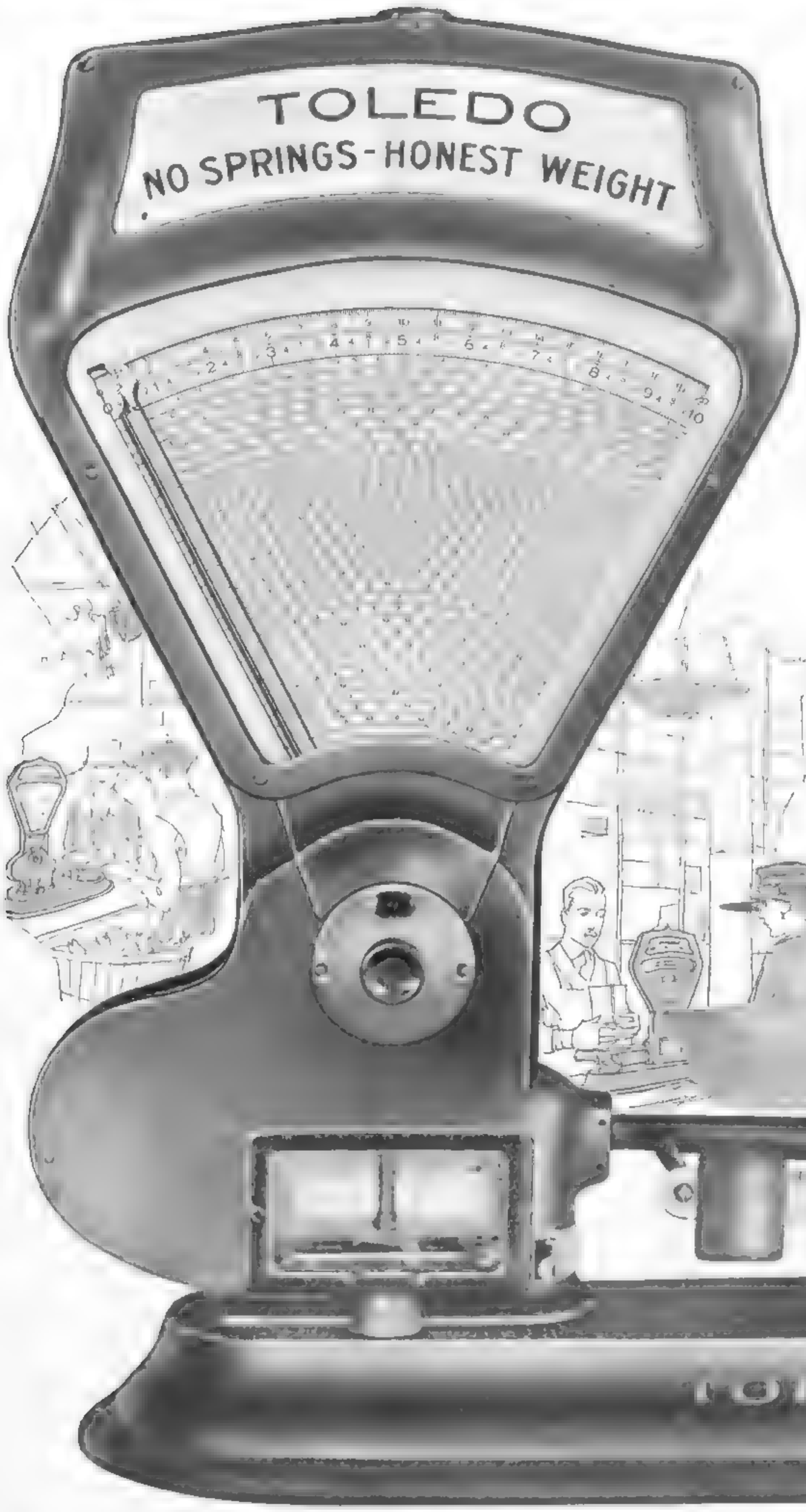
"Some other time, some other time. I—I have important matters ——"

"Oh, if you're busy!"

"Of course Lord Marshmoreton will be delighted to work on your notes, Miss Faraday," said Lady Caroline crisply. "Take this chair. We are just going."

Lord Marshmoreton gave one wistful glance through the open window. Then he sat down with a sigh and felt for his reading glasses.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



Toledo —NO SPRINGS

THE Toledo Scale Company's amazing growth to a position of world dominance in the automatic scale industry is the record of a winning fight for the policy of honesty and integrity.

The foundation of Toledo leadership was the slogan—"No Springs—Honest Weight." The battle to make this a universally respected symbol for square dealing was won long ago. Yet these familiar words still stand on Toledo scales the world over, a source of satisfaction to the dealer and of confidence on the part of his customer.

Toledo scales are built on the now universally accepted pendulum principle. They contain no springs, therefore they weigh with the same accuracy and trustworthiness after years of service under all conditions of climate or temperature.

A most important feature of Toledo unchallenged accuracy is the truthful, automatically illuminated Toledo dial with its clean cut figures showing weight to the fraction of an ounce and value to the fraction of a cent. There can be no disputes with such a system; only the fullest confidence.

Toledo Scale Company

Largest Automatic Scale

Canadian Factory:

TOLEDO

Scales
HONEST WEIGHT

Under Toledo championship of honesty and accuracy and with victory in the fight for honorable dealing, there came a new relationship of cordial understanding between the merchant and his trade.

The dealer knew that his weights and charges were beyond question. The buyer came to look upon the Toledo Scale as a guarantee of fairness throughout the store.

With such enthusiastic support it was inevitable that Toledo Scales should become the standard weighing instruments of the world with an unblemished reputation and an international popularity.

The tremendous growth of the business has made necessary the establishment of branch offices and service stations in sixty-nine cities of the United States and in thirty-four foreign countries.

Toledo Scales are made in more than one hundred styles and sizes, to weigh anything from an ounce of spice to thirty tons of steel; for Retailers, Wholesalers and Manufacturers. Let us tell you how Toledo Scales will solve your weighing problems.

Toledo, Ohio, U. S. A.

Manufacturers in the World

Windsor, Ontario

SCALES

SOME THINGS H. HOOVER OVERLOOKED

(Concluded from Page 11)

adolescent pike-perch with a Southern accent; the mackerel, the salmon, the herring, the sea bass—any one of these travels on his own merits, needing not the vain and misplaced decorative accessory to find for him favor in the eyes or on the palate of the epicure who knows what's what.

Why not halve the concomitant lemon with one stroke of the knife, then quarter it with another? To spend time and waste rind in carving fretwork patterns upon its severed segments is a piece of pantry foolishness equaled only by the jabbing into lobster cutlets of toothpicks fletched with pink tissue rosettes. I frequently have seen a chicken croquette likewise maltreated.

Summerhouses present another phase of nonutilitarian extravagance which the writer would abolish forthwith did he but have the ordering of domestic affairs in his hands. Since Americans first began building country homes more pretentious than the pathfinder's cot of logs they have been dotting their lawns and their knolls with wooden summerhouses. Here of late years the Italian pergola has had its vogue on the estates of those to whom expense is no object providing it be a sufficiently large expense; but we of the sturdy middle classes go right on building summerhouses. Conservative figures prepared by an expert statistician whom I consulted in the matter show that the timber cut in a single season for summerhouses in the United States would construct a substantial corduroy bridge across the Atlantic Ocean from Seabright, New Jersey, to Lisbon, Portugal, with a rustic handrail all the way; and still there would be left over sufficient firewood to smokecure all the genuine Virginia hams produced in Chicago, Omaha and Kansas City during six months.

Yet so far as I have been able to observe the only purpose to which any summerhouse was ever put has now passed. A few years back every properly run monthly magazine had two midseasonal stand-bys in the line of illustrated feature articles—one for the July number entitled How Our Theatrical Celebrities Spend Their Summers, and one for the December number entitled Christmas in Other Lands. So shortly before the time for making up the July number the stage favorite of the moment would put on a soft shirt and a pair of white flannel trousers and tie a sash round his waist and then negligently would pose in the summerhouse of his country home for the staff photographer of the magazine.

Long Vamps and Short Orders

But these times nobody cares a hoot where one of those old-fashioned talking actors spends his summer. Unless he has a face that registers well for filming he may be spending it at the county poor farm. To-day the reading public prefers to look at pictures of its movie idols. And your movie idol does not employ a mere cheap summerhouse as a setting when being snapshotted for publication.

The golden-haired ingénue is shown sitting at the wheel of her new nine-thousand-dollar limousine which she purchased with part of her last week's salary; and the lithesome vampire is depicted in the act of frying eggs for hubby's breakfast while wearing a simple gingham frock especially designed for her by Callot of Paris, the object being to show that in their home life all the long vamps delight to cook the short orders.

As for the male cinema star, he usually is presented to his public with accessories in the way of costuming and background calculated to show that he is about to engage in some manly pastime. Only the other day I found in a periodical devoted to the silent or popular drama a photograph of one of our most winsome leading men. At the moment when unsuspectingly caught by the camera he wore a belted Norfolk jacket, a high stock collar and a pair of English riding breeches. He was depicted in a standing posture, holding a target rifle in one hand and with one foot resting in a graceful yet unstudied attitude upon the end of what appeared to be a birch-bark canoe. Below this likeness was a line of type to the general effect that the photographer had surprised Harold Ptomaine, the star of that most stupendous success, One Reason Why Some Girls Leave Home, just as he was starting off to indulge in his favorite sport of duck shooting! And if you don't believe it, I cut out the picture.

So the summerhouse, as I was saying just now, lost its only real purpose when all the actors who expect to get anywhere quit speaking lines out loud and moved to Southern California. For no one willingly has ever stayed ten minutes on a stretch in any summerhouse anywhere; no one willingly ever will. Nobody ever ate a meal in one or occupied one overnight or took a nap in one.

In blind, unthinking, mechanical obedience to an immutable law of convention, automatically controlled by forces beyond his ken—because it is the custom of the country, because his neighbors expect it of him, and because as a self-respecting citizen he feels that he should do so—a man who owns a country place with a site on it for a summerhouse builds a summerhouse on his summerhouse site. Having built it he studiously avoids it forever after, therein displaying the only gleamings of a fugitive intelligence he has shown in the transaction, because summerhouses are not meant for human usage; they are meant only to be built. When a man has built one his duty to the summerhouse ends and his duty to himself and his offspring begins. So he abandons it.

Buttons on the Spinal Column

Being abandoned it falls into decay and finally drops to pieces, whereupon it devolves upon the owner or his descendants to build another one. I wish last fall, when the newspapers were asking their readers for ideas as to the proper method of punishing the ex-Kaiser for his crimes, that somebody had put the question to me. I had my reply all thought out and stored away in my head waiting for a chance to fire it. Right away, quick as a flash, I would have said, "Condemn him to spend his summers in a summerhouse and his winters at a winter garden"; and the prize for the best answer would have been mine.

And how about all those extra rows of buttons on women's frocks, and especially on the backs of women's frocks? If a woman's frock is designed to button down the back, all very well and good. From a husband's standpoint buttons down a wife's back, whether large buttons or small ones, are infinitely easier objects to deal with and are much more tractable under his fingers than those dinghusted little hooks and eyes or those small snappers which come unsnapped the moment the pressure of his inexpert thumb upon one of them is released.

But why, when a woman buys a gown which fastens in front or down the side or upon the shoulders, or which slips on over her head, should she spend money for an utterly useless row of buttons sewed on along the line of her spinal column? This season she is economizing upon the material. She is wearing her skirt so short that it has a close call from being a Scotch kilt, and so tight that it just escapes being a trousers leg, and in order to walk in it at all she needs must slit its lower seams; but she continues to squander dollars upon buttons which are not especially decorative when worn behind, and which must be most uncomfortable things to sit down on.

Men are offenders in this respect, though to a lesser degree.

No tailor would think of turning out a tail coat lacking two buttons set at the waistline in the rear—two buttons which lost their practical value when civilians, something like a hundred years ago, quit wearing sword belts.

One might go on and on expanding and amplifying this dissertation unendingly. Any reasonably observant individual who sets his or her mind to the task can tally up scores of things that are bothersome, that frequently are homely, that nearly always are in bad taste, and that invariably are without real purpose—things, too, that are to be discerned upon every side of us. When we cite summerhouses and paper rosettes on chickens' legs and pins in dress shirts and buttons which are meant neither to be buttoned nor unbuttoned and tin tongs in candy boxes we merely are skimming the surface of an endless array of apparently unimportant but, in the total accounting, enormously costly extravagances calling for curtailment or for outright abolition.

Why, just think of a conspicuous few of them—artificial flowers in fancy holders in closed automobiles, and stone lions in front of public libraries, and loving cups, and side whiskers, and jails for the incarceration of petty offenders already tried, and elaborate gateposts at the entrances to unfenced real-estate developments, and preserved cherries in mint juleps, and gold heads on walking sticks, and testimonial banquets, and after-dinner speeches, and white spats for women with cubiform feet, and some members of Congress, and high, stiff, choker collars on soldiers' coats, and fancy cartons to contain plain provender, and gloves in summertime, and glad books, and menus printed in foreign languages, and charity organizations that spend so much of the contributed funds on salaries and expenses they have none left for the poor, and the fashion hints for men in theater programs, and—oh, well, ever and ever so many more.

Why should the vogue for mustache cups have passed while the fad for bestowing loving cups endures? Congress took proper steps to preserve our wild life and to conserve the natural beauties of our government reserves. But why did Congress never make the Congressional Record what it should be—a correct journal of the proceedings of Congress? Why protect Old Glory from exploitation for commercial advertising, only to let the leg shows display it on the same stage with underdressed women and clowning comedians?

We squandered our forests, we destroyed the buffalo, we slaughtered the wild pigeon to its extinction; we let our streams be fished empty and our woods be shot bare of game by pothunters before we enacted that common form of legislation which consists of locking the stable door after the horse is gone to the bone yard—that was all some time back; to-day the legislative tendency takes a different slant: Statesmen use up print paper by the thousand-ton lot in enacting statutes to curtail the personal liberties of the citizen, and policemen and constables, hired in vast hordes to enforce these sumptuary acts, are carried on the public pay roll; but it has not yet occurred to any lawmaking body to abate the monologist who makes gibes at motherhood or to put the comether on the tunemonger who writes a "popular" song about the flag of our country.

Economy in Immigration

In a preceding paragraph the item of local jails was included in a partial summing up of the useless extravagances of our age. Why, I ask you, should a man who has been convicted of a small offense be locked up in a smelly pent to rust out his sentence, when instead he might be sent to a county farm, where he could spend a part of his day outdoors and engage in gainful labors and produce something of value to the community the while he atones for his misdemeanor? Who would not prefer a potato patch to a stone cell as a place of confinement? Some of our penal institutions and a good many of our reformatories are already making the proper answer to this question. Isn't what is good for the commonwealth on a large scale good for the community on a smaller one? Anyhow, remember how few persons, even of simple tastes, there are who were ever entirely satisfied with the interior accommodations of a county jail or who cared to trespass on its premises.

However, I would not go so far as to claim there may not be exceptions to the rule. Up in Western Canada last winter I saw from a train window a district jail with a high stone wall about it and an iron barred gate set in the wall, and on the gate a large signboard, reading as follows: Positively No Admittance.

Glancing back over what has here been written I find that I have until now overlooked the very economy which I would make my pet economy if I were running this geographical division of the universe. One of the commonest occupations of human beings is telling other people what we ourselves would do to make the world a better and a brighter place to live in, if only we had our say-so about things in general. Taking advantage of this opportunity to pursue this favorite pastime I wish to state that above all else I should economize on immigration—should economize on indiscriminate and miscellaneous immigration to a point where not another red-eyed, red-mouthed agitator, not another potential anarchist, not another Bolshevik in the making, not another prospective alien enemy of our form of government could get past the national boundary lines for the next nine thousand years to come.

When this economy, if I may call it so, had been worked out to my satisfaction I should then take up the task of cutting down, reducing, minimizing and, if possible, totally abolishing the somewhat prevalent type of public speaker—officeholder, office seeker or just plain spouter, as the case may be—who thinks to prove his own patriotism and win the plaudits of the emotional multitude by bleating forth platitudes about this being the ger-eatest country on Gawd's ger-een footstool and about the ger-and old flag whose folds, so he tells you, he fain would wrap about him, and thus panoplied bid defiance to an envious world—or words to that general effect.

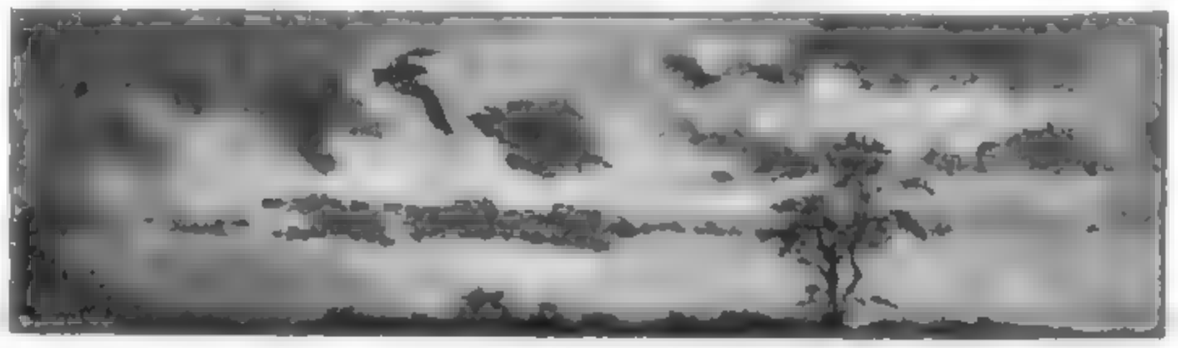
Propaganda With an Ax

And along with this person I should strive utterly to abolish his fellow nuisance, very closely related to the first one, who at present is busily engaged in telling our homecoming troops that he—John P. Pest, Esq.—stands behind the returned soldier. This is no news to the returned soldier. He remembers that throughout the war Mr. Pest stood behind him—a long distance behind him, usually. In the second place he greatly would prefer to hear a few simple unoratorical words from someone who had a decent job to offer him.

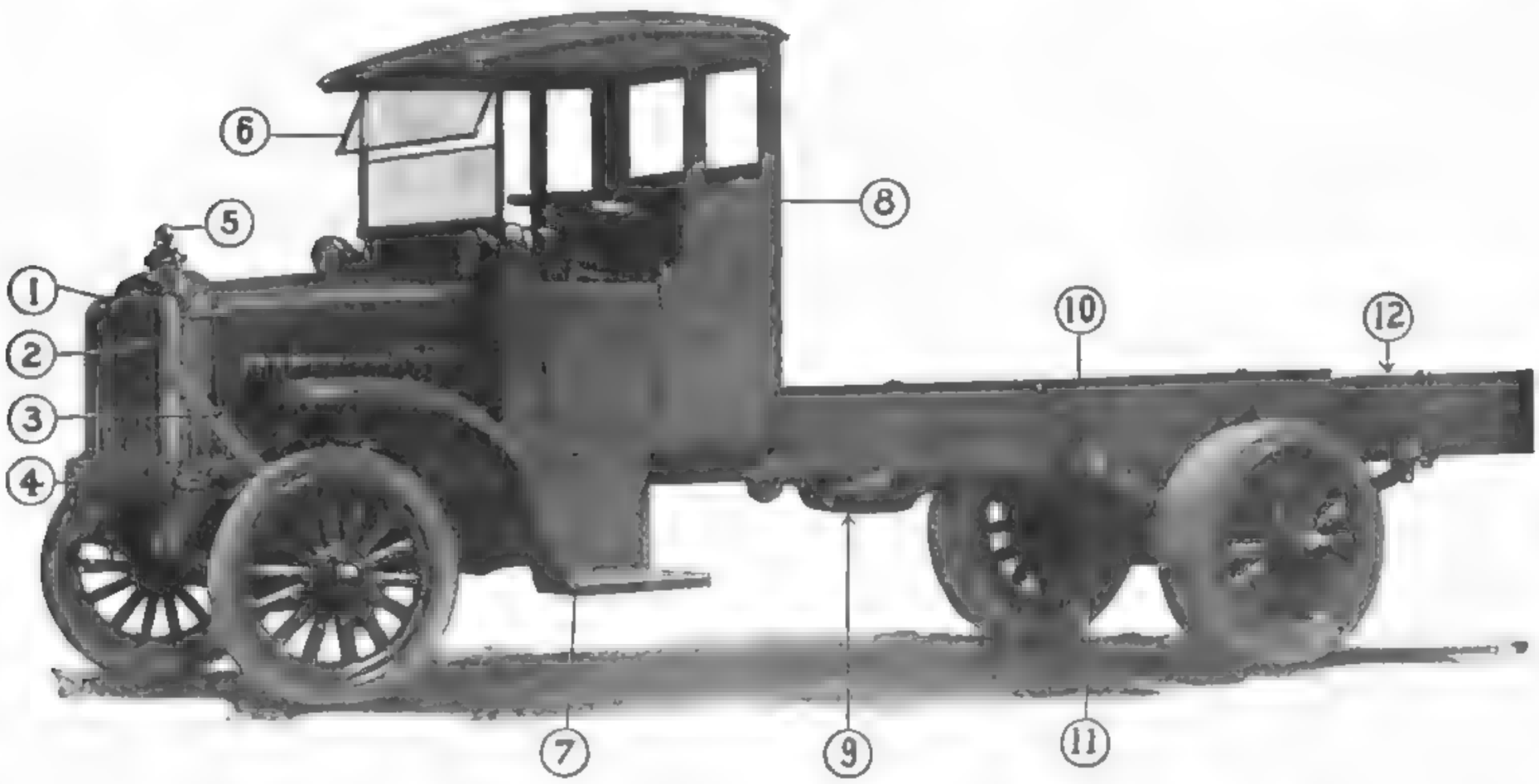
In accomplishing these reforms I should have resort to processes of propaganda roused public opinion, in other words; but, confidentially, I should prefer an ax or a scatter gun for a weapon as more immediately curative, though perhaps mussy in effect. Through such processes of propaganda I should seek to inculcate the broad principle that a man's love of his country should be of a nature with his faith in the virtue of the mother who bore him—a thing deep-rooted in the very sills of his soul, but not a thing personally and publicly to be advertised in mixed company. I should have school children and ignorant foreigners taught what real patriotism really means—a creed ever to be practiced but not to be preached except on suitable occasion.

You may have taken note of the fact that those millions of our men who lately fought for the flag, who dyed the red of its red stripes a yet deeper and purer red with their own blood, some of them, are setting a common example which we adults who stayed at home might better take for our pattern too. They know—these men do—they know that for them there is no need to attest their love of the country they served by cheap lip service. They don't have to tell of it, in season and out of season; they have proved it. The proof of it many of them bear in scarred bodies and maimed limbs. And now to go whooping of it from platform or stump or street corner—why, they would as soon think of giving three cheers for a sunset!

Immediately after bringing about these economies I should then take up the matter of pins in dress shirts.



First Completely Equipped Line of Heavy Duty Trucks



2-ton, Worm-drive—$2700—No Extras

Built by B. A. Gramm

In price this two-ton Gramm-Bernstein—completely equipped as shown—is under the average asked by 61 manufacturers for stripped chassis only

Not an extra to buy. Equipment includes:

① Sturdy radiator guard, attached to frame independently of radiator—the Gramm-Bernstein type adopted for Liberty Trucks.

② Radiator shutter, operated from dash.

③ Rear radiator shroud devised by B. A. Gramm, and adopted for Liberty Trucks, to promote cooling efficiency.

④ Pig-tail towing hooks at front end.

⑤ Motometer, to indicate temperature of engine.

⑥ Exceptionally rugged ventilating windshield.

⑦ Front fenders and steps.

⑧ Standard Gramm-Bernstein cab, with doors and winter curtains.

⑨ Transmission is the patented Gramm type, with gears always in mesh, assembled on a six-spline shaft, without a single bolt, nut, stud, set-screw, pin, key or anything else liable to work loose and fall out. A highly valuable, exclusive feature.

⑩ Body sills of seasoned ash, ready for mounting the body.

⑪ Patented wick oilers on all spring bolts.

⑫ Spring drawbar at rear end, supported by extra cross member.

On account of engagement by means of dog-clutches, the transmission gears *cannot be stripped.* Absolutely proof against a driver's carelessness. Cannot get out of alignment.

Chrome nickel steel gears. Extremely tough to stand wear and heavy duty.

The one transmission which is proof against every trouble and therefore eliminates a prolific source of expense from truck operation.

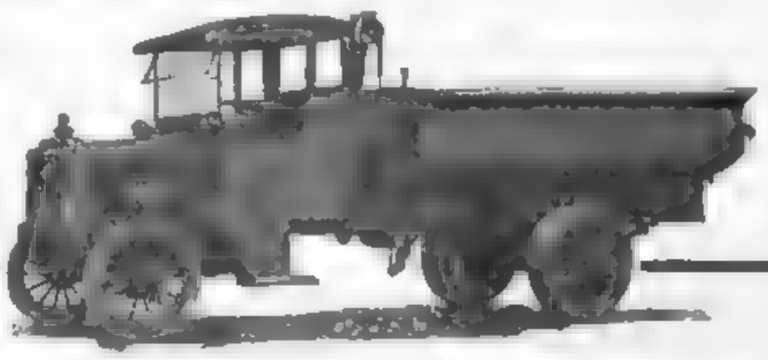
Power take-off (Gramm basic patent No. 1194994) can be attached to drive hoist for operating dump body, winch, or log-roller.

Hotchkiss drive, first successfully applied to trucks by B. A. Gramm, and adopted for Liberty Trucks.

All Gramm-Bernstein 2, 2½, 3½, and 5-ton worm-drive models are now completely equipped as noted.

Many Gramm-Bernstein Trucks are being sold with dump bodies for use in road-building, public works and general building operations.

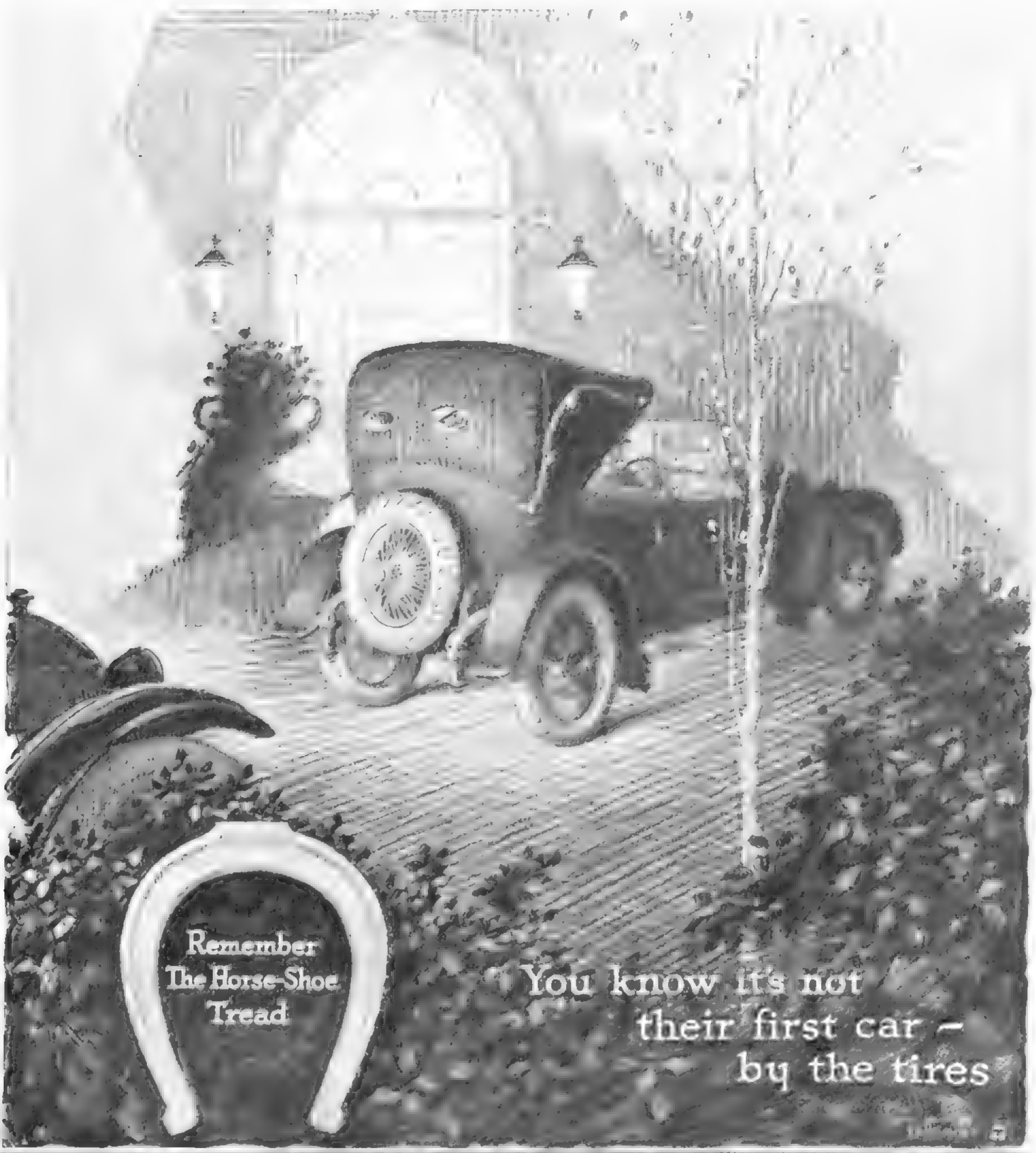
Dealers and users, in purchasing motor trucks and passenger cars with any kind of power take-off for operating hoist, winch, log-roller, tire pump, etc., should assure themselves that such device does not infringe upon B. A. Gramm's basic patent No. 1194994.



GRAMM BERNSTEIN

GRAMM BERNSTEIN

The Gramm-Bernstein Motor Truck Company, Lima, Ohio, U. S. A.—Pioneers Since 1901—Builders of the First Liberty (U. S. A.) Truck



RACINE HORSE-SHOE TIRES

RACINE AUTO TIRE COMPANY, RACINE, WISCONSIN

MAISIE'S KIND HEART

(Continued from Page 19)

Mr. Wyman spread between them some highly decorated and colorfully lithographed pieces of bond paper, and entered upon a long and confidential explanation, the eyes of Mr. Downey enlarging continually as the prospect of immediate income and ultimate wealth unfolded before him like a California landscape.

"I can sell 'em!" announced Ben at the end of the demonstration. "If I can't remember what you've told me I'll think of something else to say."

"By George, you'll do!" declared Mr. Wyman, surprised into unusual succinctness of utterance. "You've got confidence. Confidence is nine points of salesmanship. They'll ask you a lot of questions, questions that you won't be able to answer until you've had time to become more familiar with the company's history and its properties—but answer 'em just the same. Never waver! Never admit you don't know anything. Assume — asseverate — affirm! That gives the buyers confidence in you; and that's why they buy. They don't know it, but that's why. They buy because they believe in the salesman rather than because they believe in the property. Remember—get their confidence. Practically this is a confidence operation."

"I understand, sir. They shall trust me as a loving child trusts its mother," assured Ben, trying hard to achieve Mr. Wyman's smooth rotundity of utterance.

"Good!" approved that gentleman most encouragingly. "Now here is a nice bunch of prospects for you that came in this morning's mail. After a few days I shall expect you to go out and dig up your own prospects, but this morning I'll stake you to some names of people that are already interested."

Ben glancing over the letters saw that the addresses were mostly hotels.

"The hotels are full of people that come out here for the season," explained Mr. Wyman, "or else on a sort of a continental joyride. They've all got money or they wouldn't be here; and they're mostly keen to invest a little coin, especially where they see what looks like a chance for a quick and high-percentage clean-up. Nothing tickles a man so much when he's spending money on a vacation as to think that he has skimmed a little cream by the wayside. He'll fall for things at a resort hotel or on a holiday trip that you couldn't shoot into him with TNT if he was sitting behind his own desk at home."

This bit of worldly wisdom both instructed and charmed Ben G. Downey. He saw that Mr. Wyman was a very smart man and he admired him more and more.

"I see," said Ben. "Thank you." He swept up the letters from the table.

"By the way," recalled Mr. Wyman, pointing at the letters, "those letters are all about some Valley Traction stock that I was advertising. Valley Traction, you understand, is a perfectly legitimate stock that ——"

"But," interrupted Ben in a startled voice, "this other is a perfectly legitimate stock also, isn't it?"

Mr. Wyman shook his leonine head, accompanying the movement with a wide and reassuring smile that was meant as a most positive negation of any idea to the contrary.

"Why, certainly—legitimate as a Liberty Bond itself. Only—only Valley Traction is such a well-known stock, its reputation as a dividend payer is so widely recognized that it lends a firm standing just to announce it for sale. But unfortunately the Valley Traction was sold immediately and ——"

Ben was beginning to learn.

"I see," he exclaimed, and could hardly keep from winking. "Just a kind of a come-on, you might say, that advertisement."

"Oh, dear me, no!" assured Mr. Wyman. "Perfectly bona fide, that offer—perfectly! Only, not having any more Valley Traction to offer I now do the next-best thing."

"I get you," assured Ben with an instant sobering of expression but a steady increase in the expansiveness of his tone and manner. "I quite see."

"Quite see" was a new one. Ben did not get that in Garden City. He overheard some high-flown lady who was being shown about the training camp say that she quite saw something. Ben quite saw that it was a very high-sounding phrase and he was sure that its use now enhanced Mr. Wyman's opinion of him, because just at this moment that gentleman exclaimed:

"By the way"—with a slight frown as reproving himself for thoughtlessness—"you'll need some expense money."

With this he selected a crisp uncreased bill from a wallet apparently containing a large number of the same and larger denominations, a bill whose general appearance upon the face of it was a kind of field gray and upon its reverse was an opulent yellow.

Ben took it eagerly, his blue eyes dancing. Twenty dollars! In Rice's grocery they had never handed him twenty cents for expense money.

Maisie hardly knew the radiant young soul who, treading lightly on the air, came walking out from the inner room; and it must be recorded that Mr. Downey had almost to struggle to recall this—this stenographer sitting here. He had met her somewhere before but —— Oh, yes! Why, certainly! His features smoothed and then broke up again in fresh corrugations, each wrinkle of which reflected a new voltage of those pounding emotions which just now possessed his happy heart. Certainly! He was under obligations to this good-looking smiling young woman. So recently as forty minutes ago she had purchased coffee and food for him; had loaned him, indeed, the quarter which bought that very cigar the stub of which he now held delicately between the first two fingers of his left hand. What a sudden elevation of his fortunes had taken place since then! And he owed that elevation entirely to her.

"Girlie!" he breathed in vibrant tones of gratitude that no effort of his will could possibly have smothered if he would. At the same time he came directly toward her.

"Miss Wells is my name," the girl started to rebuke him; but her sternness broke up in laughter, for she was no more able to resist the jubilant warmth and good feeling of the young man's mood than he was to suppress it. "Maisie, you can call me," she concluded

"Maisie, then," chuckled Ben, leaning over and lowering his voice to its most confidential pitch, "you certainly did toss something my way. I'll say you did; and I've got to have about three or four hours to tell you how much I appreciate it. What say, kiddo, to a little supper at Techau's to-night-o?"

"I'll say all right-o—if you've got the price-o," gurgled Maisie.

"Look here-o!" challenged Ben; and he exhibited his expense fund.

"Say," warned Maisie playfully, "you don't want to think you're the whole ocean just because you've got a wave in your hair."

"Next time I come through this door watch me," warned Ben. "Watch me close. I'll be staggering under a load of money. And we're partners, Maisie—partners! Do you get that? Every time I make a dollar, a piece of it is yours. Gather me?"

"Forty ways—but I don't know which one is right," retorted Maisie, and waved bye-bye to the receding laughter in eyes that the narrowing crack of the door speedily shut out of view.

"Well, what do you think of that?" inquired Maisie of the circumambient emptiness. "They's something essentially coarse about that young man, and he's all swelled up with sudden joy, but he's got a good heart. The makin's of a fine business man too. An hour ago I didn't see nothing but an ex-boot-looey with his shoulders hunched and his heart way down in his shoes. Way down. Now look at him! Odd what a change a job and a chance to win makes out of a man, ain't it? Woman either, for that matter."

Maisie began to hum thoughtfully to herself as she arranged and rearranged the papers on her desk, toyed with her typewriter, pretended to work, and finally there being nothing else to claim her attention got her bag and abstracted from it one long gray silk stocking. Thrusting an exploring hand within she spread the fingers out at the proper place to reveal a gaping hole.

"My heels are just naturally getting sharper," she opined; and then, addressing herself to a contemplation of the picture portrayed by a small mirror which the inside flap of the bag contained, "Thank goodness, my face isn't getting any thinner!" she decided, and for a few minutes devoted

Large Profits In Orange Juice With A Very Small Investment

Lots of Folks Will Drink Orange Juice Who Disdain So-called "Soft Drinks"!

The Blessing Electric Juice Extractor will produce a gallon of juice in four and one-half minutes.

It extracts every drop of juice from Oranges, Lemons or Limes, producing the same volume from two boxes as can be extracted from three in the old-fashioned way.

None of the bitter oil of the peel is disturbed, so the juice is more palatable and keeps much longer.

You who already dispense Orange Juice or Orange Drinks may add just one-third to your profits by using this machine. Can also attract crowds to your counter by the interesting operation of this machine. And the obvious cleanliness of that operation will greatly increase your patronage.

You who are looking for a nice little business with small investment and generous profits can obtain from us all information as to how to go into business with a greater prospect of success than has ever existed.

Many who have started these stands have opened up a chain of them with the profits of the first.

You who operate a soda fountain or its like can add materially to its popularity and profit by installing and demonstrating the Blessing Extractor which produces the most appetizing, refreshing and healthful drink now known.

Throughout the United States the Blessing Juice Extractor is now being used by the most prominent hotels, restaurants and caterers, and the largest hospitals, because it adds one-third to juice production, improves greatly the flavor, and is the last word in cleanliness and hygiene.

In writing please give us the particular information you wish to have, in order that you may know, based on the experience of many others, all the details which will put you in business, or improve your present business in the most satisfactory and profitable way.

We maintain a special service to assure the success of all our patrons. We can tell you how to start and give full and dependable information as to capital necessary, equipment, expenses, profits, proper mixtures, etc.

Blessing Manufacturing Company
1834 Broadway, New York City

Two-Minute Oat Food

A Hot Dish, Already 3-Hour Cooked

One-Half Cup Makes 4 Dishes

Simply Stir in Boiling Water

The Only Instant Hot Oat Food

A Super-Cooked Oat Dish

Now You Can Get It

An Instant Hot Oat Food

At last, Mrs. Housewife, we offer you the dish you've always wanted. A super-cooked oat food, to be served steaming hot in two minutes.

Now you can serve the morning oat dish, no matter what your hurry. And serve it as quickly as a cold cereal food.

Presto—It Is Ready

We call this new creation "Two-Minute Oat Food." You simply stir it in boiling water. In less than two minutes it absorbs the water, and is ready, soft and hot.

We cook it three hours by live steam under pressure, at higher than boiling heat. It is cooked as oats should be, but as oats rarely are. And cooked at a heat which gives the dish a new, exquisite flavor.

It means an ever-ready oat food—the greatest food that grows. And it means to all a multiplied enjoyment.

8 Dishes in a Cup

After cooking for three hours we evaporate the oats. So they come to you condensed.

Dissolved in boiling water, one cup makes five cups—or eight dishes—of hot, flavory oat food. One 15-cent package supplies 20 big servings, and you save the cost of cooking.

Get a package from your grocer and see what this new food means.

It means quick serving—

It means easy digestion—

It means delightful flavor.

Ask for Two-Minute Oat Food—ask today. Price, 15 cents.

The Quaker Oats Company

herself to reflective contemplation of one feature after another—to the chin, which was rather pointed but had a good-natured firmness about the knob of it; to the lips, which were straight and a little too thin but with still a certain fullness and still a natural redness; to the nose, with sensitive nostrils and correct proportions, unless there might be a certain tendency to

"Not turned up, you couldn't call it," umpired Maisie, trying to be impartial; "just shows I've got an aspirin' nature, the tip of my nose does."

Her eyes were unquestionably her finest asset, being adorned moreover with rather heavy arching brows; and Maisie viewed them now with eminent satisfaction.

"Generally speaking," she concluded quite favorably, "I guess I'm still a little piece of all right—if only it wasn't such a lonesome world." With this came a sudden change in Maisie's tone and the entry of a forlorn, not to say grief-stricken note, while the handsome gray eyes mirrored in themselves an image and a memory that all but misted their brightness over. Then philosophy bustled stoutly to the rescue: "Oh, well," the girl sighed, "Constance loved him as much as I did, I suppose, and he was her only chance. I had others. Only—only I can't seem to stand any of 'em now—after Charley!" Communications grounded for a moment in a muffled sound. "Unless," she resumed bravely and hopefully, for Miss Wells, it must be conceded, was both a brave and a hopeful soul—"unless this fellow Ben turns out promising. Honest, I never had one ulterior motive when I picked that boy up either. He just looked hungry to me—and now!"

The girl threaded a needle with darning silk and began to lace together the yawning hole in the stocking, conducting the entire operation with strategic foresight in the very mouth of her bag, so that at a sound in front or rear a single sweep of the hand would crowd the whole domestic process out of sight. As she stitched she smiled, for there rose before her mind the detailed vision of the smooth roundness of a ruddy masculine cheek, of the blueness of an eye and the large good nature of a smile.

"And already he says that we are partners!" the girl gurgled ecstatically into the stocking.

It was too bad really that Maisie could not have resolved herself into a small invisible sprite and have fared forth upon Ben Downey's shoulder. She would have found in him that to admire and to marvel at, and that to criticize and even to condemn. She would have seen that which would thrill her with satisfaction and with hope, and that which would fill her with apprehension and with fear.

Though Ben had gone out with confidence highly inflated it was none the less mainly artificial, and he had common sense enough to know that it would not be genuinely trustworthy until he could base it on the solid ground of something he had himself achieved.

"If this first man is only easy now," he communed as he went up in the elevator to the eighth floor of the St. Francis; but the object of his call turned out to be an ageless, tight-riveted sort of personality, with features as immobile as the granite in the statue of McKinley outside in the park, eyes that were hard and a greeting that was taciturn and repellent. A single glance was enough to assure the embryonic salesman that total defeat was waiting to drop a ton of bricks upon his head. Ben staggered wildly—that is, his nerve did; but his wit was nimble.

"Mr. Peabody?" he inquired with a start that fairly well simulated surprise.

"Yes, sir," the gentleman addressed responded with scarcely any lip movement, and jaw action that was like a machine biting off nails.

"Of Garden City, Kansas?"

"Kansas? Lord, no!"

Mr. Peabody was emphatic. He was almost scornful.

"Knew it!" declared Ben briskly. "Knew it the minute I looked at you. I beg your pardon for disturbing you. Remarkable similarity of names, though—remarkable."

Before Mr. Peabody could bark again or even growl, Ben had placed a door between himself and his first prospect.

"Battling Bolivar!" he shivered. "Will this elevator never come?"

Eventually it did, and in a secluded corner of the lobby below Ben thumbed his letters over.

"Silas Jenkins," he decided. "Si! Hello, Si! That sounds like a country name. I've got to try myself out on country people first—the kind of people I've been selling goods to all my business life."

Mr. Jenkins' letter was dated from the Hotel Raleigh, which was just across Union Square. A page found Si for Ben. He was standing before a high, ornately finished counter, with the toe of his patent-leather shoe nestling fondly upon a brass footrail. Behind this tall counter stood an attendant in white who was himself backgrounded by an array of attractive crystalware. Mr. Jenkins held in his hand a tallish glass in which he was rattling musically a cube of ice, while with speculative connoisseur eye he contemplated the remains of an amber fluid which had once entirely surrounded the cube.

"Mr. Jenkins!" exclaimed Ben, bustling forward.

"Have a drink!" proposed Mr. Jenkins cordially, whose appearance, as Ben had too late discerned, quite belied the bucolic suggestion of his name. The pattern of his suit was hilarious check and his silk shirt was noisome in its colorings, while the richness of the red-and-black tie was the more arresting because in its center gleamed a small sword hilt crusted with diamonds.

Judging by his experience of country fairs if Ben had been warned that there was a shell-game artist or a bunco man lying in wait in the purlieus of this attractive hostelry Mr. Jenkins, from his ensemble, was the man whom the seller of investments would unhesitatingly have postulated as that particular party. Instinctively and unreservedly Ben decided that here was a Samaritan who was not good and with whom an astute young man would attempt no dealings whatsoever.

"Probably get my twenty dollars expense money," was a projection of Ben's mildest conviction concerning the gentleman.

"Mr. Silas Jenkins?" he inquired.

"The same!" averred Mr. Jenkins quite unblushingly, his manner at the same time betraying amusement, as if he recognized something familiar in that effusive greeting, which after having been launched at him so heartily was now being recalled and strangled and thrust out of sight so ruthlessly.

"Of the National Mower Company?" queried Ben, trying a variation of the ruse by which he had escaped from Mr. Thomas G. Peabody.

"If you say so—anything to be agreeable," smirked Silas. "What's the game, pal?"

"Well," declared Ben inconsistently, "you're not the man."

Turning abruptly upon his heel he fled, leaving Mr. Jenkins contemplating his hurried retirement with a chuckle that developed presently into ha-ha's of merry laughter the echo whereof resounded in the corridor and even in the vestibules of the ears of the hasting young Mr. Downey, thereby causing the tips of those vestibules to redden perceptibly.

The third time, however, for Ben, proved the charm. Doctor Maltbie at the Palace Hotel turned out to be the very Doctor Maltbie whom Ben had gone out in search of. His face was weathered and sparsely bearded, his smile was broad and so hearty that it revealed a number of gold mines tucked away in his back teeth. His clothes had a custom-made appearance, but his watch chain was heavy, and the emblem of a well-known fraternal order displayed diamonds in the eyes of the double eagle. Doctor Maltbie had the look of a cordial homy soul a little bit lonesome in his present metropolitan environment, and he welcomed the fresh tanned face and the breezy manner of Ben G. Downey as that of a man from his own heath. A glorious feeling of ease took possession of Ben as he extended a ready palm and found it grasped as readily.

"From Kansas?" guessed Ben with a smile of happy assurance. He assumed that all good came from Kansas.

"Nebraska," qualified the doctor.

"Great state," conceded Ben. "Medico, doctor?"

"Veterinary—until I retired," explained the doctor, exhibiting the gold mines again. "Been practicing corn and hogs for the last ten years. It paid better," he chuckled, "and didn't interfere with my sleep so much."

"And now?" insinuated Ben, as drawing his prospect out cleverly.

(Continued on Page 137)

Go to See Them—Watch a Demonstration

Detroit Vapor Stoves are not like other oil stoves. They have gas range appearance and the same sturdy construction and simplicity of operation.

There are no wicks, asbestos rings or substitutes for these in Detroit Vapor Stoves. The durable 8½ pound iron burners work on the same principle as an automobile carburetor. They mix the air with the fuel to create a gas. Like gas stoves, just as soon as the match is struck, there's a flame under the kettle.

In every detail of construction and design, in the materials used and in the comfort and convenience, these stoves are comparable to a gas range rather than to an oil stove.

Detroit Vapor Stoves bake thoroughly and rapidly. Double walls and flues carry the heat from two powerful burners twice round the oven. There are no pipes or pressure tank needed. The stove is complete in itself and can be placed for greatest convenience.

One gallon of fuel gives 19 hours of cooking or baking at a cost much lower than with either gas, coal or wood.

There is a Detroit Vapor Stove dealer in your town. He will be glad to demonstrate the stove to you. Call at his store today and see what this high-grade, guaranteed stove will do, or send for our free stove booklet S2.

DETROIT VAPOR STOVES
"Work Like Gas"

Burn Oil, Gasoline or Distillate

The Detroit Vapor Stove Company
Detroit Michigan (73)

The Detroit Vapor Stove Company
Detroit, Michigan
Please send me your new stove book S2

Name _____

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25,000,000 Speed Changes—
Practically No Wear

THE big Chicago Motor busses, weighing with passengers 8½ tons, change speed without shifting gears. They are Cotta Equipped. After over 2,500,000 miles, averaging 10 speed changes to the mile, engineers report, "practically no wear" on the gears. With Cotta Transmission *you shift indestructible jaw clutches,* not the gears—*they* are always in mesh; hence no wear. By eliminating gear clashing and stripping Cotta prolongs the life of trucks and tractors. Specify Cotta Transmission. Send for descriptive book.

Cotta Transmission Co.
Rockford, Illinois

Dealers write for the striking colored Cotta Poster

(Continued from Page 134)

"Now," admitted the retired veterinary practitioner, "I'm looking for something easier yet. Hastings is a fine town but—gets kind of frosty there in winter, and once in a while the snow piles up so it's kind of hard for the car, and I was telling Sarey we'd just try and get our money in something out here in the Golden West—even if it was something that required a little close watching—because we could have the fun of living in an earthly paradise and yet not go to seed through having nothing to do. I thought if we could get into something out here that—that ——"

"Exactly," broke in Ben. "Exactly! We got your letter and it sort of impressed Mr. Wyman so he sent me right down here. You see our line of those irrigation stocks was about exhausted. Fact is, there was just a block of eight hundred remaining to be sold. We were going to parcel it out but —— 'Look here at this letter!' says Mr. Wyman, and he handed me yours. 'If that's Doctor Maltbie, of Hastings, Nebraska—why,' he says, 'I've heard of him and I'd like to get him interested in our proposition. He's a man of standing and he's got lots of friends. They're rich back there in Hastings,' he says; 'the banks are full of money, and if we could allot Doctor Maltbie a sizable block of this dividend-paying stock right off the reel—why, he'd be a great help in enlisting some of his friends in the development of our other enterprises.'"

The upper lids of Doctor Maltbie's eyes rose and fell slightly so that an extra gleam of light appeared in those shrewd optics for a moment. Ben G. Downey, observing all, observed this and was leaning close, wielding the bundle of wonderfully lithographed certificates as a hammer to drive the idea deeper when Doctor Maltbie remembered something:

"By the way, Mr. Downey, it was Valley Traction shares that I wrote to Mr. Wyman about."

"That's what I was going to explain to you," gushed Ben with an attack of fresh volubility. "That Valley Traction was lifted right off our hands this morning by a customer we couldn't deny. So, under the circumstances as I explained, about Mr. Wyman recognizing your name, he sent me right down here to do the next-best thing and let you have a chance at this last bite of P. M. I., which is absolutely choice. While I am not authorized to say it I think I may assure you that once you identify yourself with our line of investments—as our own money is pretty busy now—Mr Wyman is certain to let you in on the ground floor with something rare we are floating in about three weeks. If he does that it will mean two hundred per cent for you on that particular investment."

This assurance, however, instead of causing that eager light of glutton anticipation to glow again in Doctor Maltbie's eye, made him frown thoughtfully.

"But in this case," he objected cannily, "I am offered the chance to take hold of the other end of a transaction like that—a case where the price I am asked to pay for this alleged gilt-edged investment represents two hundred per cent profit to somebody who was in ahead of me."

"Absolutely not!" declared Ben G. Downey with a lofty gesture of disdain. "Absolutely not! We will not deny, Doctor Maltbie, that in this case we have profited to a considerable extent upon our original investment, as indeed we have always done so far, but the value behind this stock now is present and not prospective. On the second day of April the first dividend will be declared, and there are already contracts in hand sufficient to make sure that this quarterly dividend will be at least two and one half per cent. It may be three per cent.

"Where, I ask you, Doctor Maltbie, where in Nebraska can you invest money where it will be as safe as a government bond, require no business attention from yourself, and at the same time pay you twelve per cent per annum?"

Doctor Maltbie weighed the force of this inquiry thoughtfully, but appeared to be struck in a moment by another feature.

"Do I understand," he inquired, "that of this block of twenty-four thousand shares there remains now but this eight hundred to be disposed of?"

"Absitively, Doctor Maltbie. In fact, I have sold nearly all of it myself."

The doctor took out his notebook and began to fumble for a pencil. "If you'd give me the names of one or two of those investors I think I'll call 'em up on the phone," he remarked.

Something hardened in the throat of Ben G. Downey. A mountain had loomed suddenly in the highway of his immediate prosperity; but with a gulp he took the hill on high.

"Unfortunately, Doctor Maltbie, the sales were made out of town. I could of course give you the names of a dozen men in San Francisco who are clamoring to get some of that stock, but I don't dare; for if they find there's a smell of it floating round and they haven't had a chance at it they're going to make it very unpleasant for Mr. Wyman because he has chosen to offer you something specially attractive which older customers were clamoring to obtain."

It was apparent at once that Doctor Maltbie saw the reasonableness of this and was properly appreciative, but the old idea clung stubbornly.

"If you give me the names of some of those out-of-town purchasers," he proposed. "Los Angeles, was it? Or Seattle? I'll just try one or two of them on the long-distance."

And there was the doctor with pencil poised, just as if he had no objection at all to spending forty or fifty dollars on telephone tolls if that would safeguard him in making an investment of eight thousand dollars.

But Ben took these new Himalayas also on the high. "Never hesitate; never let 'em lose confidence in you; keep 'em believing in you and you'll keep 'em believing in the company." That in gist was what Mr. Wyman had said to him.

"That's really too bad now," Ben regretted compassionately, "because you couldn't reach them on the phone this morning at all. They're ranchers way out in the—the"—Downey hesitated a minute because he was a little hazy on the geography of California—"away out on the other side of the mountains toward—toward—Idaho way. Seems funny, don't it, but Mr. Wyman's got one good customer up there, away off at the end of a stage line, hundred and nine miles, that man is, from a railroad; got thirty thousand white-faced cattle up there, and every year when he cleans up his herd he's got a whole lot of money to invest. Well, doctor, blessed if he didn't take thirty-two hundred shares of this stock himself, and then he commenced passing me round to his friends, from one big ranch to another. Each would send me on to the next in his automobile. Half the time I didn't know what state I was in, but they told me I was in three besides California—Idaho, Nevada and Oregon. And so, doctor, those cattle kings up there come mighty near owning all the P. M. I. stock that anybody's ever going to own, except Mr. Wyman, unless you ——"

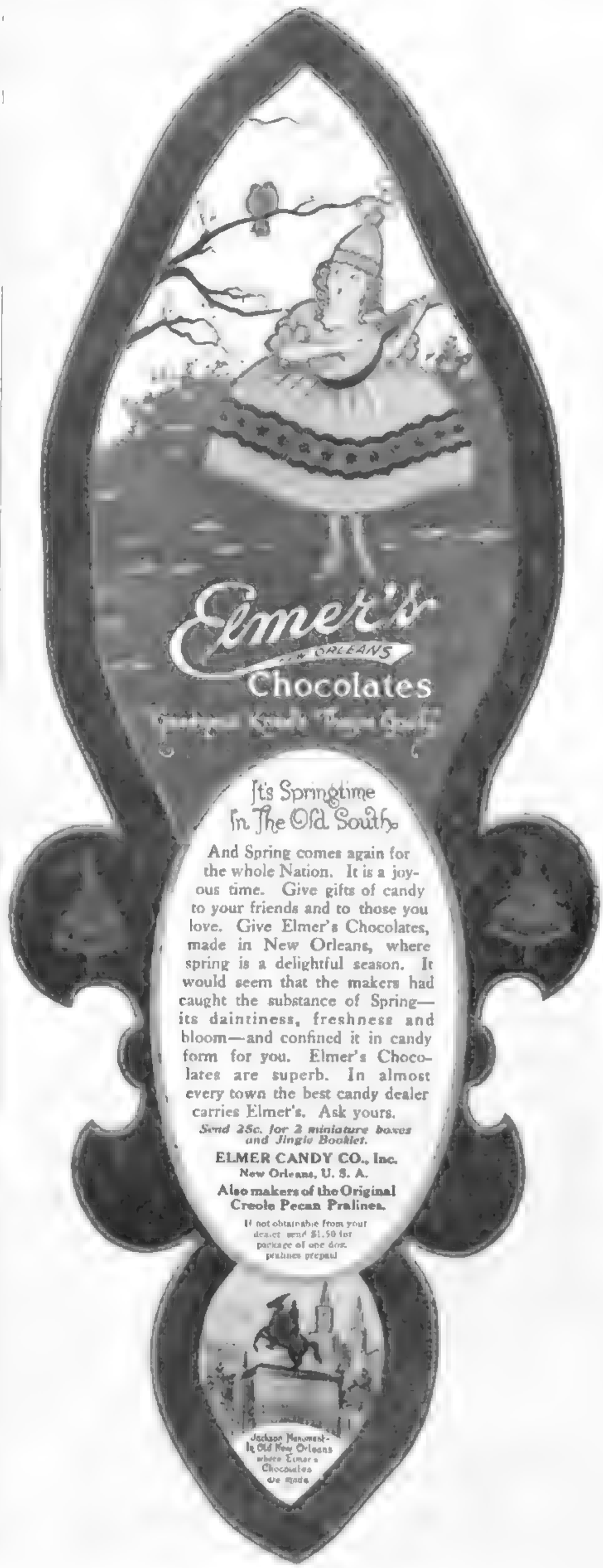
Ben made a gesture of redepositing the certificates in his overcoat pocket.

"I'll take 'em," said Doctor Maltbie in tones of swift decision, and went fumbling toward his hip, producing presently a morocco-bound thing which unfolded into a neat little check book of the Hastings Breeders' Bank. In a cramped plodding hand Doctor Maltbie wrote out his check for eight thousand dollars and signed it, while Ben G. Downey looked on with dilating eye and rushing Niagaras of the hot blood of victory surging through his veins.

But as the check was laid in his hands it occurred to the astute Mr. Downey that pieces of pink paper are not necessarily money; in fact when he thought eight thousand dollars he thought it in crisp bills the color of cured alfalfa and in stacks almost as high. But his grocery-selling experience had naturally taught him something about shrewd business procedure with checks, and the young man was now determined when victory was in his grasp to be shrewd above everything else. He managed therefore to suggest, with a certain hesitation of utterance and circumspection of manner that were meant to convey the utmost of consideration: "As—er—we have the certificates all ready to deliver now—no doubt you will agree with me that Mr. Wyman would feel the transaction was more regular if the payment were in current funds."

"Why, certainly," declared Doctor Maltbie with entire reasonableness. "Certainly! Come! Let's go downstairs. I've just established banking connections across the street, thinking there might be some little matter of this sort come up."

But Ben was not even yet entirely certain of the situation. With symptoms of


Elmer's
NEW ORLEANS
Chocolates
It's Springtime
In The Old South
And Spring comes again for the whole Nation. It is a joyous time. Give gifts of candy to your friends and to those you love. Give Elmer's Chocolates, made in New Orleans, where spring is a delightful season. It would seem that the makers had caught the substance of Spring—its daintiness, freshness and bloom—and confined it in candy form for you. Elmer's Chocolates are superb. In almost every town the best candy dealer carries Elmer's. Ask yours.
Send 25c. for 2 miniature boxes and Jingle Booklet.
ELMER CANDY CO., Inc.
New Orleans, U. S. A.
Also makers of the Original Creole Pecan Pralines.
If not obtainable from your dealer send $1.50 for package of one doz. pralines prepaid
Jackson Monument—In Old New Orleans where Elmer's Chocolates are made

1869-1919

50TH ANNIVERSARY—FIFTY YEARS OF PROGRESS

HEINZ

OVEN BAKED

BEANS

THE whole family brightens up when Heinz Baked Beans are served, because they taste so good.

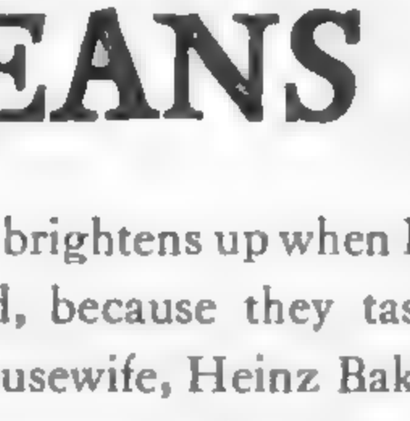
To you, the busy housewife, Heinz Baked Beans are a great convenience, because we have done the baking—in dry heat in real ovens—and all you have to do is the heating. To you, the thrifty housewife, they are a great economy, for too much meat makes the bills high.

To you, the wise housewife, they are a source of satisfaction, for their food value is great—they are nutritive and wholesome.

Some of the

57

Vinegar
Spaghetti
Tomato Ketchup
India Relish



four kinds

All Heinz goods sold in Canada are packed in Canada

alarm and inner sensations of chill and apprehension he saw the doctor take up the bundle of certificates and start toward the door. The only ameliorating element was that Downey himself carried the check.

But there were other enterprising people abroad this morning besides Ben and the doctor. One minute after the door of the latter's suite closed behind him as he ushered the stock-and-bond salesman into the corridor two men emerged from the Nebraskan's bedroom and stood gazing at each other with a look of funk and disgust upon their faces. One of these men was of medium height and stocky; the other was tall and wiry; both wore unobtrusive business dress and each had his hat pushed to the back of the head as if to admit of the freest corrugation of his darkly knitted brow.

"To think," blurted one of them, "that Wyman has had this cub kiting that stuff in four states and we only dropped onto him here this morning!"

"But he was operating in the country," suggested the other by way of alibi for their apparent dereliction of duty.

"I certainly am damned!" was, however, all the first speaker could find to express his amazement and chagrin properly.

"It takes a farmer to sell a farmer," palliated the tall man again.

"But the fellow's as glib as the old lightning-rod agents," declared the stocky party. "Most convincing young crook I've listened to in some time."

These two gentlemen had been following Mr. Downey industriously from the time when he left the office of James Leroy Wyman. They had been almost run over by the impetuous young man when he stepped hurriedly out of Mr. Thomas G Peabody's apartments at the St. Francis; they had at a distance spied him for a moment in hurried conference with Mr. Silas Jenkins at the Raleigh—a man who under several aliases was quite well known to them, an individual with whom for any young man to appear to be on terms of acquaintance was to heighten whatever suspicion might already exist concerning him.

They had thereafter dogged Mr. Downey's footsteps to the Palace Hotel and to Doctor Maltbie's suite, and had themselves gained access to the latter's tiled bathroom by a few words of simple explanation to the floor clerk. Now after waiting what seemed a prudent number of minutes they took a leisurely departure.

In the meantime the doctor and the ex-lieutenant had descended in the elevator, crossed the street and entered through revolving doors the unmistakable purlieus of a banking institution, the first determining sign thereof being a railed inclosure behind which at separate roll-top desks sat certain astute gentlemen between the early thirties and the late forties—men who in the modern organization of the money shop represent the halves, tackles and quarterbacks of metropolitan banking, and are gracefully yclept vice presidents of the concern whose interests they serve so assiduously.

In the immediate foreground of this curving inclosure now sat one W. W. Jones, smooth, suave, immaculate, watchful. Mr. Jones was glibly busy; he talked on the telephone, he received callers at the rail, and he beckoned some within the rail, where they were permitted to deposit themselves momentarily in the chair beside his desk. And to each and every one he seemed to give his undivided attention for the necessary seconds the transaction of his business required. Yet his eye roved the while, seeing much; and his ears were pricked, hearing much. It is the writer's serious doubt if an unusual kind of fly—say, a blue-bottle, for instance—could have alighted on the front window of the bank without being observed of Mr. Jones; and certainly no fly within the institution itself could have buzzed unduly loud without drawing from that young man a calm but critical and inquiring glance as to what all the row was about anyway; for Mr. Jones moved with well-oiled precision on ball bearings and pneumatic tires. His nature was extremely cordial and his friends adhered to him as the bark to the tree; yet his disposition so far as financial matters were concerned was precooled.

Now as Doctor Maltbie and Mr. Ben G. Downey entered the bank the roving eye of Mr. Jones observed them. He excused himself to somebody at his desk, sauntered to the rail and greeted Doctor Maltbie with the open hand and the cordial glance of warm acquaintanceship; which—as Doctor Maltbie had never been in that bank but once before, and that was yesterday, when he opened a small account at Window Six—was some good scout work on the part of Billy Jones.

"Know Mr. Downey of Wyman & Co.?" remarked Doctor Maltbie.

"How're you?" inquired Mr. Jones, thrusting out a ready hand and giving Mr. Ben G. Downey the up and down and across with a sifting glance that Ben felt uncomfortably had catalogued and card-indexed him forever and to the last atom of his physical and moral content.

"If I ever try to rob a bank," he reflected, feeling that eye of cucumber coolness assaying him remorselessly—"if I ever try to rob a bank it won't be this one."

"Want to get this certified," announced Doctor Maltbie, pointing to the check in Ben's hand and beaming in a way that showed all those gold-filled craters in the rearward molars again, acting quite as if he thought that a small balance of twelve hundred would secure the certifying of his check on the Hastings Breeders Bank for eight thousand.

"Can't do it," observed bland Mr. Jones without a moment's hesitation. "But if you will make out a new check on your home bank in our favor and deposit it to your account with us I can doubtless certify against it. It's only a matter of a little telegraphing to your home town. If the wires are working well we should get an answer by one o'clock."

Doctor Maltbie took back the check he had given to Downey and wrote new ones as Jones bade him.

A young woman meanwhile had presented herself, notebook in hand, and the banker bent over her, mumbling words that neither Doctor Maltbie nor Mr. Downey was so impolite as to appear to try to overhear though the aural organs of each were doubtless badly strained in the attempt.

"You will be in at one, gentlemen?" smiled Mr. Jones, as in no wise perceiving that the two were not already hurrying out of the door to leave him to the demands of other business.

Doctor Maltbie nodded and handed to Jones the check he had just filled out to Downey's order, another check for deposit, and the packet of stock certificates which he had just bought.

"We want to deposit this in escrow, as it were, beside the check."

"In—in escrow! Yes!" echoed Ben after a moment's stupid staring.

Truth to tell, escrow was a new word to Ben. He had never used it in selling goods at Rice's. He had never used it in the training camp. But it was something that pried those unpaid-for securities out of the grasping freckled old hand of their intending purchaser, and therefore Ben was for it.

"Why, certainly," assented the agreeable Mr. Jones.

But even then Ben shrank from turning his back upon either the check or the certificates for one whole hour and fifty-five minutes. It was a moderately cool day for February in the land of perpetual sunshine, yet how perspiration exuded! From all the pores of his body, and particularly from his brow. He mopped it dizzily. Of course he knew one must trust banks—one must place confidence in one's bank. But then, this was not his bank. It was Maltbie's; and he could not feel entirely sure of Maltbie. He wished he could feel the same confidence in Maltbie that Maltbie felt in him, but he could not.

"When the telegram comes back," observed the doctor, "Mr. Downey will take the check which you said you'd certify and I will take the certificates."

It really seemed as if the doctor was as eager to get the certificates definitely into

(Continued on Page 141)

Standardization
An Industrial Essential

STANDARDIZATION of material and effort is the keynote of present day construction.

Fenestra Solid Steel Windows are a standardized product. For this reason, they generally cost no more and in many cases cost less than ordinary wood sash.

Fenestra Standardization means quick deliveries. The use of Fenestra Sash in any structure will assist the owner in properly and speedily working out his construction and production problems.

And Fenestra Sash assures light, ventilation, protection, bigger and better production.

There are popular types of Fenestra to meet any requirement. Fenestra Solid Steel Windows have nation-wide distribution. Your contractor or building supply man can obtain them for you.

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Continuous Center Pivoted Sash
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Horizontally Rolling Sash
Fenestra Underwriters' Labeled Sash
Counterbalanced Sash
Fenestra Mechanical Operators

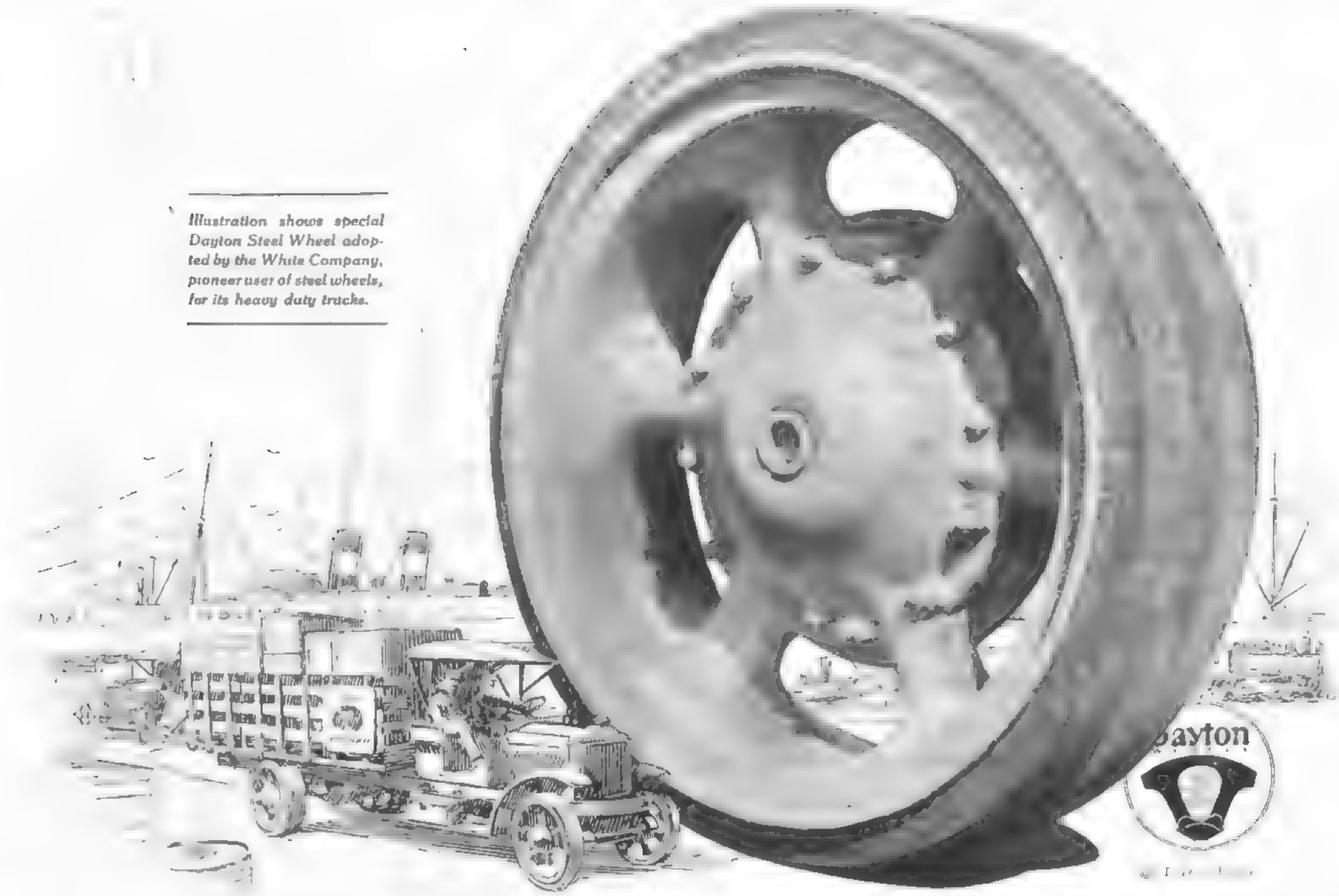


Illustration shows special Dayton Steel Wheel adopted by the White Company, pioneer user of steel wheels, for its heavy duty trucks.

Accepted *as the* Final Wheel *for* Motor Trucks

TRUCKS of a daily increasing number of manufacturers are speeding up the transportation of the nation on Dayton Steel Wheels.

To makers and owners of motor trucks who have an eye for the signs of the times, the coming of steel wheels into their own was not a revolutionary development. It was but a realization of the anticipated.

And why not? In the natural course of events, the adoption and perfection of the steel wheel, as summed up in the Dayton Steel Wheel, was as inevitable as the aëroplane. Everywhere, in the industrial expansion of America, we have seen steel become the all-conquering material—in ships, in skyscrapers, in every place where the stresses and strains were constant.

But while a born progressive, the American businessman is also a canny body. Always he declines to part with the old until the new has been demonstrated to be for the best. Such, at one time, was his attitude towards steel wheels for motor trucks.

Now leading truck builders are becoming converted to the steel wheel idea—and in Dayton Steel Wheels recognize the logical truck wheel of tomorrow.

In it they have found *lightness* that reduces fuel consumption. They have become convinced that its *true roundness* adds from 10 to 25 per cent to the mileage previously obtained from tires.

It has been demonstrated that the *resilience* of this electric furnace steel wheel, *lessens road shocks* and *lengthens* the life of trucks.

In a sentence, the Dayton Steel Wheel has come to be accepted as the final wheel for motor trucks.

Our folder, containing important wheel facts, will be sent on request.

The Dayton Steel Foundry Company, *Main Office and Works,* Dayton, Ohio

Detroit
Chicago

Dayton
Steel Truck Wheels
PATENTED

Cincinnati
New York

(Continued from Page 138)

his possession as Ben to get the price thereof.

"Naturally," smiled Mr. Jones affably.

"Er—er," stammered Downey, and he was not at all sure he did not throw up his right hand with the gesture of a drowning man clutching at a straw—"if—if the telegram comes back all right I think I'll take the—the ——"

"—— currency?" suggested Mr. Jones, whose patience was unfailing.

"Currency—yes!" gulped Ben, and finally with a mighty effort tore himself away.

"Currency," he reflected, going out. What a gloriously fine word it was, so much more refined than cash, and yet it meant the same. Currency! Currency! It is unofficerlike for one to walk along the street with one's hands in one's trousers pockets, but Ben's were in his now, his eager fingers twisting and squirming, in fancy that they grasped and played with huge rolls of—currency!

But presently another stress had gripped the soul of the exultant but still embarrassed young man. That was the question of how he was going to pass the time from now till one o'clock. Despite those apprehensions which must continue to inhabit his bosom till he had returned and actually grasped the eight thousand dollars in currency in his hand there was nevertheless this volume of joy about to erupt within him. He had done it! He had made good. He had earned a commission of twelve hundred dollars in an hour. He wanted to rush back to the office and tell Mr. Wyman. He wanted, even more than that, to tell Maisie, and strut and brag a little and impress her properly—show that fine young woman what a nice thing she had done for herself and for Mr. Wyman in trusting him, the unknown, the hungry, the ex-second lieutenant.

But on the other hand he felt that he absolutely must not separate himself from this freckled and garrulous countryman—his Santa Claus—his angel—until the transaction was complete. He could have embraced Doctor Maltbie now. He felt a glow of yearning for the dear man, an affection that was fond and tender. He became solicitous for him—lest calamity overtake him or he fade away and disappear.

They passed a luxurious limousine at the corner with a sign attached thereto, proclaiming: "For hire—$2.00 an hour." Only two dollars an hour! And thoughtful Mr. Wyman had thrust twenty dollars upon him for expense money. Why, he could take the retired veterinarian for a two-hour automobile trip that would include the Presidio, the Golden Gate, the Cliff House, the Beach and other points of interest in and about the city, consuming the time till a reasonable interval past one o'clock. It would be a very hospitable act, too, a nice graceful way of entertaining a visitor in these parts. Ben was just going gushingly to propose this when a horrible fear dawned upon him.

Suppose they had an accident? Why, why, they might be killed! At least the Nebraskan might be killed, and before Ben got that money into his pocket!

The young man shrank back from the automobile as from a yawning chasm and turned a freshly solicitous eye upon Doctor Maltbie. It suddenly occurred to Ben that the doctor did not look so very rugged, that his face was rather puffy, that he might be a sufferer from heart disease—these old duffers very often had bad hearts, he knew, and at the most unlikely moments death was always taking them off.

Or apoplexy? The veterinarian was rather thick about the neck. This thought came to Ben so violently that it broke right out.

"Any tendency to apoplexy, doctor, in your family?" he inquired.

The Nebraskan shot a sudden curious glance into the eye of Mr. Downey.

"What's the idea, bub?" he grinned.

Ben would have been grateful if the old man had kicked him instead.

"No idea at all," he stammered, covered with confusion at his *faux pas*. "There is in mine, that's all; and we're both florid complexion, you know."

But Doctor Maltbie was too keen to be thus deceived, and too fond of his laugh to let it pass.

"Figuring that I might drop dead, eh," he chortled, "before you get this deal closed up so that you can start another?"

"No, not at all, not at all, doctor!" protested Ben, reddening like a pickled beet. "It was just that ——"

"Don't try to make all the money there is in the world in one day," chided Doctor Maltbie good-humoredly, "or you will get apoplexy. I've made a heap more money and got more fun out of it since I learned to take things kind of easy. I haven't got a blessed thing to do now, for instance, but set right here in the lobby till one o'clock."

"And just to assure you that you quite misunderstood my motive," coppered Ben. "I'm going to sit right down beside you the whole time. Of course I ought not to be away from the office that long with so many things crowding. Still it's probably just as well I don't get back there till the matter of this stock is settled. Mr. Wyman can say to the other inquirers that I'm out with it and he can't know till I've come back."

"Be much obliged if you would set a while with me. Sarey went down to San José visiting some friends yesterday and it's kind of lonesome for a stranger here."

The doctor selected a comfortable-looking lounge in the spacious lobby of the palace and sank himself, experimentally at first, then with a luxurious sigh, into its cushiony depths, motioning Ben to a similar joy in the other corner. Ben accepted the invitation cordially and unreservedly, without even noticing that another lounge was placed exactly back to back with this one, let alone observing that two men just now approached and sat down upon it; for the young seller of stocks and bonds turned his beaming face immediately upon his *vis-à-vis* and set himself to entertainment with a choice line of the most eloquent conversation his tongue could command.

As Downey was just then avidly interested in his own affairs, and his mind abundingly active in the construction of air castles—with a queen to live in the castles—he found it easiest to talk entertainingly of them. In the course of three-quarters of an hour or so he let Doctor Maltbie quite confidentially into a good many of his private affairs. He modestly admitted that he had a fifteen-per-cent share in the profits of James L. Wyman, Investments; that there was a young lady associated with Mr. Wyman who negotiated stock-and-bond sales among society people exactly as he did among business folk—a young lady who in addition to being a keen business woman and a very charming creature enjoyed the further distinction of being a niece of the governor of the state.

Doctor Maltbie was so interested in this feature that Ben developed the idea further; he let his new friend in for the secret that a fine little romance was pending between himself and the governor's niece. He told how this had originated, first through this very stunning and very discerning young woman's being struck by something in his personal appearance, then having become interested in his business prospects—this was back in 1915 as he recalled—and later inducing him to contract an alliance with Mr. Wyman. He made it clear how, as time ran on and they came to know each other better, they had entered into a sort of private partnership—"Woman's age, you know," explained Ben—a business partnership, so that half of all his commissions were hers and half of hers were his.

"Work together, eh?" inquired Doctor Maltbie, as if he wished to get the idea clearly in his mind. "She's a partner in everything you're doing, and you're a partner in everything she's doing, and you whack up the profits? Fifty-fifty, eh?"

"Exactly!" enthused Ben. "And now that it's worked out so well, us being partners in business—why, we're thinking of being partners for life."

"By cracky, young man!" exclaimed the doctor, and looked Ben over with fresh signs of interest and admiration. "The governor's niece, eh? You're to be congratulated."

"She's very handsome too. Don't forget that either," reminded Ben.

But it seemed as if the doctor did rather forget it. As indicated by the waning light in his eyes he forgot it all for a few moments, and when his expression indicated a renewed interest in things close at hand the keen moss-agate eyes were resting contemplatively upon the details of Ben's uniform. The tenor of his thoughts was revealed by his remark:

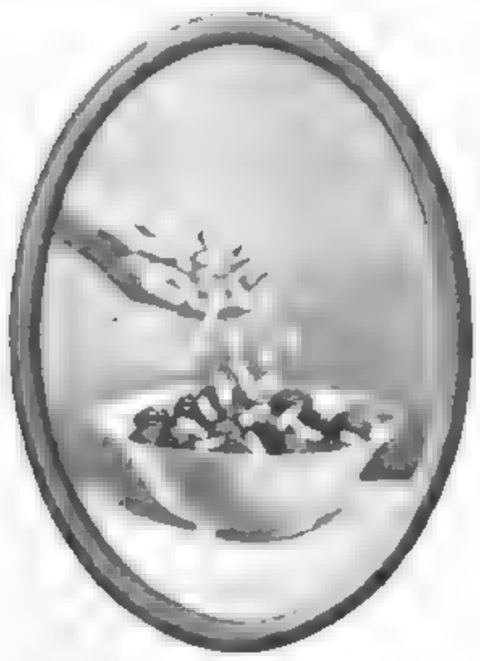
"You were lucky to get back from France so soon, and have a good job all ready to step right into."

Though it always involved something of a wrench to do so Ben had schooled himself

Silent
SI-WEL-CLO
PEOPLE are glad to visit homes where their finer sensibilities are considered and where they are not embarrassed by noise escaping from the bath or toilet room when the closet is flushed.
In perfecting the Silent Si-wel-clo closet to its state of extremely quiet operation, a source of daily annoyance to the householder has been overcome. No effort has been spared to make the Si-wel-clo mechanically perfect—no exposed nickel work—seat of finest wood and finish—long-life fittings—closet and tank of china, of course.
The Trenton Potteries Co.
"Tepeco" All-Clay Plumbing
is most sanitary, beautiful, practical and permanent. "Tepeco" plumbing is china or porcelain, solid and substantial. Dirt does not readily cling to its glistening white surface, nor will that surface be worn away by scouring. With time, inferior materials will lose their sanitary value, dirt will adhere, the appearance become unInviting—the piece lose its usefulness.
Insist that all your plumbing fixtures be of "Tepeco" ware. A wise investment—a beautiful one.
If you intend to build or renovate your bathroom be sure to write for our instructive book, "Bathrooms of Character."
The Trenton Potteries Company
Trenton, New Jersey, U. S. A.
World's largest makers of All-Clay Plumbing Fixtures

June Pictures

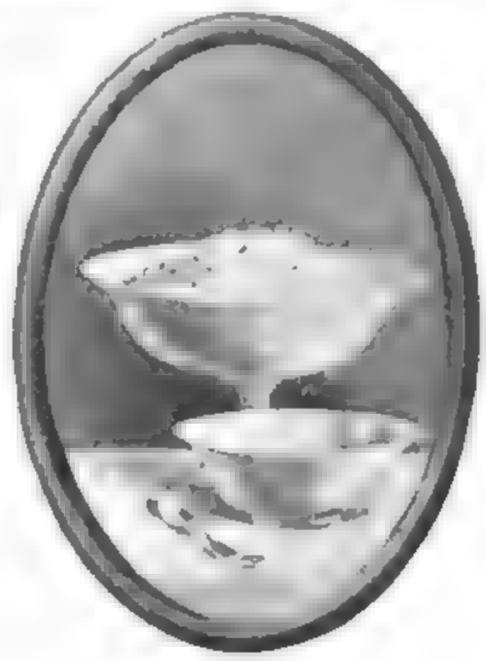
Suppose They Hung Before You



In Berry Time

Suppose this picture hung before you, of Puffed Rice mixed with berries. And you could see these flimsy, flavory globules which add such delightful blend.

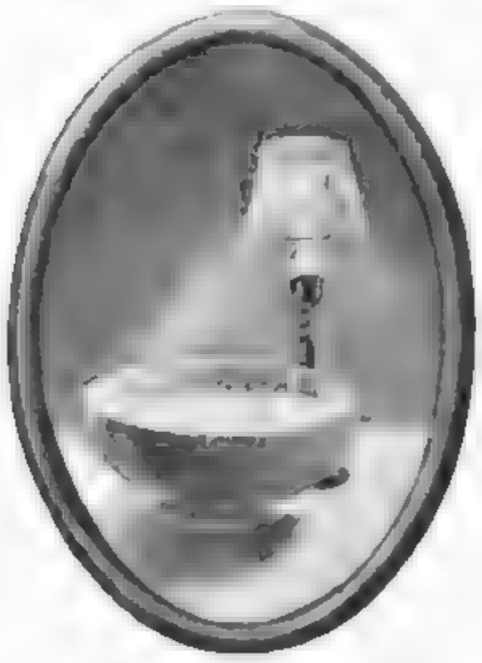
Do you think you would ever serve berries without this garnish? It adds more than the sugar.



At Breakfast

Suppose you saw Puffed Wheat—whole-grain bubbles, toasted, flaky—puffed to eight times normal size. Grains so nut-like that they seem like food confections.

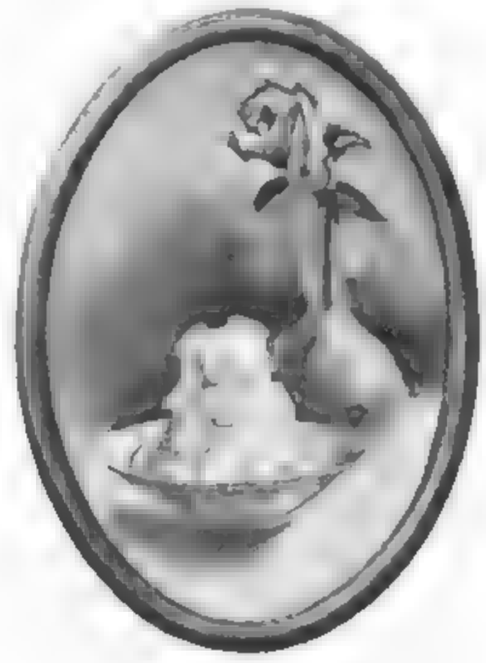
With that before you, what other breakfast dainty would seem half so good to you?



At Bedtime

Children often get a bowl of milk. Suppose this picture stood before them—airy tidbits, crisp and toasted, four times as porous as bread.

Do you know anything else which would satisfy, if they had this reminder of how Puffed Wheat tastes?



At Dinner

Even ice cream loses some delight when children remember what Puffed Rice adds.

Either Puffed Rice or Corn Puffs tastes like nut-meats on ice cream. And they are so fragile that they almost melt away. Use also like nut meats in candy.

Puffed Wheat **Puffed Rice**

and Corn Puffs

Each 15c Except in Far West

All Food Cells Exploded

Puffed Grains are steam exploded. They are sealed in guns, then rolled in a fearful heat. When the guns are shot, more than 100 million steam explosions occur in every kernel.

Thus every food cell is blasted. This makes digestion easy and complete. Whole wheat and whole rice are made wholly digestible, so that every atom feeds.

So these are more than airy tidbits. They form the best-cooked cereals in existence. And nothing else makes whole grains so inviting.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

3080

quite honorably to tell inquirers the unhappy truth that he had never succeeded in getting to France. But when a man like Doctor Maltbie assumed the overseas service so comfortably it made the thing more difficult—and in a moment like this, too difficult.

"Oh, well, you see," he replied loftily, "with my holdings in the Wyman properties—and then besides Mr. Wyman is very patriotic."

"Yes," comprehended the Nebraskan, looking down his long nose and over the end of his cigar reflectively. "Tell me about some of your experiences over there. They must have been wonderful."

Ben hesitated, flashing signals of distress that any keen eye must have noted. He looked wildly at the clock and saw that it was only a few minutes past twelve. He darted furtive glances over his shoulders deliberately to discern whether any men in uniform were close enough to overhear. His situation was desperate. He did not like to lie—honestly he didn't—his conscience was already strained, twisted and broken with this morning's work; and yet a brilliant start to this brilliant young business career of his hung still-born upon the lap of time. If he just came out of this one transaction safely it seemed to him that all he had said heretofore was somehow made good; while as for the future Ben was virtuously determined that he would never, never permit himself to be trapped into a false position again. Never! But now ——

"Just this once," he apologized to a groggy conscience; "I'll do it. Even if I do have to make an out-and-out liar of myself. I'll keep this simple old jayhawker absolutely enthralled till one o'clock comes and we can get back to the bank."

"Come! Out with it!" exclaimed the doctor, looking up suddenly from contemplation of his cigar ash, as if surprised that no stream of reminiscences had already begun to gush. "I know you young fellows are all modest about what you did over there, but we've got a right to some of the details, you know. I own a wad of Libertys myself."

"Well," began Ben, winding himself up desperately; "since you insist: There was the time we went over the top at Cantigny. It—it had been snowing awful that morning."

"Snowing?" The elderly man from Nebraska looked up as if someone had wakened him violently from dreamy happy slumber. "I didn't know it ever snowed in France that time of year."

"Yeh-yeh," gulped Ben, and he feared his eye was starting wildly again.

Behind the doors of his mind he was cross-examining himself heatedly: "Wh-what time of year was that Cantigny mess anyway? Oh, I've got to keep off of names that he knows. But shucks, I don't know any other names than the ones we've all been reading about, and you can't invent names for over there like Stringtown and Jonesville."

With queries, comments and reflections still playing tag inside, however, he was able to maintain a certain outward calm, and after a gasp and a gurgle or two to plow right on with his usual magnificent assurance: "Oh, yes—yes! Very high altitude, you know, doctor. Very high!"

"That so?" commented Doctor Maltbie. "I had an idea Cantigny was somewhere round Soissons, you know; not so very far from Paris."

"Oh dear, no!" Ben smiled superiorly.

"Over in the Vosges, is it?"

"That's where," affirmed Ben, greatly relieved to have the doctor locate some mountains for him.

But the doctor was still puzzling.

"Kind of thought I remembered that little town," he commented. "You see, Sarey and me took one of these quick American hop-skip-and-jumps through Europe the summer before the war broke out."

Indeed! The perspiration, which his embarrassment had freshly started, turned into fine hoar frost along Ben's spine at this truly delightful intelligence.

"That so?" he shivered, pressing forward now with the ghastly smile of one who knows that sooner or later, and probably sooner, he will make the asinine blunder that will expose him utterly. But he pushed on—there was nothing else to do—feeling that pitfalls yawned on every side. And he just had to stick to that snow.

"So, with snow on the ground, you know, and snow coming down—why, it made everything—the whole landscape, you understand, would be covered with snow, Doctor Maltbie—covered with snow. The parapets of the trenches looked like drifts, gun positions looked like white hummocks, and the tanks—well, doctor, the tanks looked for all the world like snow-covered haystacks; only if you'd watch close you'd find the haystacks were moving."

"That so?" inquired Doctor Maltbie, displaying the greatest amazement. "Now I always fancied, kind of, that there was so much heat generated in a tank, you know, by the engine and the firing and all that—iron being a good conductor—that the surface of the tank would be kind of hot; at least hot enough to melt any snow that happened to fall on it."

Perspiration had started again and Ben was feeling clammy in his clothes. He could have slain himself for not thinking about the heat that must be generated in a tank; he could also have slain this honest seeker after scientific accuracy because he had thought of it.

"Oh, but," he exclaimed, smiling sweetly—a stewed, parboiled kind of smile, to be sure, but still a sweet one—"this was before the action had started, you know, before the tanks had had time to get warmed up. Oh, yes, they melted the snow on them later, all right. In fact, they melted a kind of path through the drifts as they went along, and you'd see the infantry getting right in behind the tanks because the walking was better there."

"Safer, too, I should calculate."

"Yes; oh, yes. But there we were getting over the top through the snow, flakes flying so thick you couldn't see. Actually, you couldn't, doctor."

"But I would have thought this thick fall of snow would have been all to your advantage. It gave you a chance to get up close to the boche before ——"

"Made visibility low, yes, yes; that's right," assented Ben, feeling the perspiration trickling down his neck and flowing over his ribs like rapids in a river. "But it was the physical discomfort, you understand. The snowflakes got in our eyes, in our hair, in our ears. Oh, it was awful!"

"It must have been," assented the doctor dryly. "Must have been about like it is up in my hog pasture when the snow gets to coming down heavy."

This unfortunate reference to hog pastures recalled Ben from the picture of vivid realities he was trying to conjure up and temporarily sidetracked imagination. Yet when he darted a suspicious glance in the Nebraskan's direction he was innocently contemplating the haze of smoke from his cigar with an intent expression upon his face as if the bloody field of Cantigny were right there before him in the cloud.

"I should have thought you would have preferred snowflakes to bullets," it suddenly occurred to the listener to remark.

"Why—why——"

Ben almost blew up with exasperation at these continual interruptions. It would seem that he must have darted at least one enraged glance at the doctor, for the latter at once pleaded quite humbly: "Excuse me! I won't interrupt any more."

But he did not keep his promise and continued to harass the flow of narrative with these bland but galling inquiries while Ben went gallantly on and earned but did not win the Croix de Guerre at Cantigny simply because there was no one of his command left to witness and report his heroism, and he was himself too modest to recount it.

These same innocent but irritating interruptions recurred from time to time as Ben crossed and recrossed and crossed again the Marne in the bloody bend at Château-Thierry. They pursued him as he committed heroism after heroism in the St.-Mihiel drive, rested a few weeks in hospital after being gassed, and then went back with him as ravine by ravine he battled his way through the Argonne and out and across the Meuse, where on the morning of the armistice he achieved his final deeds of valor and probably with his platoon alone would have taken what remained of an entire German regiment before noon, but that the armistice came at eleven.

But not once was Ben permitted to let his imagination soar and really enjoy himself in the telling of the story. Casually but continually he was pestered with question after question, each interruption making him wilder, causing him to blunder into more and more absurdities of allusion and greater and greater extravagances of heroism. The young man's only consolation was

(Continued on Page 145)

DORT

Quality Goes Clear Through

TOURING CAR
$925

IN commenting some time ago on the high regard in which the Dort is held by owners we said:

Very apparently there is a steadily growing appreciation of the fact that the Dort does actually possess certain inherent qualities that give it a value distinctly above the ordinary.

When we wrote that we had reference to something more than the economy of the Dort in gasoline, oil, and tires, or the ease with which it rides, although these are worthy of special emphasis.

We had in mind specifically the definite advantages that accrue to you because of the simplicity and accessibility of the Dort construction.

The first value of this simpler design is, of course, that it reduces chances for trouble to a minimum.

There are fewer parts to get out of order. There is far less frequent need for overhauling, tuning up, and like items of upkeep.

The second advantage is that the Dort owner who wishes to care personally for his car can do so easily and inexpensively when, in the course of time it should become desirable to tighten up this part or that, or make a readjustment here or there.

So you see this simplicity and accessibility is important to you in two ways.

It adds perceptibly to the life of the car and, during a period of service, saves you no inconsiderable sum in time and money.

Prices F. O. B. Factory, Wire Wheels and Spare Tires Extra

DORT MOTOR CAR COMPANY

Flint, Mich.

Canadian Factory, Grey-Dort Motors, Ltd., Chatham, Ontario

(51)

Wilson dependable MOTOR TRUCKS

Time Tested Transportation

For thirty-six years Wilson Transportation has served America's haulage requirements.

For the last seven years of this period this invaluable experience has been built into Wilson Dependable Motor Trucks.

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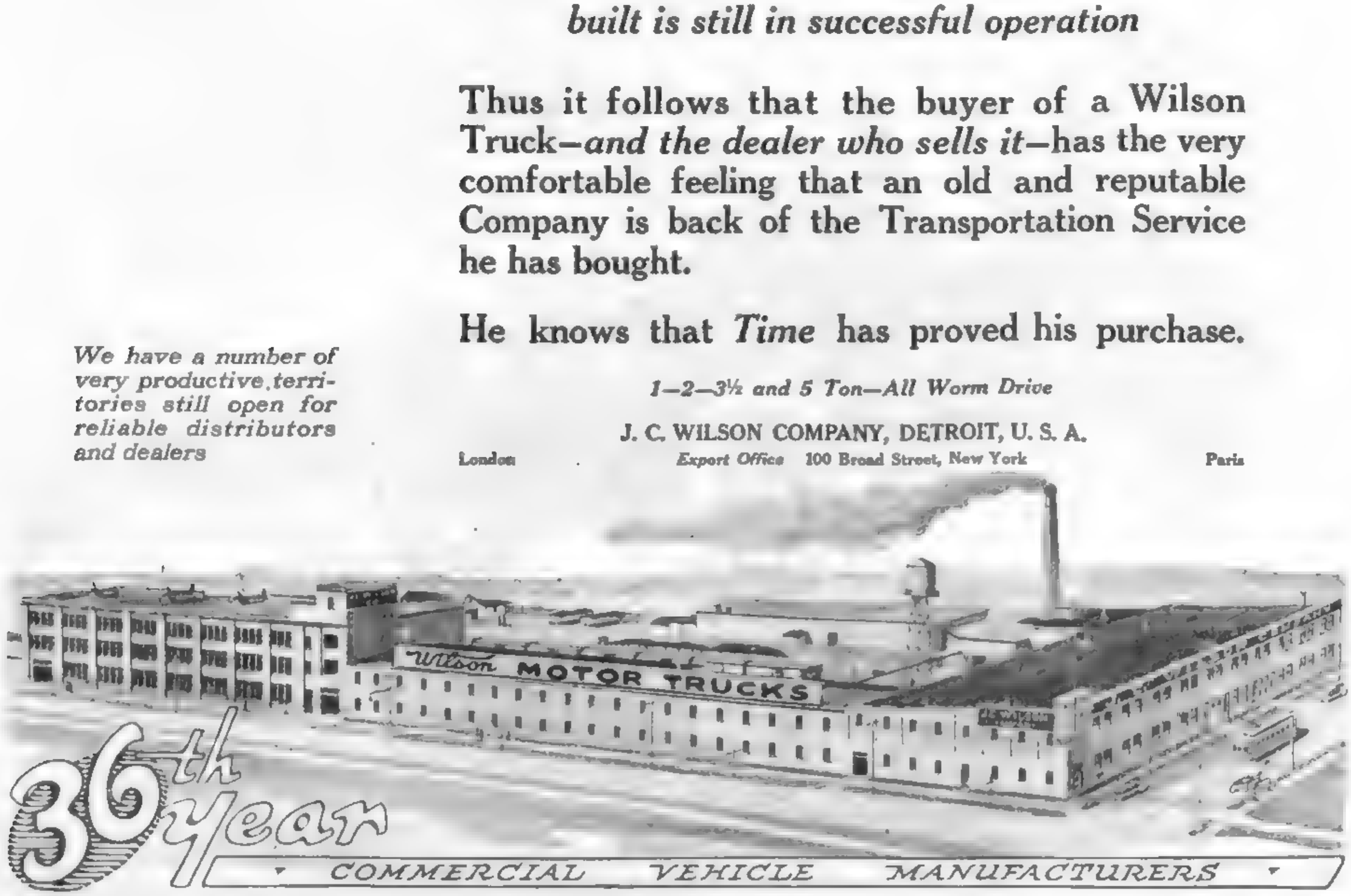

36th Year

COMMERCIAL VEHICLE MANUFACTURERS

(Continued from Page 142)

that the hands of the clock moved, and that once in a while exultant thoughts of that twelve hundred dollars commission were permitted for a moment to flit like a fragrant breeze through the superheated chambers of his mind. But in the midst of such refreshing moments there would always spring up some freshly maddening curiosity in the mind of Doctor Maltbie. During this hour of narrative Ben grew to hate that gentleman.

"Kill him! This son of a gun! I'll kill him if I ever get his money. I'll take him into an alley and choke him to death with his own certificates." This was one of the milder of Ben's reactions to that sustained period of torture; but at last the hands of the clock pointed to five minutes after one. Doctor Maltbie noted it first, one might have inferred from the fact that he spoke of it first.

"S'pose we might as well go on over to the bank now," he suggested.

"Might's well, I guess," yawned Ben. "I'm feeling kind of comfortable here, though. How about having lunch first?" This was undoubtedly the noblest stall that desperate adventurer ever made.

"Business before pleasure, young man," chided Doctor Maltbie sternly, and led the way toward the bank.

It was somewhere back while Ben was committing deeds of valor in the Argonne Forest that the two gentlemen on the lounge which backed up against the one Doctor Maltbie had chosen rose and went out. Shortly thereafter action began to transpire in the outer office of Mr. Wyman. Maisie was just innocently wondering what that gentleman's habits were in the matter of luncheon. She felt that he must be going out presently, and she meant to follow him immediately. Before he did go out, however, there came to the outer door not a rap but a noiseless turning of the knob, succeeding which two light-treading individuals stood before her—one wiry, the other stocky; one mustached, the other not; one advancing courteously and inquiring with lifted hat for Mr. Wyman, the other—quite incidentally, it would seem—sauntering to a position between Maisie and the door of the private office.

"Engaged just at present," replied Maisie quietly, in the manner of perfect composure, though her keen eyes had not failed to notice something mysterious, something illegitimate in the manner of her callers. It struck her at once, as she thought of the treasures in Mr. Wyman's safe, that this was robbery; but Maisie's heart was stout. It might be tender; Maisie might give things away lightly and out of mere generosity of disposition, but she had not battled up thus far out of childhood surroundings that were rather elemental without developing a fighting spirit. Nobody could take things from her without a struggle, and her wit was cool.

"Take a seat," she said.

Now this action was quite in line with a general instruction from her employer. Under the edge of her desk was a button, which she was to touch twice upon the entry of a caller. Then the visitor was to be made to wait as patiently as possible, while Maisie kept her eyes and ears brightly open to learn all she could about the individual. When a sufficient time for purposes of observation had elapsed or the caller had begun to grow restless Maisie was to pass within, ostensibly to notify Mr. Wyman that a visitor waited impatiently to see him, but actually to report her deductions and thus prepare him for a skillful handling of the prospect.

"We can't wait," responded the taller of the two men, the one who had remained directly in front of her.

"Perhaps you had better call this afternoon," suggested Maisie crisply, contemplating the first speaker easily and then turning casually to the man who had drifted round behind her, so as to include him also in the compass of her suggestion. But considerably to that young woman's surprise she found herself facing a shiny instrument that she had no difficulty in recognizing as an automatic pistol.

"Our business is very urgent!" intimated the man with the weapon.

Maisie gasped but scorned to scream.

"What's this, a hold-up?" she demanded contemptuously. "Humph! You wouldn't shoot a woman."

With this the girl reached coolly for the telephone, at the same time contriving to give that button under the edge of the desk another push, and this time definitely a single push. This—also in accordance with prearrangements—informed Mr. Wyman that a caller was behaving very—unusually. In fact, Maisie knew now that one punch on that button was a danger signal, though she had not suspected it when the instruction was given. She only connected it with his other apparent eccentricities as an absurd sort of precaution, a providing against the utterly improbable.

"What did you do then?" demanded the man with the pistol, almost sure that he caught something in her movement more suspicious than it was meant to appear.

"Got the telephone where I could reach it in case I decide to call the police," she answered pertly. "You two bullies can't bluff me! Where do you get this movie stuff anyway?"

But when the man with the heavy artillery drew nearer with something like menace in his eye Maisie had a slight attack of nerves.

"If you—if you try any rough stuff with me," she squalled excitedly, at the same time snatching the receiver from its hook, "I'll scream into this phone and then there'll—there'll be hell to pay!"

The revolver was quickly put out of sight. Screaming evidently was not what was wanted. Maisie put the receiver again upon the hook and eyed her tormentors defiantly.

"Look here, young woman," said the tall man, the one who had so far made no demonstration of arms, as he brushed back the lapel of his coat, exposing a silver badge; "we are officers. We've been camping on Wyman's trail a long time."

"On his trail?" Maisie's voice once more rose in alarm, but a different kind of alarm this time. "Why? What's he done?"

"You know what he's done. He's floated more fake securities in the last six months than would buy a battleship."

For a moment Maisie's astonished features expressed a varying set of emotions; but loyalty was one of her strong suits.

"It's a lie!" she said stoutly. "It's a damn lie!"

And she stood, very tall, very straight, very white and dignified, staring at Mr. Wyman's traducers with burning eyes.

They looked at each other and laughed—a gloating, satirical laugh. Somehow that laugh more than any words they could have uttered plucked the foundation from under the built-up tower of her faith in James Leroy Wyman. The girl turned and stood looking at his door, that door behind which he now stood with warning—warning! That very recollection that he had been warned, and by her, by a signal prearranged—that fact seemed suddenly to give her sickening assurance that what these men said was true. With it there linked all these other little eccentricities and coincidences and suspicions which now so readily hooked themselves up into chains of conviction—conviction that the man was what they said he was—a faker and a felon!

For a moment the girl was dazed. She clutched weakly at her bosom. Another idol had fallen. The disillusionment itself, coming in this form and with such overwhelming suddenness, was cruel enough. But there was added the pang of keen personal disappointment. Once again the male sex had failed her.

Besides it was such a nice place! He was such a nice employer! Her anticipations of life had been so happy here! All the hard climbing seemed over. She had been indulging such rosy dreams this morning—only this morning—and now! Maisie's stout heart, which had quailed but momentarily before pistols and robbers, quailed utterly before the conviction that Mr. Wyman was what these men said he was—a skillful master criminal! The fountains of the teary deep broke up; Maisie's eyes gushed the salt brine of bitterness; her voice broke into a wail of lamentation.

"I knew that man was too—too good to be true," she sobbed, shaking a clenched hand at the closed door and then sinking brokenly with weepings into her chair.

There was a moment of silence broken only by the half-stifled sobbings of the girl.

"Can the weeps," broke in one of the men harshly. "Tear drops melt no ice with us."

The cynicism in this man's tone stung Maisie's pride. She straightened up again, brushing back certain wet disheveled strands from her reddening eyes.

"Think you're a fly guy, don't you? Picking on a woman!"

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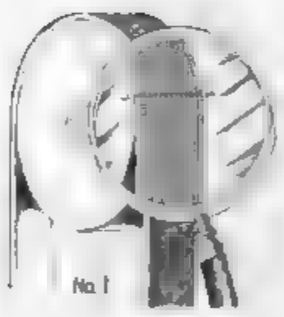

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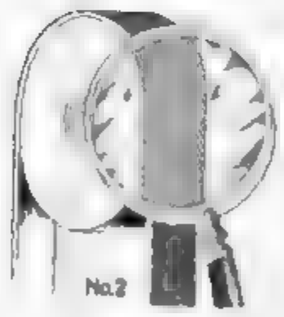
If your belt slips it means a hot engine—no pep—and if it isn't looked after there is a big repair bill ahead.

You can avoid this and save yourself a lot of trouble by giving consideration to the fan belt now.

Look at Figure No. 1—a small section shown through the magnifying glass has been enlarged so that you can see the structure. Notice how all the threads run lengthwise and crosswise of this belt. This means that it has no elasticity, and as soon as it wears a little it becomes loose on the pulley and then your fan isn't running up to speed.



NOW look at Figure No. 2—notice the weave of this belt is on the bias—that makes it elastic and gives it a firm grip on the fan pulley. Such a belt always stays tight.

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"Oh, we've got you dead to rights, along with him," was the answering sneer. "The young man told us just where you come in on this job. It's a long trip over the bay for Wyman, and it'll be some little journey for you and the young fellow."

"What young fellow?" Maisie demanded with passionate scorn

"Oh, he broke down and told us the truth all right," insinuated the detective.

"What young man?" the girl persisted, though such self-control as she had regained was beginning to wobble.

Her brain was whirling. A dozen unpleasant possibilities danced like gibbering derisive clowns upon the horizon of consciousness. Had Wyman made an unwitting tool of poor inexperienced ambitious Ben? Had these brutes trapped that conceited idiot, confused him, threatened him, broken him down, sweated him into making dangerous admissions or assertions—assertions that might seem to involve her as well as himself? But the detective, not to be tempted into what he deemed superfluities by her demand for the name of the young man, was bombarding her relentlessly.

"Yes—yes, he told us all about you—and him," asserted the man impatiently. "Do you deny that you are the governor's niece?"

"Yes, you idiot! Yes!" she screamed indignantly.

"That you hunt society victims while he hunts rubes?"

"The same answer goes," snapped Maisie.

"That you work together? That you are partners? That you are engaged to be married?"

In the midst of all her bewilderments, fears and wraths this intimation touched Maisie upon the spot of her softest susceptibility.

"Did Mr. Downey say that?" she inquired quite calmly, and there was almost a tenderness in her tone, almost a smile upon her face.

"Yes—he said that! And a lot more. Do you deny that you two have been dividing up your commissions? Your swag, I better call it. That you whacked up on the twenty-four thousand shares he's just sold in four different states?"

Twenty-four thousand shares? In four states? Maisie's overtaxed brain was reeling again, but the machine-gun fire of verbal assault was continuing unabated:

"That pretty soon you were aiming to dish Wyman and go in for yourselves—open a stock-and-bond office here? On the legitimate if you could make it go—crooked if you couldn't? That just since he's come back from France ——"

From France? A gleam entered Maisie's darkening mind.

"From France!" she exclaimed in tones of withering scorn. "Say! That poor boob, Downey, has never been any nearer to France than Camp Fremont down here."

It was her tormentor's turn to be surprised.

"He hasn't? We've been listening to him for an hour, telling of his heroisms in France. That man's won more decorations, and not got 'em, than one of these old-time bicycle racers used to wear on his breast."

Maisie's face, swollen by tears, tortured by perplexities and mortification, at last broke up in laughter.

"Look here, bo," she exclaimed, laying a hand on the detective's wrist—a hot, impulsive hand—and speaking in a tone that the most incredulous of men must have found to be irresistibly truthful. "That poor boob has just been lying to you. He never saw France. He has never sold a dollar's worth of stock for Mr. Wyman. I picked him up down on the corner only this morning. He was hungry and he didn't have the price of a cigar even. I took pity on him and gave him his breakfast. I fell for his line of talk. I liked him. I like him yet—if you want to know." Maisie's cute little chin was tipped in a most charming defiance. "And I brought him up here and Mr. Wyman gave him a job. If he's told any lies—if he's done anything wrong, it's because Mr Wyman hypnotized him, just like he's hypnotized me Honest, I thought Mr Wyman was the finest man! It just seems"—she turned and gazed mournfully at that closed door—"it just seems like there ain't any man ever that's true, don't it?"

For a moment Maisie's eyes swam again with tears of chagrin and disappointment.

But though this defense of Maisie's had been delivered with the ring of veracity the two operatives were too peeved with having fallen for so much of Ben G. Downey's plausible lying to let the girl go without at least another effort to save face.

"Look here, young woman," declared the spokesman, "we're not so soft. We know that young fellow did a lot of lying, but we know he did a lot of truth-telling too. For one thing he admitted that you got him into this; that you put him on to ——"

Maisie's eyelids for a moment fluttered helplessly; but her faith in human nature was still great.

"No!" she decided with a simple shake of the head. "Not if he knew what he was saying, he didn't. Mr. Downey may have romanced a little when he was trying to sell those Valley Traction bonds the old man gave him—but, say, what's the matter with Valley Traction bonds anyway? Is it a crime to sell 'em?"

"Valley Traction? Huh! It was P. M. I. he was selling."

"And P. M. I. barred by the blue-sky law!" exclaimed Maisie, astounded at the depths of human depravity. "Oh, that oily old scoundrel! Go on in there and get him if you want to!" she snapped scornfully. "I won't hinder you."

"No hurry about him," taunted the less talkative of the two. "Wait till we get through with you, little girl."

"Well, you're through with me right now!" announced Miss Maisie with a toss of her pretty head; and conscious of innocence stood proudly at bay. "And when you say Ben Downey tried to lay something off onto me to get out of the consequences of any fool thing he may have done I don't believe you, that's all. They may breed 'em that yellow, but he's not the yellow breed."

It was on the heels of this gallant affirmation of faith in Ben that snappy steps were heard in the hall and Downey himself burst into the room closely followed by Doctor Maltbie, who had come along ostensibly to meet Mr. Wyman and make sure that his certificates of stock were transferred properly upon the books of the company.

Ben's face was fairly radiant; he waved a sheaf of bills and started straight for Maisie.

"Congratulate us, kiddo! Doctor Maltbie takes the whole eight hundred P. M. I., and here's the real mazuma to pay for it." That was the speech he was going to make, but it was never delivered. The spectacle of Maisie's tear-stained face, her declamatory pose and these two men browbeating her banished the smile from Ben Downey's face, succeeding which a hard look came upon it, while indignant wrath burned in his blue eyes.

"Ben," the girl demanded sharply, "did these men arrest you?"

"Arrest me? Why, I never saw them before!"

"Liars!" the girl snapped with a contemptuous glance at the two detectives. "Then you didn't confess to them that if this stock-selling game was crooked I was the crook and put you up to it?"

"Who said that?" bellowed Ben G. Downey.

He might be something of a fabricator in moments of stress, but he was not an ingrate and he was not a coward. His right arm flexed and shot out, and the stocky man, who chanced to be standing nearest, took up a position on his ear over in a far corner of the room, while Ben turned upon the taller one. But at this moment a strange thing happened. The stiff-jointed Doctor Maltbie became suddenly a man of action, and a vigorous whirlwind sort of action at that. His long arms appeared to become muscled with enormous strength, for he leaped upon Ben Downey from behind, plucked him backward, seized one wrist, spun him about violently, and slammed him against a corner of the room with a force that deflated his lungs entirely. When Ben in his struggle for breath turned about, the slender man was before him holding out a pair of handcuffs.

"Don't you!" screamed Maisie, hoarse with rage and a burning sense of injustice. "He hasn't done anything but lie—the poor boob!"

Ben's eyes started at this gratuitous insult, but his empty bellows made him speechless, and he could only stare at the fair author of it reproachfully.

"He's done a plenty at that," chuckled Doctor Maltbie; "besides which here are the eight hundred shares of P. M. I. he tried to unload on me, and there's the real money that he accepted in payment for them." *(Continued on Page 149)*

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Wire Work of all Kinds

(Continued from Page 148)

Maisie seemed to divine at once that in Doctor Maltbie she was encountering a man of superior quality to the two others with whom she had been dealing.

"Look here!" she exclaimed, coming over and facing him with a very sincere light in her eyes. "You don't want to blight a promisin' young man's career, do you?"

"Gad! He's promising, all right," ejaculated the doctor. "That young fellow promised more ——"

"But he's not to blame, really. It's me and Wyman. He thought those stocks were right or he wouldn't have made an effort to sell 'em. Wyman fooled us both. I never saw him till yesterday and I admit I fell for him like a ripe persimmon—and I'm smart. It isn't any wonder then that this boy orator believed him. I thought I had a nice promisin' place here and I was awful happy. I saw this lonely young man and tried to start him off right. I filled him full of pep as I could and then I passed him inside. The old man jazzed him up for fair. He went out of here radiant as an angel, Mr.—Mr. ——"

"Haines is my name," said Doctor Maltbie—"William H. Haines, secret-service chief for this district."

"Well, honestly, Mr. Haines, it would have made your heart glad to see how that young man went out of here, so full of hope and determination and ——"

"—— lies! Especially the one about the tanks looking like moving haystacks in a storm. That's the one that ——"

"But don't you see how it all happened? The poor boob was only trying to make good."

"Here! Who you calling a boob?" Ben protested, suffering not only from the effects of rough handling but from one breath-taking surprise after another until it seemed that his mind was surely going. "Wh-what's that?" he gasped. "The stock wasn't good? What's that they say, Maisie?" his reddening face and starting eyes betokening the three-corner struggle that was going on within him between conscious guilt, a mighty innocence and a vast cyclonic bewilderment.

"Good—nothing!" ejaculated Maisie with a scorching glance. "Piffle! It wasn't any more good than so much wall-paper patterns. Wyman's a crook, can't you understand? And you—all your darn lies ——"

The young woman halted, wondering if it was worth while to specify, but there were others who had no doubt it was.

"About the twenty-four thousand shares you sold," reminded the tall detective.

"In four states," supplemented the stocky man, who having got up from his ear was coming at Ben with a very vengeful look in his eye when the hand of his superior waved him off.

"And the time when General Foch kissed you on both cheeks," twitted Mr. Haines.

With all these four accusing consciences confronting him Ben G. Downey felt himself hopelessly outnumbered and entirely overcome. He held out for a minute and then kameraded ingloriously.

"But, Maisie," he pleaded, "I was just so determined to make good."

"Look at him," observed that young woman. "Look at him. Ain't he the pitiable spectacle? The poor four-flusher! Can you imagine a real hard-boiled confidence operator taking a heavy fall with no more nerve than this?"

The late Doctor Maltbie looked at Ben and laughed softly but heartily. He had been enjoying the young man immensely for more than two hours, and was in no very vengeful mood toward him.

"Can you?" persisted Maisie, quick to follow up her advantage. "Go on, chief, and get Wyman if you want to, but don't bother with any small-fry liar like him. Leave him to me."

"You can have him, little girl, I guess," decided Mr. Haines. "You saw him first, and I'll put him on probation with you. But you'll excuse me, young man, from kissing you on both cheeks, won't you?"

"Oh!" groaned Ben; and turned with a shudder from the sight of that grinning face and the memories it called up.

Maisie's eyes flashed their sense of triumph as the three men turned from her and Ben to the door leading to the private office; but it now struck the girl as peculiar that, with the warning buzz she had given Mr. Wyman and all the noise of struggle and excited voices, that gentleman had made no move to come out and see what all the row was about. The courtesy with which Mr. Haines tapped upon the door was also rather remarkable; but the voice that called "Come in!" was not Mr. Wyman's. He was there, however, occupying the same swivel chair, with a large black grip in front of him on the table, on which two men were sitting, one on either corner, swinging their feet idly and conversing with Mr. Wyman quite sociably.

"Well, Wyman, taking it comfortably, I see," remarked Chief Haines.

"Why not?" snarled Wyman in a tone of voice that seemed very strange to him. "You fellows have got nothing on me."

Maisie pressing forward was awed to notice that her employer wore bracelets on his wrists, only much heavier than she had ever affected, while the material itself was different, being obviously of steel. Moreover, the bracelets were joined together by a short chain. She was astonished also to note that with his horn spectacles removed Mr. Wyman's eyes were revealed as of a greenish-yellow color.

"Lynx eyes! I'd never have fallen for him if I'd seen 'em good just once," was her swift reaction. "I'm off of horn spectacles for life now."

But the presence of the two other men in the room constituted the greatest mystery to Maisie, since there was no outside door to the inner office. The explanation of this, however, was forthcoming immediately.

"You'd have thought we had something on him, chief," exclaimed one of the men. "He popped out of the window, carrying this bag with him very tender, and was reaching a leg and arm across to the hall window when he saw Darcy and me waiting for him there. Then he decided to come back and take it cool, and we followed along after."

"What's the idea, Haines, staging all this picture stuff on me?" protested Wyman, affecting indignation. "You could have telephoned me to come down to headquarters if there was anything you wanted to ask me about."

"Die hard, James Leroy, don't you?" smiled the chief. "Well, there's several things I want to ask you about, so you can come along down now."

"Not going to make me walk through the streets with these things on?" protested the prisoner, holding up his hands.

"Just about," confessed the secret-service chief, quite unmoved. "It's too hard work picking up an eel to take any chance of letting him slip after you've got your hands on him."

But before leaving, the secret-service men swept desk, drawers, files and vault clear of every vestige and scrap of paper that might afford a line of evidence.

While this operation was in progress Maisie accosted her late employer with:

"Mr. Wyman, I'm sorry for your—your trouble. I'm real sorry to see anybody in trouble always; and you've been the best boss I ever had—while you lasted."

"Thank you, Miss Wells," said Wyman with quite the old tone; and he even bestowed upon her a look that might have been gratitude. Upon Ben G. Downey, who spoke no word but only stared reproachfully, Mr. Wyman vouchsafed not even a recognizing glance.

"I'll want you both as witnesses," said Mr. Haines as the search was finished. "Come down to the Federal Building at four o'clock and see me."

As the little procession passed out it left the two young people alone, facing each other and feeling much as if a cyclone had just passed through and swept them bare of everything. A moment, perhaps several moments, of absolute silence intervened. Slowly the two pairs of eyes found each other.

"Well!" Maisie exclaimed acridly.

"Well?" retorted Ben, stung by Maisie's tone and glance.

"This is a nice mess you got me into, isn't it?"

"I got you into?" Again Ben Downey's eyes rolled upward in despair. "If that isn't just like a woman!"

"Oh, is it?" sniffed Maisie. "Well, there's some angles to this situation that sound to me remarkably like a man. No matter who got us in, why didn't you buck up and get us both out, instead of leaving me to do all the talking?"

A frightened look came into Ben's face as at a nightmare memory.

"You were doing so well, Maisie, that—that honest—honest, I didn't dare to butt in." The tone of humility and the glance of genuine admiration which accompanied

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This problem of bean baking was not easy to solve. The scientific cooks in the Van Camp kitchens spent four years on this dish, and at least $100,000.

But millions know what ease of digestion, what zest and savor, what nuttiness and mellowness they gained.

The Scientific Way

None but modern experts, college trained, could create a dish like this. The beans must be selected by analysis. The water used to boil them must be freed from minerals.

The ovens must be heated by live steam. A very high heat must be applied for hours to fit beans for digestion. Ordinary ovens crisp and burst beans before they are one-fourth baked.

Zest Is Important

The sauce was another problem. These scientists tested 856 recipes to perfect the Van Camp sauce. But you never have tasted such a savory tang. And they bake that sauce into the beans.

The result is a dish which does not tax digestion. The beans are four times better baked, yet they are not crisped or broken.

The mellow texture and the zestful sauce have changed the whole conception of Baked Beans.

Have you discovered this new-type dish? If not, ask your grocer for it.

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Pork and Beans

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Soups Evaporated Milk Spaghetti Peanut Butter
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Prepared in the Van Camp Kitchens at Indianapolis

Van Camp's Soups 18 Kinds

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mollified Maisie considerably. "But it does look, thinking back," urged Ben persistently but humbly—"it does look as if you got me into the mess—unintentionally of course."

"Forget it!" counseled Maisie nobly. "We both got trimmed together. I even lose two days' salary." Her eyes stared round at the overturned chair, the desk drawers open and empty and the vault standing wide. "There's nothing left."

"But this," suggested Ben, producing that twenty-dollar bill from his pocket. "I wonder if it's phony."

"Let's go over to Techau's and see," proposed Maisie hopefully, and appeared as buoyantly ready to banish dull care as ever in her life, while she tried the effects of cold water upon her eyes and followed this with other skillful applications of first aid to beauty.

"All right, we will," Ben had assented promptly.

They went straightway and made an awful nick in the twenty, what with real green turtle and squab chicken and -and somemildliquidrefreshment. Theythought a good deal at first and talked little, but as they lunched confidence revived, and eventually like criminals fascinated by the scene of their crime they returned to the lonely empty office.

"I'm not beat yet," decided Ben, looking about with the superior frown of the still undaunted furrowing his brow.

"Nor me," declared Maisie. "I've been walloped too many times to let one little Honolulu twister like this put me out of business."

"Thinking it all over," said Ben, "I've learned some good lessons. I believe if I had something really legitimate to sell that I could sell it all right."

"You could, sure!" beamed Maisie, drawing encouragingly near.

"Seems to me we did pretty fair teamwork too, little girl, as far as we went," recalled Ben.

"You did tell the man we were partners, didn't you?" remembered Maisie consolingly; yes, and proudly.

"You bet I did!" boasted Ben.

"Well then, let's be partners. I'm willing enough."

The sense of solitude in the room and of having been bereft by a common experience had brought the two of them very close together.

There was something humbling and softening too about that experience, and this had crept into the tones of their speech and into their very moods. It seemed to Ben that he had known Maisie for ages and ages, and now her honest little hand, which he had rather unconsciously gathered in his grasp, lay there so soft and warm and confidinglike that it filled him with the spirit of great adventure.

"Let's be partners. I'm willing," the girl had said, with the utmost of modesty and yet the most commendable of frankness; and the words still echoed and thrilled in his heart.

"Business or life?" he inquired softly, significantly, insinuatingly.

Maisie claimed a moment for reflection. She liked Ben. There was much about him to excite her admiration, and his faults were so obvious that it must be easy either to cure or to forgive them. But she would be canny.

Caution whispered to her that she had known him only five hours.

"Business," she answered conservatively, but there was encouragement in her smile and a little jump in her voice, with an instinctive drawing closer yet to the wholesome figure of the man, as though to give assurance that her present-day decision was not meant to erect a barrier to a persistent man's future hopes.

"Business it is, then," declared Ben resignedly.

But it is possibly the first time that a business agreement was ever sealed just as that one was then sealed.

A SURVIVAL

By Beatrice Ravenel

MA'Y ANN'S come home fum her trabbles, an' de Lawd he's wrought a change:
She's Miss Marianner Jonsing, an' her cabin's Moted Grange.
An' she talk 'bout social 'stinctions like her snow-w'ite wings wus growed,
Like we never knowed 'bout none twell she come lopin' down de road.

When she traipse pas' my ole 'ooman she jis' tu'n her haid an' grunt,
'Cause she heng her washin' 'hind de house an' we heng ourn een front.
An' she's gittin' up a Bloo Buck what disrecollec' our names,
An' she's got a Club ob Colored Cooks ob de Colonial Dames.

Once 'twus "Metuddis o' Baptis'?" Now 'tis "Whuffer don' yer run
Fer Descenduns ob de Coachmen ob Gin'al Washin'ton?
Yer kin sho meck out ter git it." Yes, de blessed Lawd be praise',
Mis' Martha mus' 'a' change' em like some ladies nowadays.

Nebber min' 'bout no religi'n, Is yer trabble Nort' ertall?
Is yer ebber been a waiter at de Sin Sissilia Ball?
Does yer wife wash fer a Darter? Does yer chillun earn dey grub
Loafin' wid de Clan ob Caddies at de 'xclusive Country Club?

Is yer jined de Liltry Ebenin's? 'Cause dey's one ter-night, dasso;
An' Miss Jonsing gwine ter read Some Crumbs fum Lady Baltimo'.
But a Galilean ea'm'll fall, won' need no "Peace! Be still!"
When I 'splode my contribushun on Who's Who een Darkyville.

Cain't I call dey pas' ter 'membrance, cain't I name 'em one an' all,
An' who b'long ter obersees when dey git ter b'long ertall?
An' de good plain country darkies, an' de fancy dawgs wus free;
An' de high-tone buckra's people, an' de 'ristocrats—like me!

Ain' my grampa dribe de kerridge een de seat his grampa quit,
When we tu'n de whole town out fer cheer Maus' Marcus Lafayitte?
Ain' my gramma cook de dinner—okra soup an' she-crab meat —
When he kiss two Gin'al Pinckneys een de middle ob de street?

Ain' she lole us roun' de fire, waitin' twell de taters' hot,
We-all b'long ter Maus' Columbus, an' de fust he ebber got?
We wus mos'ly kings een Guiney, whar de sunny fountains rolls,
Whar she dance wid sunjur cow-tails clar a-switchin' ter her soles.

An' my maussa, my young maussa—eyes a-shinin' like a lamp!
All de ladies bus' out cryin' when he started fer de camp,
Ridin' like a smilin' angel down de long gray t'robbin' line;
An' I fotch him crost my saddle home ag'in fum Sebben Pine!

Ho, de Good Man's mighty patient! Who kin scrute onscrut'ble ways?
An' de w'ite folks' close behime um een dese cur'us latter days.
Lawd, jis' gib dese fancy niggers what dey 'bleege fer unnerstan'
Dat's a patch ob hoein' cotton an' de handle een dey han'!

The Consumer of Lumber Has a Right to Know Who Made It

The manufacturer who puts his name on his product issues a flat invitation to the consumer to hold the maker *responsible* for the quality of the article.

This means the manufacturer stakes his entire reputation on his goods.

It has been well said that the basic principle of barter and sale before the dawn of business ethics was: "Let the buyer beware."

Branding manufactured materials with the name of the maker turns this square around.

"Let the *maker* beware" is the new caution.

The Long-Bell Lumber Company believes consumers of lumber have a right to know who made the lumber they buy. On every piece of its 550 million feet yearly production of lumber, timbers and creosoted products will be found its trade-marked brand—**Long-Bell**

This brand on wood assures the consumer that he is obtaining the product of a concern that has more than forty years of lumber experience behind it; that by its strict adherence to high standards of workmanship and careful grading the result is a product as near perfect as men and machinery can make it; that lumber thus branded is made by the largest manufacturer of Southern Pine in the United States.

Look for this name on lumber ——— **LONG-BELL** Ask your dealer for Long-Bell Brand.

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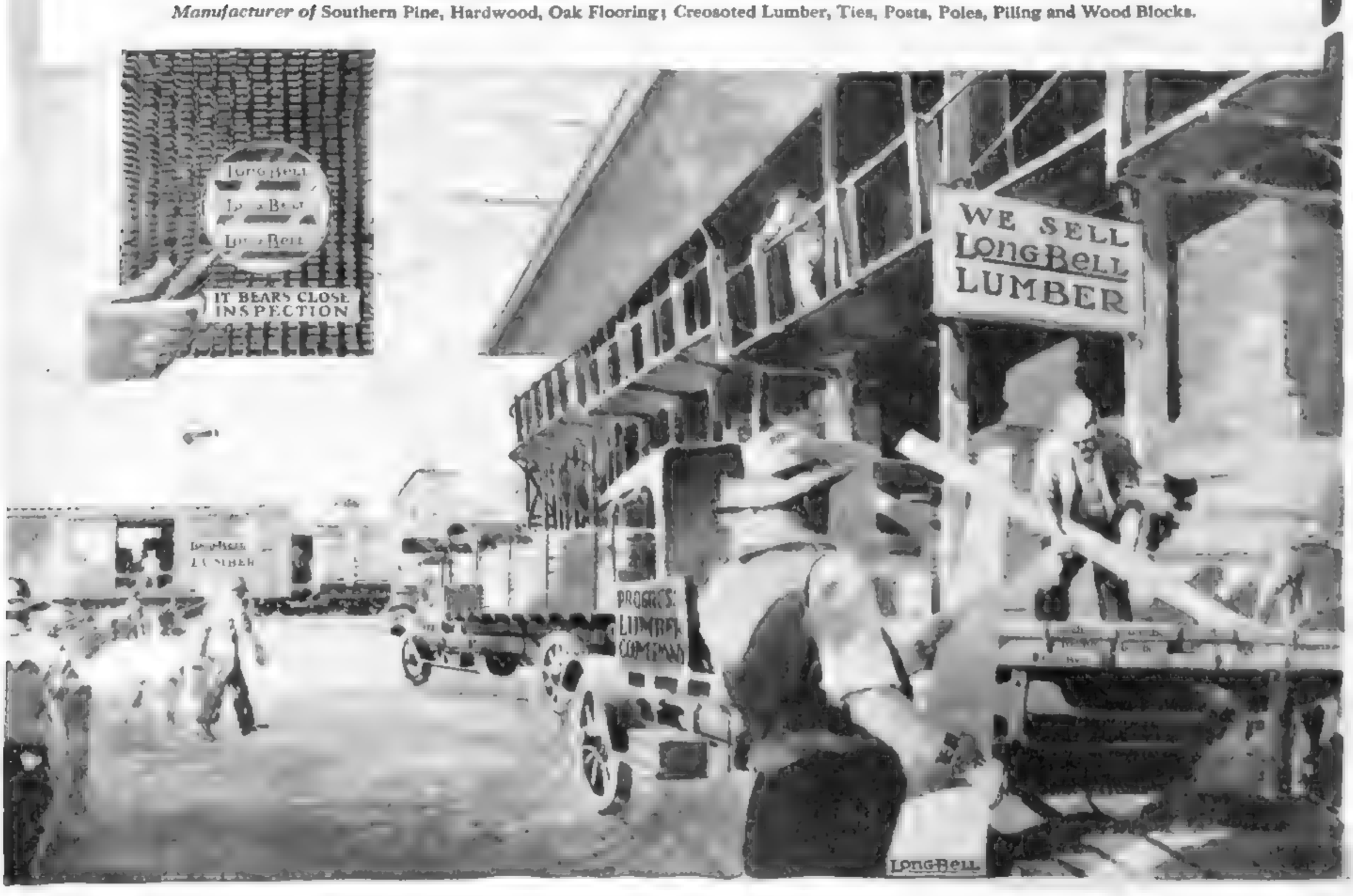

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You May Dent the Wood-but the Varnish Wont Crack-

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THE LONG-LIFE WHITE ENAMEL

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PRATT & LAMBERT VARNISHES

ENGLAND AND THE NEW AGE

(Continued from Page 20)

Macdonald, were frankly socialist—the British party never tagged itself with the name.

The vote of the Labor Party was growing year by year. The adoption by the Liberal government of measures to alleviate unemployment, to improve the condition of labor and to lighten the grip of the land-holding class, together with the growing solidarity of labor, was apparently sweeping England toward an era of social change. The world seems to assume that the present British industrial situation is a part of the adjustment after the war. As a matter of fact this crisis would probably have come, war or no war; and it might have come even more rapidly had Germany withheld the sword

When, in spite of the blindness of some of their leading officials, the British perceived that this was to be a war of production the first task of the government was to speed up manufacture in all vital trades. The union restrictions stood in the way. Lloyd George, from the time when he became Minister of Munitions, went at the problem; and the upshot, as all the world knows, was an agreement to abolish trades-union restrictions for the period of the war. Also, the unions agreed, either explicitly or tacitly, not to strike. The safeguard of labor was a series of government boards to hear grievances and to adjust disputes. The authority of the union executives was, therefore, for the time being nothing at all.

The government boards were dealing with the workingmen of each shop direct; and in these smaller units the holder of visible authority was the shop steward. These men, whom the unexpected turn of events brought for a time into strange prominence, were before the war minor union officials, mostly the mere collectors of dues and dispensers of union cards in each shop. Usually they were young men with ambitions for union leadership—walking delegates or Members of Parliament in embryo. Being young, they were radical; being obscure, they were less bound by personal and party considerations than the great union leaders. Even before the war finished they began to show their teeth. Here and there shops went out on sporadic strike, in spite of advice from national leaders, in spite of the agreement with the government. Always they were led by the shop stewards.

Work for All at Big Pay

That wages rose with the war, that such of the workers as were kept at home for necessary industries flourished and prospered, we know. Certain munition workers so prospered as to be the envy of classes above them in the British social scale. However, these were the exceptions. If wages rose so did the cost of living. It is doubtful if in the matter of wages the average workingman much bettered his condition. The gain, which seemed for a time to have eliminated poverty from England, was in the matter of unemployment. There was work for all. Soldiers' wives, already receiving an allocution, "went into munitions" at wages at least as great as their husbands received before the war. By common agreement all rules and laws about juvenile labor were relaxed to meet the emergency. Boys went into factories at men's wages.

For once the British working class tasted the fruits of universal prosperity with universal employment. It could not last after the war unless England changed mightily. Everyone on both sides of the industrial fence knew that. Conservatives viewed with alarm, revolutionaries with satisfaction, the situation when, the war over and the army back, England would make her readjustment to the trying period of peace.

The movement of the working class and of the more advanced liberals toward a readjustment of labor and perhaps of all society was meantime going quietly forward. Everyone understood that there could be no general election during the war. The Labor Party began building its fences for the vital general election after the war. Midcourse of the struggle they issued their new party program, now become famous. Its most vital radical principles were: First, the nationalization of the basic industries, including mines and railroads; and second, joint control—the participation of the workmen in the management of their factories. Just as vital, really, were the proposals looking toward the breaking up of large estates and ownership of the land by the people who worked it—as in France. But that—a large issue which England has yet to face—we may ignore for the present.

Because it so differs from any idea of industry which we hold, I suppose that most Americans have failed—as I failed until recently—to perceive the importance and the true bearing of joint control in the present British situation. As hours, wages and working conditions are the material factors in the situation this may be called the spiritual factor. A Briton is a Briton, with very set feelings of his own personal dignity and rights—no matter whether or not his material well-being is advanced by the acquirement of those rights. Also, we must understand the class system, which has subtleties that surprise the American.

Joint Control

A Briton frankly accepts his position as lower class, lower middle class, middle class or upper class. But while the man of the lower class admits that it is low he has, too, a sense of class rights and will go the limit in defending them. And the swing of the age had been such as to irritate this sense of personal dignity. In general, the factory organization of England had drawn the management farther and farther away from the personnel. Too much management was hereditary. A father or great-grandfather, coming up from the ranks or near them during the expanding mid-Victorian days, educated his son or grandson at a public school—which means, really, a particularly private school; sent him perhaps to the university, put him into the factory office for a bit of business training, and left the concern to him.

Such a man was, in sympathy, as far from the worker as though he sat on a throne. The feudal tradition of the lord and lady of the manor caring, as part of their personal duty, for the ill and unfortunate on their estates—even that was generally absent in modern British industry. County poor relief or, when the Asquith government passed its social legislation, old-age pensions took the place of this charming though inefficient institution.

On the other side, the restriction system, fanned as it often was by minor trades-union leaders, bred a class hatred of its own. It created in the mind of the British workingman a conviction that the employer and the employer's agents, such as the factory superintendent, were in everything natural enemies. Labor seemed weary of taking orders without the Britisher's privilege of registering a kick.

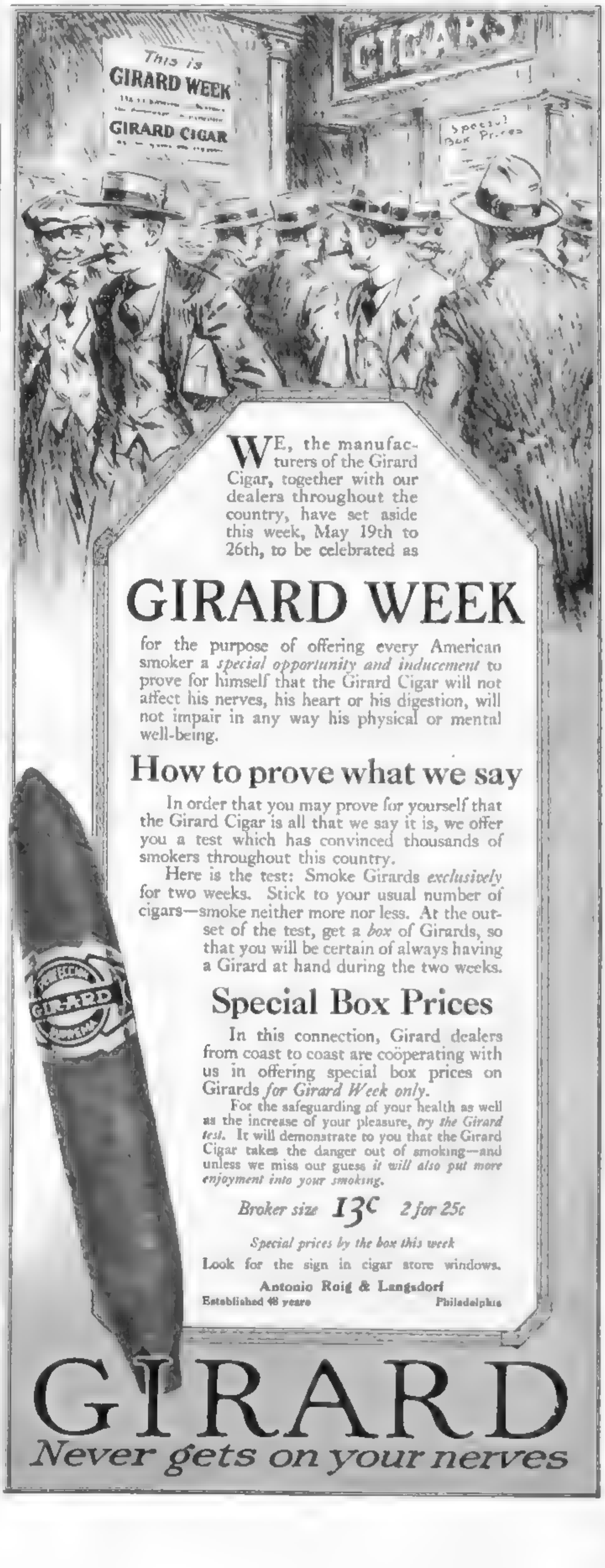
Joint industrial control was not exactly unknown to the British. For twenty years certain industries had a kind of general committee consisting of representatives of the employers and union leaders—a conciliation board—which met to settle disputes without strikes. However, these bodies governed only large general matters, not small details—and production is a matter of detail. Still, they had done a little to accustom Britain to this new plan.

The Lloyd George government, liberal in principle, led by the most liberal member of the "old crowd," had not failed to perceive the drift of affairs in British labor. They saw the unions reconciling their differences, drawing in their outlying forces and preparing for action. They saw the growing hold of the Labor Party on the workingmen of England. They saw, further, that the rank and file of the army was coming home in an exigent mood.

"They've been tellin' us for four years that we syved England," said a discharged soldier-workingman, wearing a Mons ribbon, to a friend of mine. "Now we're goin' to 'ave a bit of w'at we syved."

Now Lloyd George himself began his career as a champion of labor. Everyone who reads the newspapers must remember the day, scarcely a decade ago, when this little, humbly born Welsh attorney was almost habitually stoned from the platform for his dangerous views, was daily denounced in the Tory press as a destroyer. Lloyd George, I think, has not changed, but the times have. Two years ago he said to me: "You have appropriated the phrase 'New England.' Well, after we've won this war we're going to have a new England—the newest thing that is."

A Health Hint for Smokers



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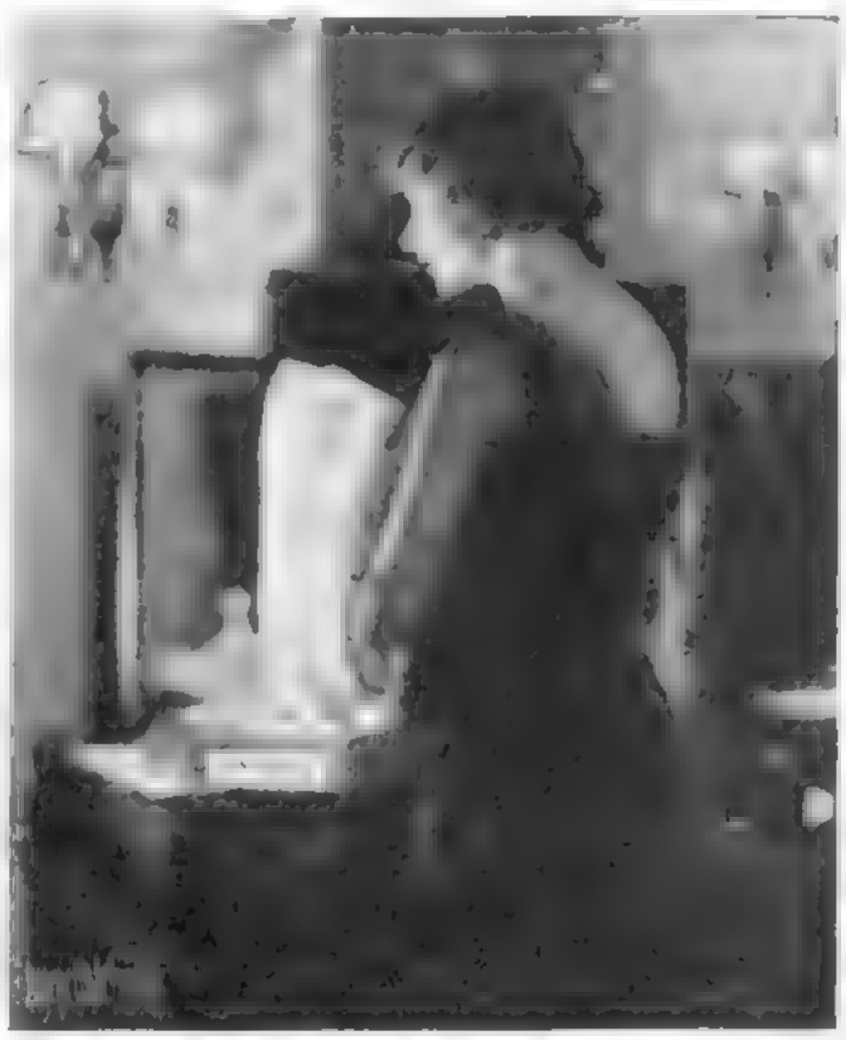

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CHICAGO NEW YORK

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At the moment I was not talking labor or industry with him; it slipped out of a general conversation, and it carried the impression at least of great sincerity. It is notable, however, that whereas the conservative class long ago accepted him and trusted to his hands the salvation of England, he early lost his standing with the radical wing of British labor. "Trimmer," they called him; as his admirers called him "conciliator."

Nevertheless, sincerely or insincerely, he saw that the government must yield to the pressure of the times, and to the greater pressure coming after the war. And he, like the rest among the wise of England, doubtless saw that what I have called the spiritual factor largely dominated the situation.

This was the intention back of the Whitley Committee and the now famous Whitley report—a work begun more than two years ago, but only now coming into practical operation.

This board—consisting of members of the government, of the directors of industries and of union leaders—drew up a simple and yet comprehensive scheme for joint control in the separate industries. It had behind it the approval, though not the authority, of the government. No one was compelled to accept it; but the government hoped that everyone would. In each shop there was to be a committee consisting of workmen and directors or superintendents, who should jointly manage the factory. Above the shops should be regional councils, their membership still representative of both workmen and employers or managers; finally, at the top, and governing the strategy of the industry as the shop council governed its tactics, a national board composed of heads of the employers' associations and the national officers of the unions.

The fulfillment of the Whitley scheme had to await the end of the war and the resumption of normal industry. At this moment—April—no one can say exactly how it will work; it is in process of organization and is, generally speaking, not yet working at all.

Organization has, however, been perfected in three comparatively minor industries—pottery, rubber and watches. These have the full system of shop committees, district councils and national councils organized and operative; but who can judge their success by a month or two of this transitional period? Probably the most significant thing about the Whitley movement is that it looks good for a trial.

Russian Influences

Last March the engineering trades accepted it as a whole and are preparing to organize on Whitley lines. The engineering trades in England means all work in metal, from shipbuilding to needle making. Though not basic like coal mining or transportation, it is probably the most important single industry, in investment and numbers, which England holds. Which illustrates again the strength of the spiritual factor in British industry and the recognition of this factor by all parties concerned.

While in the slow and sure British way the existing government was preparing to slide gracefully into the new era, Bolshevism had arisen in Russia and was working, more or less, through the laboring class of the entire world. People have a way in this period of hissing "Bolshevism!" at any social doctrine which they do not like; so let us in order to see clearly try to define scientifically the Bolshevism of the year 1918, which is a slightly different thing from the Bolshevism of 1917. It is that form of revolutionary social doctrine which believes in tearing down the whole existing social structure, from private ownership to matrimony, and building a new structure on its ruins. The structure which the Bolshevik intends to build is not socialism, as the enlightened now understand the term, but communism, which is a very different thing. It will recognize as worthy to live in society no man but the one who works with his hands. It makes no allowance for differences in ability or usefulness. If directors and managers there must be, let them accept exactly the same division of industrial rewards as the manual laborer. The proletarian dictatorship is their motto.

On precisely that point the International Socialist Congress, with only the French and Greeks dissenting, condemned Bolshevism at its recent Berne congress. It repudiates all national lines, and condemns all existing governments. Its policy is to split up and embarrass governments and institutions, whether by force or by intrigue.

This accounts for many things in the policy of Lenine which otherwise seem perfectly mad. An example is his continual debasement of the Russian currency. He is simply working to destroy the value of all money. We do not like the direction he is taking, but at this moment I should say, regarding mine enemy, calmly, that he is one of two men in the world who know fully where they are going. The other is Wilson.

In addition to its philosophy and intention Bolshevism has a working method which often complicates the issue when we take to calling names. The Soviet of the Bolshevik system is a society of workmen which on the communal system manages each industrial unit, like a factory or a farm. It sends delegates to larger and larger bodies, which eventually govern the entire scheme of industry.

The General Elections

How curiously the shop-steward system and the Whitley system—both looking toward vastly different ends from Bolshevism—resemble the Bolshevist organization. This doctrine struck England perhaps I had better say crawled into England—during the hard days of 1918, when it took its first general spread. There is no doubt that a small faction, composed partly of advanced revolutionary intellectuals and partly of workingmen in despair with existing conditions, wholly embraced it. This party is still working underground; but it is an infinitesimal minority. Far more caught something of the Bolshevik spirit or admired its method of organization. In especial, a rather alarmingly large proportion of British workers began to talk of direct action instead of political means.

The Labor Party avowed its intention of trying to get control of England when the war should be over; and all tests showed that it was making great progress. It became almost certain that if the war-coalition split, if Unionists and Liberals went before the country with separate tickets, the Labor Party would win. It was determined to maintain the coalition, with Lloyd George still at its head.

And the armistice was no sooner signed than that cleverest of politicians declared a general election. He knew perfectly that the coalition, with all the new prestige of victory, would stand its best chance right then. "The government which won you the war" was the party argument. Perhaps, too, he was counting on that "direct action" sentiment which would prevent many British workers from going to the polls.

There followed a freak election. Part of the workers, as I say, did not vote at all. Women were admitted to the franchise for the first time; and though it is hard to say whether their votes leaned toward the conservative side or the radical they certainly upset many a calculation. The army—its interest on the war, not on politics—cast only a quarter of its potential vote. Finally, the representation of the Labor Party was in curious disparity to the general vote; if Lloyd George had gerrymandered the country he could not have produced a more amazing result. For majorities almost everywhere were small, though curiously even. The Labor Party seated only seventy members; on proportionate representation they should have elected 130. Their total vote was 2,500,000, and that of coalition 3,400,000.

Finally, the leaders of the party almost all lost. This election was swung on the issue of patriotism, and Snowden, Ramsay Macdonald, Will Anderson and a number of others had either expressed during the war a desire to make a settlement with Germany or had been suspected of such desire.

The leaders professed themselves, nevertheless, to be encouraged. They had at least made themselves, instead of a small, struggling minority faction, the opposition party. The vote was so large as to be mightily encouraging, they said; at the next election, when the coalition would have no war record to arouse enthusiasm, the Labor Party stood a good chance of winning.

The election struck a different note in the rank and file. All the average British workman felt was disappointment. The

(Continued on Page 157)

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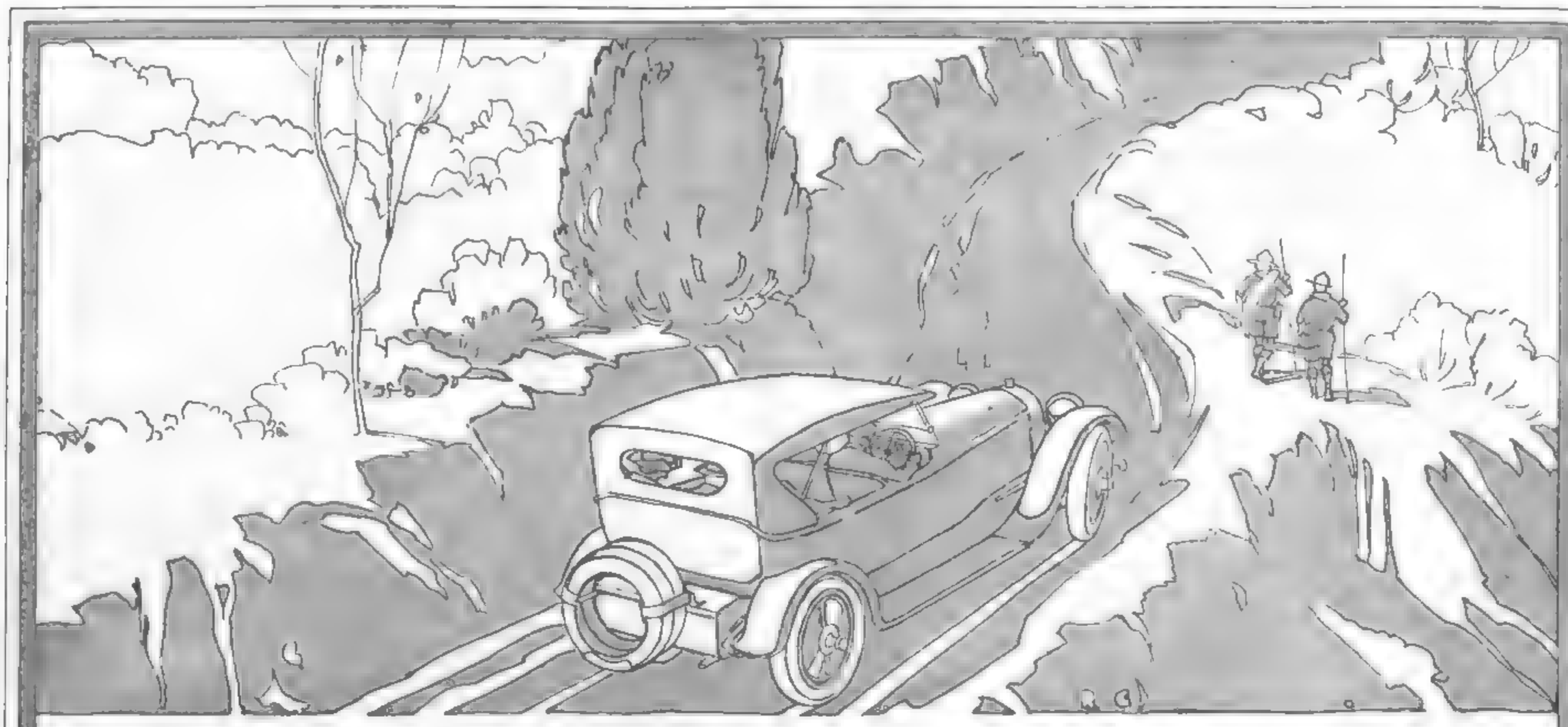

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(Continued from Page 154)

very disparity between the vote and the representation made him feel that it was of no use to work with governments. The Bolshevik element and the half Bolsheviks played upon this disappointment. Suddenly sporadic strikes, which grew into the major disturbances of the Clyde and of Belfast, broke out all over England. In nearly every case the men struck not only without the connivance of the recognized union leaders but against their advice and frantic pleadings. So far as these strikes had any leadership it was in the hands of the shop stewards. Either the men laid down their tools and went out spontaneously or a few shop stewards got together, formulated demands generally larger pay and shorter hours—and sent the men out without consulting the union leaders. Of such character was the tube strike in London, the general walkout in the Clyde steel and shipbuilding works, and the complete tie-up of Belfast.

It looked for a few days as though Great Britain were swinging into Bolshevism. For once, government, employers and union leaders made common cause. Owners who a few years before the war had stated flatly that they would deal with their employees as individuals but would have no doings with unions now declared that they would treat with the men only through their recognized union leaders.

Then the strikes began to go to pieces for pure lack of organization. That was a factor upon which, probably, neither side counted, least of all the shop stewards. They were like an army organized only into separate companies, without general, divisional or regimental staffs, without training or strategy. It was a far different thing, they found, from a strike under formal union leadership, with an experienced labor politician laying out strategy and tactics, with benefit funds to back them up. The strikes were failures; after a struggle, comparatively brief, such organization as they had fell to pieces. The engineering trades of Belfast and the Clyde lost, and the tube strike was compromised. Springing the tube strike at the time was in itself a tactical error. By and large, a strike cannot be won without public sympathy; and nothing alienates that sympathy like a strike which inconveniences the public.

The immediate effect of the Belfast and Clyde strikes, therefore, was enormously to strengthen the formal union organization. It taught the men that Bolshevist or syndicalist methods did not seem to work in England. It gained for the principle of organized and responsible trades unionism recognition from quarters formerly hostile. The unorganized strikes were no sooner out of the way than the leaders began to move their armies.

A Perilous Emergency

The tendency toward concentration of union power, which had been going on during the war, had proceeded most strongly in coal mining, railroading and transport work—this last means the business of loading and unloading vessels. Finally these unions, having certain common interests and recognizing the collective power of the basic industries which they represent, formed a fighting alliance known in England as the Big Three.

No sooner was it certain that British labor had swung back toward trades unionism than the Big Three came out with collective demands and announced a notice of general strike for March fifteenth unless the demands were granted. The program was fairly stiff. The railroad men wanted the forty-four-hour week—eight hours a day with a Saturday half holiday—and practically double overtime pay, together with the maintenance of the pre-war scale of wages—and nationalization of the railroads. The coal miners wanted what amounted to six hours a day of actual work in the drift, increased wages to meet the cost of living, better housing—and nationalization. So far as results were concerned they might as well have threatened to call out every worker in Great Britain. At the moment the country, owing to shortage of labor and drafts to supply the continental Allies, was so short of coal that people were requested to light grate fires only in case of illness—there was absolutely no reserve. With the mines stopped, the railroads stopped, shipping stopped, everything would stop. Britain had been working back, since the period of submarine starvation, toward a food reserve. But she had probably only three months' supply ahead. No great city, like London, has more than a fortnight's supply. To draw upon the reserves the metropolis always needs rail transportation.

The Guards Divisions of the dependable old professional army were recalled from the Rhine to London. Lloyd George dropped the Peace Conference and hurried back home. Here was a job for a conciliator if there ever was one. He took off his coat and went to work. His first move was to call together the Industrial Conference which I mentioned in beginning this article. It did virtually nothing except to air the situation and to appoint a board to "inquire into the prevailing industrial unrest." The union representatives objected to the word "unrest," but it went just the same. However, this conference did spread an atmosphere of conciliation, which was his object, doubtless.

He had a rougher time in spreading an atmosphere of conciliation about the executive committees of the Big Three. I saw him one morning coming out of a meeting with the miners, and he looked like a man who had been in a fight. But somehow his magic worked. A few days more, and the Big Three announced the postponement of the strike order to March twenty-second, and the government called an official commission to investigate the condition of the miners.

Lloyd George's Shrewdness

Here is where I begin to guess; but as everyone else is guessing at just what happened on the inside perhaps mine is as good as the next man's. Lloyd George was confronted with a situation highly dangerous to himself and the government. The vote in the last general election had shown the strength of the protesting element, the strikes in Belfast and the Clyde works its potential turbulence. In the Big Three, as he knew very well, the men were on the whole demanding more than the leaders.

Instead of pulling the men on, as the walking delegate is often accused of doing, Smillie, Thomas and the rest were holding them back. On one thing alone were the leaders more radical than the men. Virtual Socialists—of the constitutional stripe, not the Bolshevik—they wanted above all things the principle of nationalization. The men naturally had their eyes more closely fixed upon the personal question of hours and wages than upon this remote principle. But they were in fighting mood; the Bolshevist and syndicalist spirit smoldered among them; and this was the very moment when Spartacanism had one of its periodical bursts in Germany.

Lloyd George saw that the government would have to yield, if not on all points at least on most. The British people as a whole were not so averse to yielding as we may have thought on our side of the water. A great change has come over the corporate thought of England. All but the irreconcilably conservative are in a mood to face changes in the social structure—perhaps not this change, but at least a general readjustment of things. Yet on a proposition so radical he must pull a part of his unconvinced following along with him, were his government to stand. Further, he must not yield too easily—that would only invite further trouble.

Clever politician that he is, he adopted a beautiful device. He appointed an official commission, composed of members of the government, of employers and of labor leaders and radicals, to investigate in public hearings the condition of the coal mines and miners. Selecting the miners from the Big Three was the best thing he did. In the first place the British have always had a kind of sentimental regard for their coal miners. Years of pit disasters, recorded by journalists and novelists with the sympathetic side forward, have driven home to the British the perils of that craft. The average Englishman knows, too, that coal, even more than shipping, is the economic pillar of England. As Lloyd George, a Welshman brought up on coal, well understood, conditions in certain parts of the fields were wretchedly bad. All this, doubtless, was why he picked coal mining instead of railroading or transport work for his little piece of muckraking.

Speaking purely technically, and just as one muckraker experting another, let me say that the job was a whale. It began as a mild investigation and rose, with wonderful

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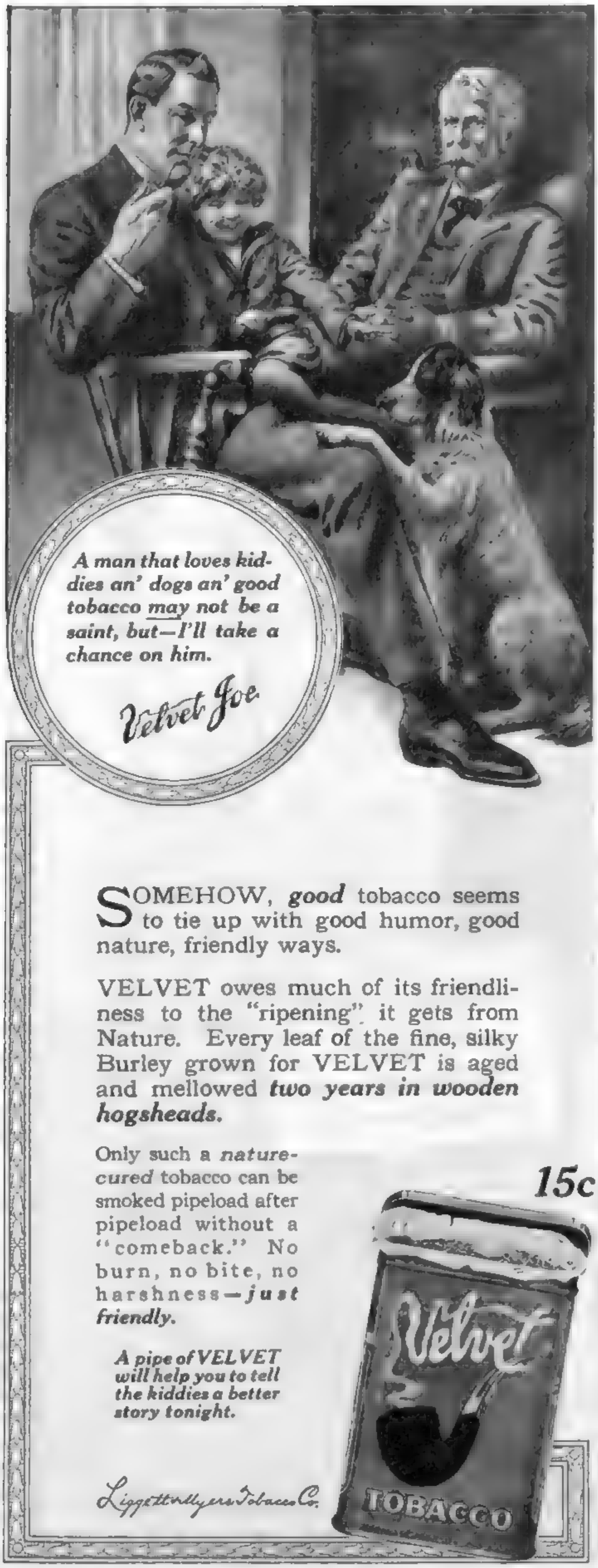
A man that loves kiddies an' dogs an' good tobacco may not be a saint, but—I'll take a chance on him.
Velvet Joe.
SOMEHOW, good tobacco seems to tie up with good humor, good nature, friendly ways.
VELVET owes much of its friendliness to the "ripening" it gets from Nature. Every leaf of the fine, silky Burley grown for VELVET is aged and mellowed two years in wooden hogsheads.
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A pipe of VELVET will help you to tell the kiddies a better story tonight.
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appreciation of artistic values, to a gaudy and stirring climax. Ignoring certain fields, notably in Wales, where conditions are pretty good, it concentrated fire upon the northern English and southern Scotch mines. It called up first the old sentimental feeling about the coal miners by showing that the average of killed and wounded during fifty years was respectively 1250 and 25,000. It presented statistics on the increase in wages and cost of living to prove that the miner was a shilling a day worse off than before the war.

While the public was digesting these facts, as printed in full each day by the newspapers, the inquiry shifted to finance and showed that the government in so regulating the price of coal that the poorest pits would return a profit had made great fortunes—in spite of excess profit taxes—for owners of the better pits. Then returning to the condition of the miners it touched up housing conditions in the northern mines, with special attention to the Duke of Hamilton. It showed that more than ten per cent of the mining families of that region live in one room, and that the average to the family was a little more than two rooms. Then it concentrated fire on the duke. He is the twelfth of a line which has been garnering land as it went along. His total holding in Great Britain, I believe, is 240,000 acres. The 30,000 acres which he owns in that part of the north includes most valuable coal mines, from which he gets a royalty on every ton extracted. In the neighborhood of the mines he has 2500 acres in parks and preserves, but he grants to 38,000 people of the mining class four hundred acres as residence. On that final showing the case went to the jury.

Now the British libel and contempt of court laws are so strict that the newspapers of England have never been able to muckrake as have ours. Such a revelation would produce an impression upon us; but after all, we've lived through muckraking for twenty years, and our sympathies are a bit deadened. Here the seed fell on virgin soil. Never have I seen a thing of the kind produce so deep an impression. The newspapers, following British tradition, refrained from editorial comment while the case was before an official body, but they printed the testimony almost verbatim.

One morning I journeyed by the Bakerloo underground line beside a well-dressed, comfortable-looking Englishman of middle age. He was reading the testimony in that morning's Times; and as he read he crumpled up the pages and said under his breath: "Shame! shame!"

Critical Days

Englishmen whom four years ago I knew to be conservative on everything expressed the opinion that something must be done for the miners. In clubs, in fashionable restaurants, in drawing-rooms and in all other places where one would not expect sympathy with a strike I heard the same expression—a shame that such things could be in England.

The Duke of Hamilton did not seem to be exactly popular. "He's the father of nationalization," remarked a journalist. The Queen held an inquiry of her own into living conditions in the East End. "I know now that I have seen only the byways," she said. "I want to see the worst places." She did; and expressed herself on housing conditions. This had nothing directly to do with the strike of the Big Three, but it added to the prevailing state of indignation the prestige which royalty confers.

A week before March twenty-second, the critical, fast-approaching day, the commission reported—in three sections. The representatives of capital and management favored considerable concession, but none, or virtually none, on nationalization. The radicals, including union leaders and such intellectual radicals as Sidney Webb and Sir Leo Chiozza Money, reported for the claims of the Big Three, lock, stock and barrel. This was what everyone expected.

The significant report was that of the government members. It granted about three-quarters of the demands for hours and labor. It gave the miners at once a seven-hour day in the actual pit and a six-hour day after a year. It reported favorably on nationalization and on joint control. Wise observers felt sure that the leaders would accept these terms; but could they rule the men?

After a breathless two or three days, during which all London prepared for a state of siege, the case went to the unions—and they accepted, though without rescinding the strike order. It was postponed for four months—left as a club over the head of the government to see that it moved with dispatch on nationalization.

As this transaction went, so, I imagine, will go all Britain's readjustment to the new era she is entering. I believe—of course we're all guessing a little just now—that the high tide of out-and-out Bolshevism occurred in the Clyde and Belfast strikes, and that the readjustment will proceed along constitutional lines. I think that they will go up continually to the edge of trouble as they did during March, and that after much bluster and apprehension they will compromise and go on. In some places and at some times a few heads may be broken, but not many.

They are a knowing old people, these British; they have been doing this sort of thing a long, long time. They had political institutions when some of the people involved in this crisis were just coming down from the trees. While many Germans were still cannibals, while the rest of the civilized world was sunk in irresponsible feudalism, they were drawing up Magna Charta. They have, in short, political wisdom. They love compromise—perhaps too much; but, after all, the politically wise know that all progress goes by compromise. If anyone can be trusted to get through the transition period with a minimum of disturbance it is these same British.

Britain's Quandary

The quandary of Britain as a whole must by now be plain to a discerning reader. With her enormous war debt, with her damages of war, which even the largest collectable German indemnity cannot meet, she must intensify production or go under before the competition of Germany, the United States and—some day, perhaps—Russia. Yet at this moment labor is demanding and getting both higher wages—thereby increasing labor costs—and fewer hours. The British workingday for most trades is tending to stabilize itself at forty-four hours a week—the eight-hour day with a Saturday half holiday. It is true that in many trades shortening hours to a reasonable point adds to production. But this cannot be the case in those industries where the output of a worker is regulated solely by the speed of his machine. How can England increase production and still reduce hours and pile up labor costs?

There is only one solution—get rid of the trades-union restrictions, which I have discussed above. Joint control, somewhat as proposed by the Whitley scheme, offers a possible way out. This is precisely the reason why employers as well as union leaders are helping to install it. The workingman clung to his restrictive practices partly because he regarded them as his one best weapon, partly because he was afraid of "speeding up," partly because he thought that by restricting output he reduced unemployment, thereby giving the other fellow a chance. With committees of the workmen participating in shop management he can afford to drop the restrictions.

The committee will see that the introduction of a new process does not "speed up" unduly.

Regulating unemployment by leaving factory improvement and government work to be done in slack times is a corollary of the Whitley plan. With the old restrictions such schemes for industrial teamwork as the varieties of American scientific management could not possibly have been applied in British factories. At every turn they would have bumped into restrictive practices. With the restrictions removed the way is open to all new processes and plans of teamwork.

At this moment the union leaders are in a mood to remove the restrictions. Before the war they preached low output until it became a creed with the average trades-union man. Now they are preaching increased production. The British workman seems to be listening.

"Still," as a shrewd American observer remarked, "you know that a convert when he gets into trouble has a way of reverting to the religion of his childhood."

Among the liberals on both sides of the industrial fence joint control is considered the present hope for British industry; and it will at least get a trial.

The Evolution of Mechanical Power

Clumsy mills—grinding slowly—turned by the straining muscles of men. That was the industrial life of yesterday.

Today, batteries of ingenious machines are crushing and mixing raw materials or fashioning them into commodities to meet every human need. Such is the might of *manufactured power*.

Countless boilers and dynamos generate it. Engines and motors put it in motion. Miles of belting—*much of it rubber*—are the untiring muscles with which it performs the labors of modern man.

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ARMISTICE DAYS IN VIENNA

(Continued from Page 9)

all to the position you are now in. I should think the people would be almost ready to abandon it by this time; or at least to modify it in some way."

He was plainly embarrassed and said he thought the banner was probably an old parade property that had been used during the war and was brought out on this occasion merely to make a showing. But it was not. It was fresh as paint. And in the speeches that were delivered afterward and reported in next morning's papers there were frequent references to the power that would develop in a united German people. Which is all very well for the Germans perhaps—for our old friends the genuine boche. But for Austrians of the better class the idea of a perhaps necessary union with Germany lies at the very bottom of their hopelessness. For them it would be a surrender of their nationality, or rather of their nation's existence; and that is tragedy that can be appreciated by the most vindictive among us. We had fears once that better peoples would suffer a similar fate at the hands of the Germans. And our answer to them is to remind them of that.

One man said to me, a man I once knew in a country of the Far East where he was the Austro-Hungarian Minister: "Merciful God, madam, can you imagine this proud old imperial capital of Vienna being ruled from Berlin! Can you imagine it sending its elected representatives to a Socialist German government! Can you imagine Austria reduced to a position lower than any that free Serbia ever occupied, with neither army nor navy and with not even representation at foreign capitals! Austria no longer existing! Impossible!"

In such a case one can only murmur: "Does seem a pity, doesn't it?" But to comfort this man I added: "However, you must know that it is very doubtful whether the Entente will permit you to join Germany." And that did make him angry.

A Heart-to-Heart Talk

"Permit! Permit!" he almost shouted. "That's just it! It's the fact that we may not be permitted to join Germany that reconciles us to the possibility. Will the Allies talk their high-flown, self-righteous hypocrisies and leave us no rights at all? They shall see! Does our history amount to nothing that we should be kicked into humanity's gutter and spat upon?"

"Well, don't be violent, please. You frighten me. You make me feel as though I were about to figure as the party of the second part in a German atrocity." He laughed at that, but it was a rueful bitter laugh. And the word atrocity nearly launched him into a tirade about Allied lies. But I stopped him. I said: "The only history of your country that counts in this connection is the history you have been making during the past five years. You are thinking thoughts now that as a diplomat and international observer you should have been able to anticipate five years ago."

"Bah!" he said; and again: "Bah!"

He is a very old man, so I only laughed and made him stop talking about the war while I told him many things he had not heard about our mutual old friends in the Far East. He musingly wanted to know if I remembered how pleasantly excited the world was during the Russo-Japanese War.

"Your Mr. Roosevelt stopped that," he said. "But this was different—a different war. Though I do believe if Mr. Roosevelt had been your President he would have made us stop fighting in 1915."

"How could he have done that?"

"By declaring war on the first provocation. He would have told us exactly what to expect and we would have believed him. We knew well enough what America could do if she was ever roused, but Mr. Wilson was so slow to anger and so argumentative that we lost all fear and didn't believe he knew how to go to war."

"His final behavior must have been an awful shock to you. Was there much of that kind of thought in Austria?"

"Oh, yes. We laughed a good deal at Mr. Wilson. We thought we were as right in 1917 as we had been in 1914 and 1915, so after all his talk we found it not easy to believe in his sincerity. We began finally to regard everything he said as rather theatrical, like heroics thought out in the night. We didn't believe he could ever get the American people behind him."

"But he had the American people behind him all the time, you see, and they finally pushed him into war. The best American opinion was in favor of war from the day the Lusitania was sunk."

"Yes, that must have been the way of it. That Lusitania business, aside from being the greatest crime in history, was the stupidest. It was typically Prussian."

Having completed a fairly careful investigation of the food situation in Vienna as it was affecting about ninety-eight per cent of the population I decided to make some inquiries with regard to clothing. I knew the well-dressed Sunday crowd represented nothing but froth on the surface of a general submergence, and I knew that they of the submerged ninety-eight one-hundredths were having an extraordinary experience.

I went first to the fine shops, as though I myself were looking for things to buy; for shoes, stockings, gloves, underclothing, blouses, gowns, hats, coats, furs—everything. It is the law that prices shall be marked on each article in plain figures, so it would not be possible for the shopkeepers to size me up as an American and proceed to take advantage of my ignorance, as has been the general European practice for lo these many years. Knowing this I fared forth with confidence.

Shopping in Vienna

I went first into a shoe shop. Could I buy a pair of real leather shoes? Yes, I could buy real leather shoes. In the shop window there were only half shoes of a very inferior-looking leather with cloth or canvas tops; fancy creations with high wooden heels and very short vamps. One knew them for shoes that would become shabby in a week, but the cheapest ones among them were marked one hundred and twenty kronen. The same kind of shoes would have sold before the war for fifteen kronen, and would have been dear at that. But real leather shoes? Yes, madam! The smiling little man brought out a pair that were high of top and firm of sole—excellent brown leather boots.

"They were made before the war," he said.

"Oh, really? How much are they?" He turned down the top of one and showed me. It was written in ink on the lining—seven hundred and fifty kronen!

"But what a fearful price!"

"Yes, I know, but there are no more such shoes nowadays."

"What would they have been worth before the war?"

"Oh, forty, fifty—sixty kronen perhaps. They are very fine shoes."

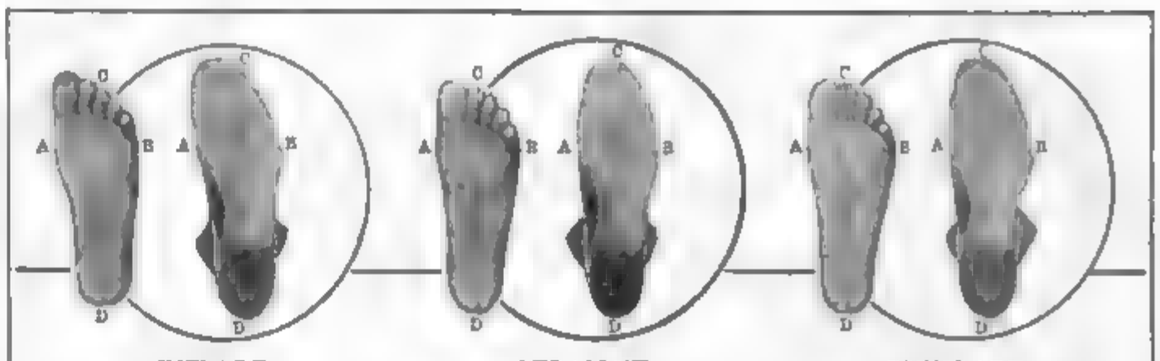
"Yes, I see they are; but I'm afraid I can't afford them." I thanked him and went on my way.

After that I thought I would buy a fur coat. I remembered the prices of furs in Paris and reminded myself that the French franc was now equal to four Austrian kronen. In shop windows I had seen coats for four thousand kronen that looked very much like coats I had not bought in Paris for four thousand francs, and I said to myself: "Well, at least a fur coat will be reasonable enough. Four thousand kronen—a thousand francs—two hundred dollars," I mused along.

But a fur coat in a window has a way sometimes of looking more valuable than it really is. When it came to a process of examination I found that the kind of coat I did not buy in Paris for four thousand francs would cost me in Vienna twelve to fourteen thousand kronen. Which was too much! In pre-war exchange the krone was worth twenty-one cents; it is now worth about five cents. But even at five cents a krone, fourteen thousand kronen was too much to pay for a coat that ordinarily would sell for about two hundred dollars.

Not that I wanted a coat. I was merely putting myself in the place of a woman of Vienna whose income was once sufficient to permit her to indulge in luxuries, but who is now, on the same income, reduced to actual poverty.

For a gown—any kind of little taffeta or satin gown—I found I should have to pay two to four thousand kronen. Real wool coats and skirts were very rare and were five, seven, eight thousand kronen. It was fantastic. The same garments before the war would have sold in the most expensive



INFLARE
where more of the surface across the ball (A-B) is inside instead of outside the line (C-D).

STRAIGHT
where the surface across the ball (A-B) is equal on either side of the line (C-D)

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where more of the surface across the ball (A-B) is outside the line instead of inside the line (C-D).

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The Trupedic is the universal shoe for universal service. It hasn't the freak-shoe look. It reflects fine taste. There is ample room for the toes. It fits snugly over instep and ankle. Its shank is narrow, thus helping the upper to grasp and support the arch, and prevents the foot from sliding forward. And your heel rests in a human-heel-shaped depression in the heel of the shoe.

Go to a Trupedic dealer, and try on all three types of Trupedic Shoes. Your foot will know the right one for you. A label marks each type. Your foot will decide at once which is its shoe. There is no other way of positively knowing. You can always get the same shoe.

The Trupedic is made only in Blucher pattern, in one style toe. Each pair carries the label of the American Posture League. $10—real, all-around shoe satisfaction at a right price. Write for name of nearest Trupedic dealer and the Trupedic Booklet.

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is made of. Yet with all this exquisite finish, it is so perfectly reinforced in the foot, by the interweaving of a special twist yarn, that it wears a surprisingly long time. It is a real accomplishment to make such a silken gauzy texture wear so well. And it is a real economy to wear silk hose that give such wear.

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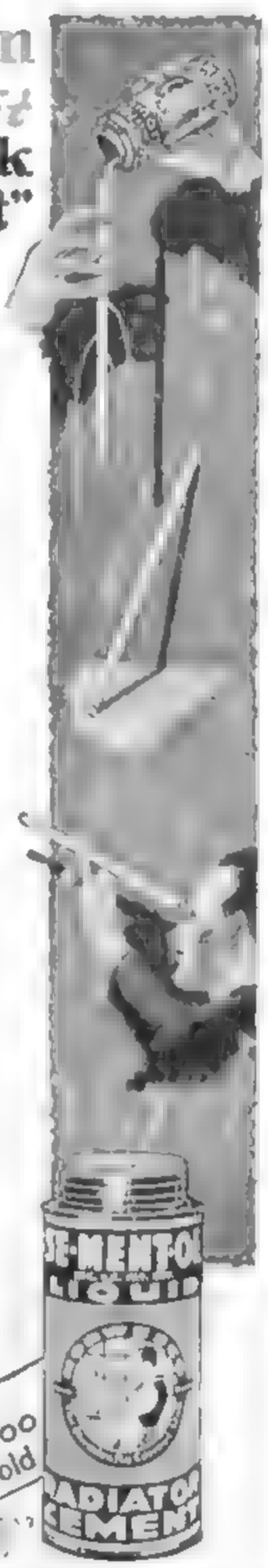

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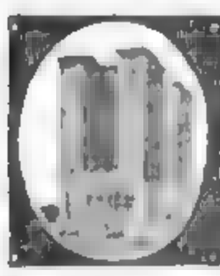

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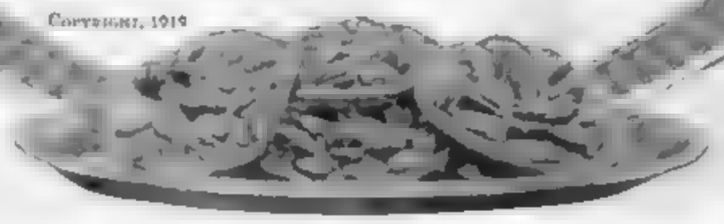

An Ideal Summer Confection

Made of Louisiana Pecans. Louisiana Cane Sugar

shops for not more than one-tenth of what is now demanded for them. Common two-dollar cotton blouses that I found in the cheaper shops were boldly marked one hundred and fifty and two hundred kronen; simple crêpe de Chine shirt waists, three hundred and fifty kronen; gloves, once three to five kronen a pair, now forty, fifty, sixty kronen; and so on.

Hats? Well, I did buy a hat. I had to. It is a small black "sailor effect" with a bow and a quill, and I paid three hundred and fifty kronen for it. In the hat shop they received me with almost embarrassing cordiality. All the attendants gathered round and gazed at me as though I was the rarest phenomenon in their experience. They all showed me hats. They passed them along to each other and everybody tried to help. Then the proprietor himself came out—from a Circassian-walnut office with mirrors set in the walls and scrolls over the door—and welcomed me with a variety of gesticulation and effusive phrase that made me open my mouth and forget to close it.

I was the first American customer who had been in the shop since before America went to war! Now, surely the war was over! He would regard my coming as the real beginning of peace! He had always enjoyed a large American patronage; without the Americans he was desolated; Madame Penfield, wife of the former American Ambassador, had been one of his most valued customers; ah, charming lady! It was a tragic day for poor old Austria when Ambassador Penfield was recalled; everybody was so sad; but now—another American lady! Ah! And he hustled round getting more hats with his own superior hands. I thought for a while that he was fixing to give me one for luck, but he wasn't. The one I bought was most unbecoming, but it was the best he had; and after all the "Welcome, little stranger!" I could hardly walk out without buying something, could I?

No use enumerating all the articles. During the course of a fatiguing day I think I priced everything from shoe laces to hairpins, inclusive; and I came to the conclusion that a woman in Vienna could not be well dressed without paying a "price of shame"—shame of some kind; shame of profiteering, of cynical recklessness or of the abandonment of all the virtues. I never could get a straight answer from anybody with regard to how so many women were able to keep abreast of the situation. Most of the women I met, wives of government officials as a rule, were frankly shabby and seemed rather proud of their old shoes and made-over gowns. They said they could not afford to pay the prices and would not pay them if they could.

The Germans' Greatest Loss

As for those who did pay them, they shrugged their shoulders and suggested in brief sentences a kind of social chaos in which the war profiteer was the dominating figure. And there were other suggestions from which I was supposed to be astute enough to gather that whatever Babylon may have been it was a slow town compared with Vienna. One woman did go so far as to tell me that the greatest thing the Germans lost in the war was their sense of right and wrong. She herself was so burdened with virtues that she was worn to a shadow.

I asked one of the burgomaster's satellites, who had been instructed to place his time and talents unreservedly at my disposal, how the poor managed to clothe themselves, and he said: "Come along with me and I will show you." No, he did not say "Come along." Whatever the German Austrian may be he is not casual. What he said was: "We have a very interesting system. I should like for you to see it. Would you, perhaps, go with me for a little expedition?"

"Surely. That's what I'm here for."

"And what time—to-morrow or next day—would suit your convenience?"

"What's the matter with to-day?" It was only about ten o'clock.

"Oh, but I must make arrangements. I must let the different managers know that we are coming."

"They wouldn't mind our just dropping in, would they?"

"No, certainly not, but ——"

"Could you get a motor car in an hour?"

"Yes, but ——"

"Then I'll meet you downstairs at eleven o'clock."

He made a dash for the door, probably with an idea of getting busy with a telephone. But knowing the telephone system—which is among the things in Vienna that illustrate the effects of socialism—I was sure he could connect with nobody in the time I had given him. The idea of catching eleemosynary institutions unawares rather pleased me. What he did do was to pick up a colleague from the government offices—the man who has charge of the distribution and sale of clothing to the poor—and on the stroke of eleven I found them waiting for me with a comfortable limousine.

It was another murky day, and cold with the kind of cold that oozes round one and creeps into the marrow of one's bones. They closed the car and within fifteen minutes the windows were covered with thick frost, so that I had to scrape little peepholes with my finger tips in order to see out. I thought we should be going to dreadful places. But no, not to begin with.

We went first to a magnificent barracks in the best section of the city, where demobilized soldiers were exchanging their uniforms for civilian clothes. The place was filthy. That was my first impression, but Vienna in the hands of the socialists is no longer a clean German town, and one picks one's way through a good deal of offensive uncleanness without thinking much about it.

The outer court behind the high and ornamental iron gates was deep in black, half-melted snow, while in one corner of it was a huge pile of discarded army clothing that men were shoveling into motor lorries.

Probably in the good old days, when aristocratic officers kicked peasant soldiers round regardless, the vast building was as neatly kept as it should have been, but soldiers' committees that depend for their authority on soldiers' votes are not likely to impose a very severe discipline, and from men of a certain type who have soldiered too long voluntary service in broom brigades is not to be expected.

At Reclothing Headquarters

The work in the reclothing establishment was practically all being done by soldiers, who wore brassards or badges to distinguish them as specially selected men. One saw no insignia of rank, but there were a good many men in civilian clothes who, I was told, were mostly men of the old army—demobilized officers—who had volunteered for this service as subordinates with an idea of preserving some semblance of order. Everybody looked wretchedly unhappy.

In one great barrack room a space was fenced off for desks and filing cases, and here was a mob of ragged and dirty soldiers exchanging identification cards for other kinds of papers and getting orders for new outfits. The place was tomb cold and all the filing clerks—girls mostly—were working in coats and mufflers. Down a long corridor beyond this room the men were standing in line three deep waiting to get into a little cubby-hole at the end where doctors in rubber gloves and white operating coats buttoned up to their chins were making examinations. The doctors were further protected by a pungent kind of insecticide, the fumes of which half strangled me as I hurried past.

In the next big room were shelves filled with clothing, and a few soldiers who had passed the doctor and received certificates of health and cleanliness were trying on coats. The majority went in the opposite direction to be disencumbered of their burden of parasites and filth, and a majority of the majority discarded the kind of clothing that had to be handled with shovels and pitchforks. It was rather dreadful. And in this building more than fifty thousand men had already been demobilized. They told me that a great many men had actually returned to Vienna without clothes.

"Without clothes?"

"Yes, absolutely. There were hundreds of them."

"Do you mean they came home naked?"

"Naked! With bits of old rag perhaps wrapped round them, but without trousers, coats, shirts or even shoes."

"But how did that happen?"

It took a good while to answer this question, and the answer had to do with Austrian poverty and Jugoslav heartlessness.

(Continued on Page 165)

"You're Afraid!"

"I *ain't* afraid."
"You are."
"I ain't."
"You are."

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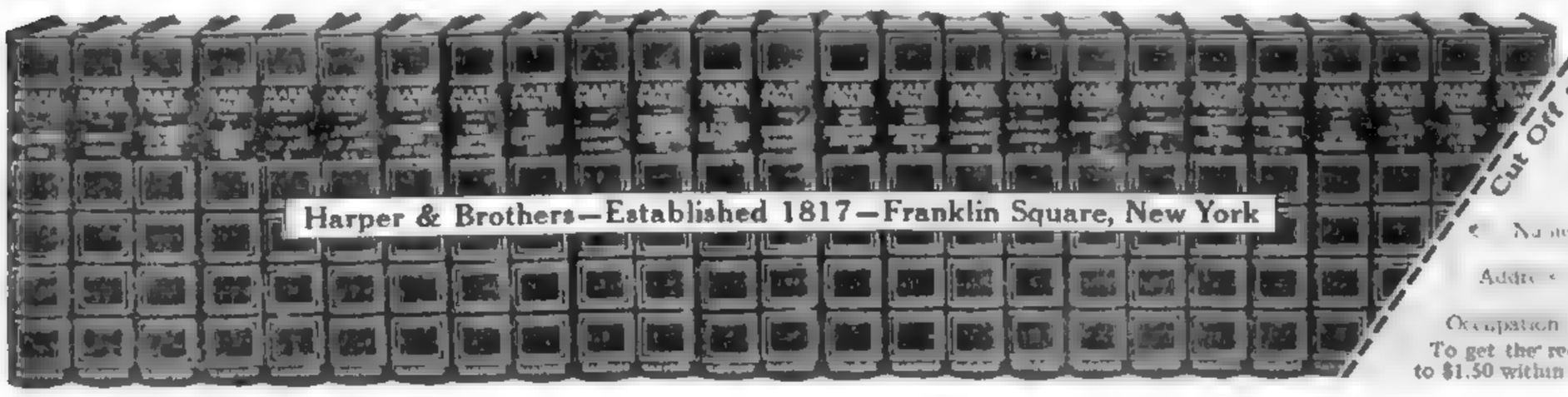

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(Continued from Page 162)

It seems that during the last year the Austrians were unable to provide new clothing for the troops and that in several instances retreating regiments passing through Jugoslav territories were held up and robbed even of the rags they wore. The Jugoslavs would probably deny this, but I heard from too many sources and too casually at times that bodies of troops had marched into Vienna in the cold of late November practically unclothed not to believe that the story is to some extent true. Moreover, I saw something in Switzerland in late October, just before the armistice, the memory of which helps my belief in the terrible condition to which Austria was reduced.

I went with an Italian Red Cross train to the Austrian border at Buchs to assist in the reception of three hundred and fifty tuberculous Italian prisoners who were being returned to their own country. The Swiss Red Cross had undertaken this work and with fine benevolence and efficiency had been going on with it for the better part of a year. The Italians furnished the trains only, while the Swiss provided food and clothing and a working staff of doctors and nurses.

When the American Red Cross got its organization established in Switzerland it relieved the Swiss of the chief burden of expense and began at once to furnish the clothing and certain kinds of food. It was with an American representative, carrying bales and boxes of supplies, that I made the memorable journey.

In those days we were all engaged, consciously or unconsciously, in making propaganda against our enemies, and we never missed an opportunity to fan the flame of hatred by the light of which our armies and our peoples behind them were fighting their way to victory. It was necessary.

And so it happened that we looked upon the Italian prisoners and cursed the unspeakable Hun. During the course of the months thousands had passed through Buchs and on down through Switzerland to Como and the tender mercies of their own people, and each trainload had provided its own particular horror story, the simple truth of which was sufficient to make one believe that civilization had breathed its last among the peoples of Central Europe.

On the Red Cross Train

There were no able-bodied prisoners on these trains—only the sick and the terribly maimed; and every so often the whole ghastly consignment was made up of tuberculous patients in all the stages save the first of that dread disease. There were always a great many stretcher cases—fifty to one hundred and fifty—to be transferred to the berths in the hospital cars; and always there were a few who died before they reached their beloved Italia. At the rear of the train there was a baggage coach to which the dead were carried, and the dying nearly always talked about the privilege of being buried in their own land.

Here and there in the various war zones of the earth I have seen a good many terrible things, but I think I have never seen anything quite so dreadful as that trainload of sick men. There were seventy-two stretcher cases that night, and two poor chaps at least who could not possibly finish the journey. And there was one madman—laughing, loquacious, and filled with thoughts of Italia which bubbled forth in shouts and shrieks and occasional bursts of song. I gave him a small American flag to play with and instantly he became very quiet. He sat and looked at it for a moment as though he were trying to recall something but half forgotten. Then suddenly he got up, placed the flag on the seat, fell on his knees before it and began to pray. He shouted "America! America!" and grew so noisy then that they had to give him morphine and put him to sleep.

The first thing the hurrying hard-working nurses did was to give each man a large bowl of rich hot soup. Not too rich, because they had learned by unpleasant experience that men who have been a long time without fats must be treated as men who are starved. After the soup all those who were able to take solid food were given meat and potatoes and generous portions of good white bread, and it was interesting to observe their curious attitude toward such articles of diet. It was as though such things were new in their experience and had to be tasted and experimented with before being boldly attacked. Most of them had been in Austria two years or longer.

After the feeding came the distribution of clothing, and that is where this story connects with my immediate subject. Sick though they were, these men were all practically naked. They all had trousers of sorts, and coats, but there was not one suit of underclothing among them, and not a whole shirt. Nor did any of them possess overcoats or blankets. It was bitter cold in that Alpine valley and they came into the train shivering and shaking, many of them being quite helpless for the moment in paroxysms of coughing. It was awful.

The shirts they wore were the most amazing rags I have ever seen on human beings. I helped one man out of a collar band to which were attached two tattered strips down the front and one sleeve, and as I held the article up for inspection we all laughed, the poor patient laughing more heartily than anyone. He thought it was a great joke. But when he had slipped into his soft wool undershirt provided by the American Red Cross he sat and patted himself thoughtfully like a child until he was hustled into his new soft wool drawers and back under his blankets. Then he got a nice new white handkerchief, which he solemnly kissed before he tucked it under his pillow. He was just one among three hundred and fifty, all more or less in the same condition, but I remember him particularly because he was so childlike and so grateful.

Reconstructed Fabrics

The curious thing was that the rags were all scrupulously clean, and the story was that the Austrians in preparing them for their journey home gave them all a thorough cleaning up, took their soiled and sometimes good clothing away from them and dressed them in just enough discarded odds and ends of clean Austrian clothing to cover their nakedness. We called this stealing their Italian uniforms, but the men themselves were usually more generous.

One of them said: "But never mind, you ought to see the Austrian soldiers. Some of them who still have to fight are worse off than we are. They have no clothes at all. And as for food, they got exactly what they gave us."

So I found it not so difficult to believe some of the stories they told me in Vienna. While they talked to me I examined the quality of the clothing the soldiers were getting in exchange for their uniforms. It was, I should say, unique as to quality. Shoddy it was not, because shoddy can be soft and warm. It was harsh and hard for the most part, and one knew there was no warmth in it.

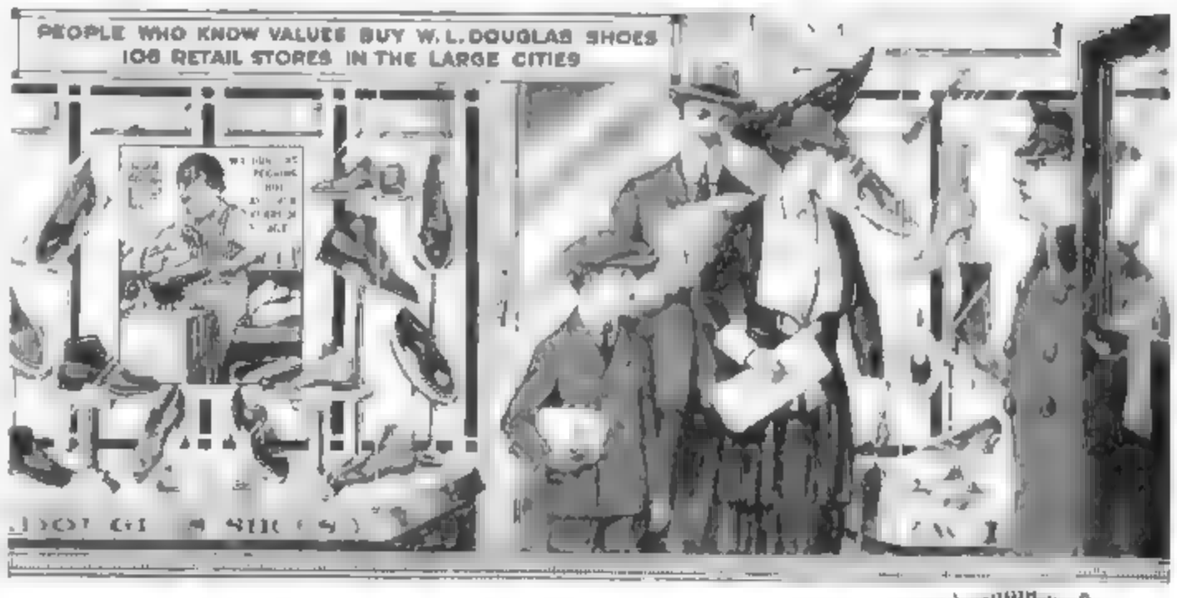
The linings were mostly of paper cloth, and they showed me what happens to paper cloth when it gets wet. It turns slimy and tears very easily, and when it dries it is all shriveled up.

Every soldier who has a good wool uniform is advised to keep it and wear it until spring or have it dyed and made over at his own expense. The uniforms of the first two or three years were made of fine wool cloth, and I asked what was done with the rags of them. I should have known without asking. They were put through a baking process to begin with, and after that they were washed. Then they were sent to a place where they were picked to shreds and turned again into raw material. Austria produces neither wool nor cotton and had exhausted her supply of imported raw materials before the beginning of the third year of the war.

The remark I heard oftener than any other was: "Who could have believed it would last so long!" Most of the cloth from which the civilian suits are made for the soldiers is produced from rags of all kinds that have been put through the salving process.

One of the men said to me: "And think of the thousands of tons of cotton in the south of the United States! You must have missed us as customers in your cotton market."

We drove a long way through the poorest quarters of the city and came at last in the suburbs to another tremendous barracks. This was a barracks of the detached-pavilion type, built during the war. It was spread out within a vast walled inclosure; its driveways were finely surfaced, its sidewalks were of asphalt, and I noticed



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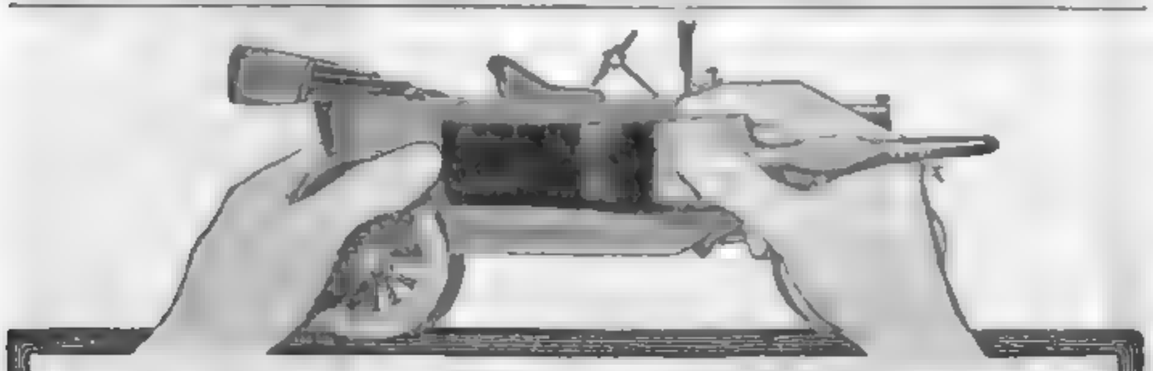

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GLIDDEN AUTO FINISHES

the bedraggled remains of what last summer were variously shaped flower beds on well-kept lawns. At the far end of the main avenue there was a pretty brown wood chapel with ornamental windows and a gilded cross. There was not a human being in sight.

We went into one of the pavilions where a few men were presiding over a meager store of shoes, and they explained to me that if they could only get a supply of leather and shoe thread they might be able to manage with other things until the markets of the world were open to them. But as it was they were utterly hopeless. I could see for myself at least a third of the total stock of army shoes left in Austria. I did not count them, but I could have done so in a very short time. There were only a few hundred pairs, and they were held in reserve in that inaccessible place to meet the demands of the absolutely shoeless special cases.

In an old cavalry barracks farther on inside the city we visited a mending shop that was run by the national government—or the substitute for a government that was conducting for the time being the nation's affairs. The same government was paying an unemployment bounty of twelve kronen a day to more than one hundred thousand men and ten kronen a day to nearly as many women who managed to avoid work. Many of course could get no work, but many could, and would not accept it. Also many worked and got the unemployment bounty besides.

The Servant Problem

A woman told me that her laundress, whom she employed four days a week, could never get to work any more before ten o'clock because she had to stand in line every morning with the other unemployed to get her ten kronen. And the creature answered a threat of exposure with a threat of boycott. They all do, and the employing classes are absolutely helpless. Incidentally they are frightened. The burning question of every hour of their lives is what will happen when the government bounty is withdrawn from the people, as it must be within a very short time.

The mending shop was like a gigantic unbelievable secondhand store. In one large room there were bins filled with bundles of old clothes that were being sorted out by women and sent hither and yon to the various departments.

In order that I might understand how the secondhand clothing, as well as new clothing under government control, is passed on to the people I was taken to some of the government retail shops. The system was established about a year before the war ended, and such shops are now to be found here and there in most of the poorer districts of the city. They are run by regular shopkeepers, who are allowed a ten per cent commission on all sales, but the prices, fixed by the government, are attached to all articles in plain figures on large yellow tags, so it is hardly possible for the shopkeepers, whatever their tendencies may be, to do much profiteering. They are orderly places and very much like ordinary shops. Their windows are made as alluring as possible by careful decoration, and they advertise in the daily newspapers.

But in order to be able to make purchases in them the income of the purchaser must be under ten thousand kronen a year, and he must possess a certificate of necessity.

There are shops of various classes, graded upward from those intended to meet the demands of the very poor to those established for the benefit of the moderately well-to-do. In the poorest the government really sells everything below cost and meets the deficit as a straight charge against the state. In others the prices cover the exact cost of production, while in those of the better class provision is made for a small margin of profit, which is supposed to take care of maintenance and overhead expenses. A vast majority of Vienna's citizens have the privilege of buying their clothing in these establishments, but neither of my companions on the trip round in the luxurious limousine belonged to the vast majority. Yet they were not rich. The managing director of the system told me he had twelve thousand kronen a year and would be glad to give up two thousand of it in order that he might avail himself of the privileges of the poor.

That was when he was looking at a smartly tailored coat and skirt in one of the better-class shops. He looked at it longingly and said it would just suit his wife, except that it would have to be relined.

"If I were a poor man," said my companion, "I could afford that suit for my wife. It's just about her size. But as it is she can't have any suit at all."

"But you are the head of the clothing administration!" I exclaimed. "Can't you arrange things for yourself so you can get whatever you want?"

"Oh, dear, no!" he replied. "Everything is checked, from the first to the last item."

I could not believe it, but that was what he said. He himself was very well dressed, but he took pains to explain to me that the overcoat he was wearing was bought seven years ago. He lifted the skirt of it to show me how it had been turned and made over into a smart garment. A majority of men did the same thing, he said, and the dressiness of the crowd was mostly a made-over dressiness. A man must now pay his tailor two to three thousand kronen for a suit a gentleman would wear. In the government shops he could get a suit that any gentleman would now be glad to wear for six or seven hundred kronen, but if he has a few kronen over and above the stipulated sum he must pay the outside prices or make shift as best he can.

I think I must not stop without adding to my own observations those of a young American Marine who is attached to the peace mission in Vienna as a courier. He made an investigation on his own account and solemnly submitted a report which needs no editing. It reads:

Six cent bar of cheap soap—15 kronen.
One stick ditto shaving soap—25 kronen.
There was a crowd looking at some cake in a store window.
One hundred cheap American cigarettes—100 kronen. Same cost 90 cents in American army canteen.
One can poor smoking tobacco—8 kronen. Ancient and moldy at that!
Pair of shoes—286 kronen. N. G. Not worth two dollars.
Gloves—60 kronen. Gott Mittens!

Dollars Going Up

February 6th changed a dollar for 15 kronen. March 10th got 21 kronen for a dollar. Going up!

Saw a bottle of whisky for 50 kronen. That's only about two dollars and a half. Worth more than that at home!

First class Iron Cross—32 kronen. Second-class Iron Cross—26 kronen. Too much!

Austrian cross—4 kronen, or 20 cents!

Laundry charges me 18 kronen to do up a suit of navy whites.

Paid 75 kronen for a small gat, 15 kronen for the case and 24 kronen for an extra magazine and shells.

Large gat costs 100 kronen, and 11 kronen for each box of shells.

Bum knife cost me 75 kronen.

Dinner at my hotel costs 25 kronen. But that's only a dollar and a quarter. Bottle of champagne costs 100 kronen. Hard on these Johnnies, but it won't be long before five dollars for a bottle of champagne sounds cheap to us.

Bellboys play poker for quarter of a cent pots.

Taxis cost 50 kronen a mile.

Can ride a mile on a street car for 30 hellers, which is about a cent and a half.

Letter postage is only ¼ of a cent.

Movies cost 3 kronen, or 15 cents. N. G.

During the war privates got 16 hellers a day at home and 36 hellers at the Front. When exchange was what it usually is that was about three cents a day at home and seven cents at the Front.

Officers received 500 kronen a month—25 dollars.

A retired Austrian general gets 900 kronen a month—45 dollars.

Bread ration one loaf a week. Hard workers get a loaf and a half. Loaf costs 2 kronen and is N. G.

Flour, sugar, rice and extra bread only obtainable on the sly.

No milk for coffee and so forth.

No butter and no substitute for butter.

Doctor told me the bones of his patients were soft on account of lack of proper nourishment. People all look thin and haggard.

Germany has ten million cripples.

The way people line up on the sidewalks all night to buy railroad tickets in the morning looks like an all-night line waiting to get tickets for the World's Series.

Photo by R. W. Phelps, Gloucester, Mass.

One of the wonderful tests proving the Herculean strength of LePage's Glue: An oak stick was halved (as shown at the left) and then lepaged with the Universal Mender. The lepaged joint not only suspended the weight of the automobile and two men (2600 pounds) but afterwards resisted a breaking test up to 6030 pounds!

What a Drop or Two of LE PAGE'S will do

Have you ever realized the remarkable STRENGTH of LePage's Liquid Glue?

On scientific test it has been proven the strongest adhesive known.

Eight-penny nails driven 1½ inches deep into wood, perpendicular to the grain, have an average adhesive strength of 317 pounds per nail.

One of America's leading chemists, making laboratory tests with LePage's Glue, bought in the open market, found that the breaking tension of a joint made of 1 inch square wood, and lepaged with LePage's Glue, was 2340 lbs. per square inch.

Thus, you see, it requires EIGHT 8-penny nails to the square inch of wood to equal the holding power of A FEW DROPS of LePage's Glue—the strongest adhesive known.

And the "LePage's" improved Tube and Spreader make it so easy to apply the Glue. It's clean to handle. The new spreader makes it economical. You apply little or much efficiently. And the spreader, reinserted in the tube—sealing it without sticky drip or waste—*is always there when needed.*

The name "LePage's" stands for the utmost in strength and quality. All products bearing that name—LePage's China Cement, LePage's Mucilage—are absolutely safe purchases. Signet Ink, too, made by the makers of LePage's Glue, is the highest possible quality of ink for all writing purposes.

Department, hardware, stationery and drug stores, everywhere, sell LePage's Glue. It's the Universal Mender and the one household necessity costing so little that helps you make and mend, *and not spend*. Insist on LePage's and never be without a tube at hand for instant use. Buy one today.

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Makers of LePage's Glue, LePage's China Cement, LePage's Paste and Mucilage; also Signet Ink, Signet Metal Polish and Signet Oil.
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For six years they have been Autocar users, and have continually found they could secure contracts that were out of the question before.

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PERFECT FITTING **MUNSING WEAR** UNION SUITS

Knock the Simmer Out of Summer

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Slip into a summer Munsingwear Union Suit.

Once under it's cover and you test it's sheer, cool, non-irritating hospitality, you can side track a season of hot weather.

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You'll be surprised with what ease, freedom, and genuine comfort you breeze thru the blistering summer days.

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Millions—men, women, children—depend upon Munsingwear to give them the utmost in summer Union Suit satisfaction. They ask for

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This nation wide popularity is due to the fact that first, last, and all the time Munsingwear is Qualitywear.

When you buy Munsingwear you can depend upon perfection of fit, finish, and fabric.

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There's a leading merchant in nearly every city and town of importance in the United States who can supply you with Munsingwear in any desired size and style.

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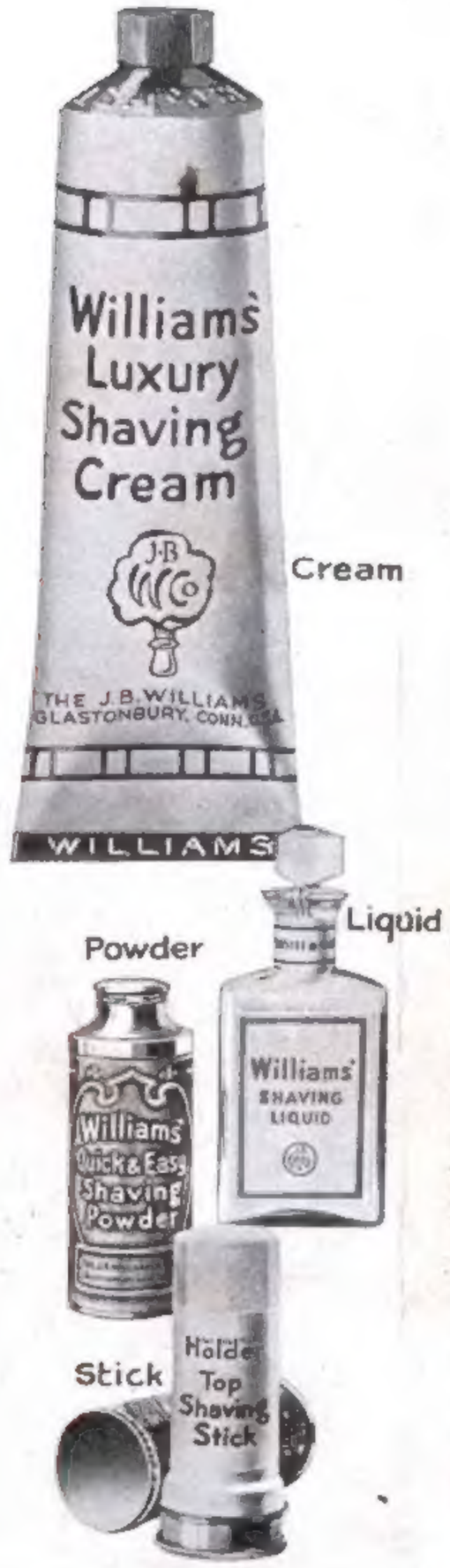

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